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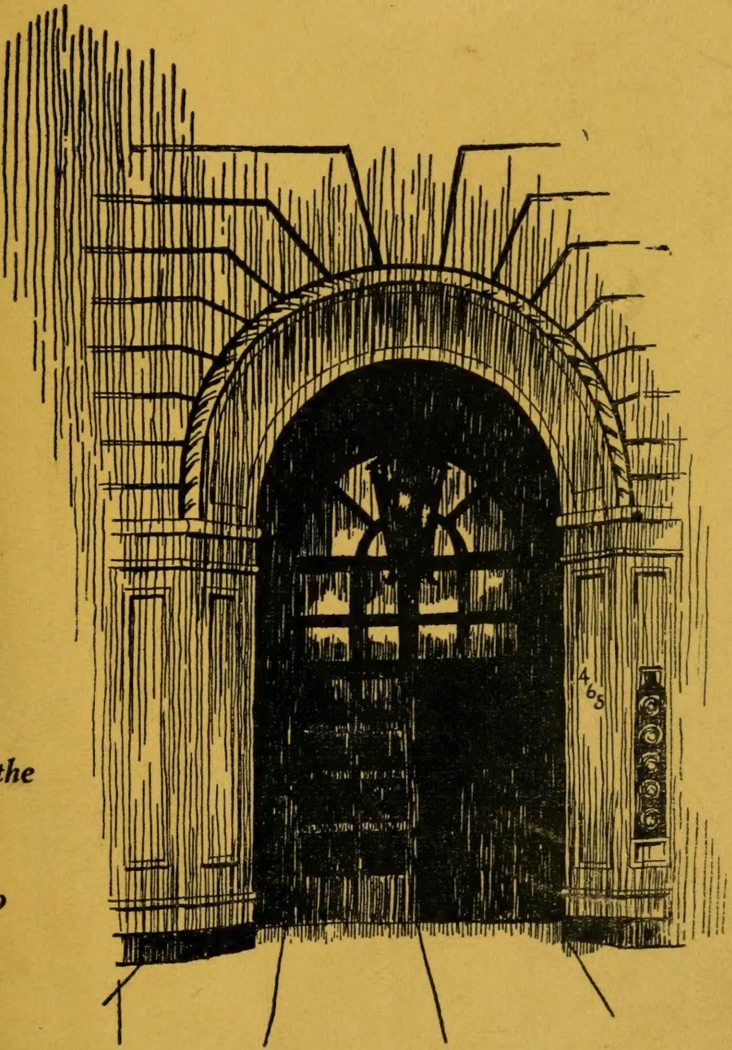

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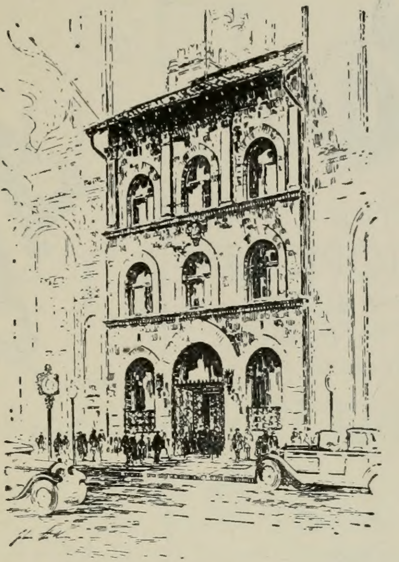
SAN FRANCISCO, CALIFORNIA

Volume I, Number 1 **FEBRUARY, 1927**



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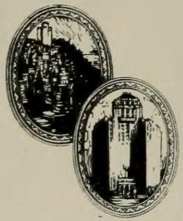

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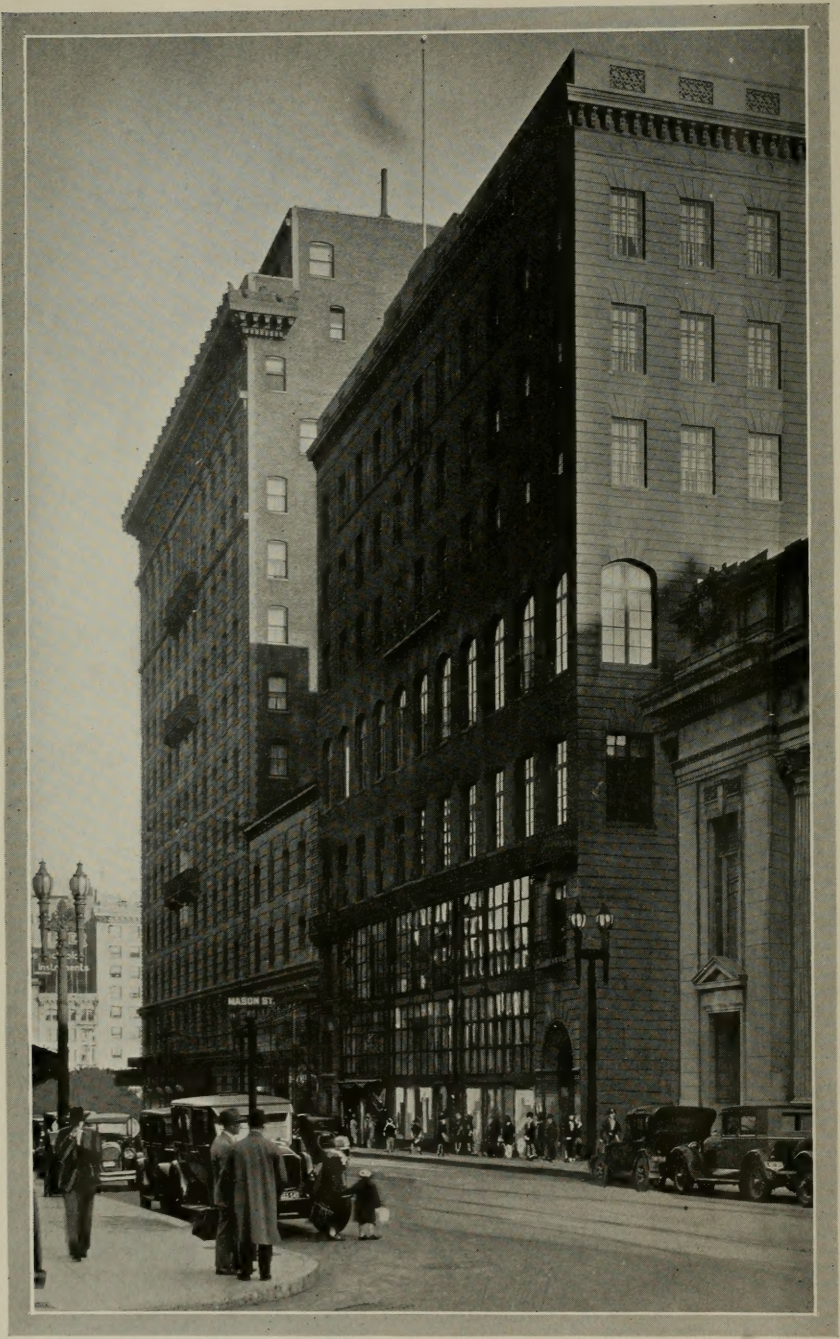

WOMEN'S CITY CLUB
SAN FRANCISCO
Looking eastward down Post Street

THE
WOMEN'S CITY CLUB
MAGAZINE
OF
SAN FRANCISCO

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VOLUME I FEBRUARY, 1927 NUMBER 1

IN RETROSPECT

By May Eugenia Chapman

(*Mrs. S. G. Chapman*)

AS the first year in our new building draws rapidly to a close, and as my presidency ends with this first month of the new year, a brief review of the year's work comes naturally to my mind, and will, I have no doubt, be of interest to the membership. This first year of 465 Post Street has been crowded with many new experiences and problems of development. We might say that it has been a combination of construction and organization. The first four months of 1926 were those of excitement and thrills attending the final construction and furnishing of the new home. We watched every sweep of the paint brush, every new vista of floor or ceiling that came into view from the chaos of those finishing weeks with eagerness, sometimes with uneasiness, but always with faith in the ultimate stability of our plans, and in the beauty and usefulness of our building.

Then we moved in and for weeks we were dazed, as it were, by the actuality of our dream. But we were soon jolted down to the difficult task of learning how to live in our building. In other words, the chief problems of the next six months were those of organization. We have had to learn how to serve our building and our Club. We have worked out the ways and means of how the Club can best serve the big membership. This has meant the adjusting of every mechanical detail of our big building to the service of the members, from the storage room to the roof! It has also meant the adjusting of the membership to the demands and responsibilities of this building. It has meant the interpreting of the ideals of the League in terms of the new Club to its great membership of now 7000 women. These have been big tasks which have been carried through so splendidly by the officers, committees and the administration and executive staff.

Much we longed to do has been left undone because of the demand of organization and adjustment, but our plans for many new activities will march steadily on. We have always had in mind opportunities for musical activities, for more and more varied recreational activities, to mention but two of the many that have been suggested.

We have inaugurated a number of new activities that have met the approval and support of our members. The Forum has offered a stimulating

MRS. S. G. CHAPMAN
Fifth President of the National League for Women's Service. Mrs. Chapman also was Third President of the League.

course regularly attended by our members and their friends. In addition to this, we have offered successfully various educational lecture courses. We have had a most interesting Vocational Guidance Institute. We have danced gaily through our first dinner dance that shows how many of our big membership are young and vigorous! The pool has held swimming meets that have interested many of our members. Our Hospitality Committee has regularly arranged and carried through receptions to distinguished guests of the city and of the Club. The very newest activity is this first issue of our Women's City Club Magazine which, after months of preparation is finally launched as a success financially instead of as a tentative venture.

We have had in mind a complete analysis of our membership. We need it all the time in the development of our activities and our volunteer service. We want to know the capacity and power of our membership. As yet there has only been time for a geographical analysis. Here is one of the first tasks for 1927. Another activity that has had to wait is the quarterly membership meeting, which I feel is vital to the life of the organization, and it is my hope that the new year will bring the development of our membership meetings into the most vital activity of all, as upon the contact of members with members in working out the plans for and uses of the Club rest the real stability of our organization.

In laying down the responsibility and the privilege of the Presidency of the Women's City Club, I would like to extend my heartiest thanks and deepest appreciation to all those officers, chairmen, committee members, volunteers and members for their trust and confidence during the months of planning and building. Nothing could have been accomplished without the constant support and encouragement of everyone.

To have served as your President during these difficult and strenuous times I count as one of the richest experiences of my life,—an inspiring privilege.

* * *

PLAYERS' GUILD TO RESUME

THE Players' Guild resumed its present season on Thursday evening, February 3, with the first San Francisco production of William Hurlbut's sensational play, "Bride of the Lamb." Performances will be given on the first and third Fridays and Saturdays until June 1 in the auditorium of the Women's City Club.

"Bride of the Lamb" was an outstanding dramatic success of the past season in New York City, with Alice Brady in the title role. For the San Francisco production Reginald Travers, director of the Guild, has been rehearsing a notably strong cast during the past few weeks. The players include Richard Stevick, Martin Cory, Barry Hopkins, Marion Crawford, Lydia Warren Lister, Mrs. Eugene H. Folsom, L. A. Smissaert and Fay McNamar.

A series of unusual New York successes are in preparation by the Players' Guild for presentation during the coming spring season.

Tickets for all forthcoming productions will be on sale at the business office, the Women's City Club and at Sherman Clay & Co.

MRS. DUNCAN McDUFFIE

First President of the National League for Woman's Service.

MRS. DUNCAN McDUFFIE

THE following paragraph, which appeared in the San Francisco "Call" in an article written by Genevieve Yoell, is a graceful tribute to the work and personality of Mrs. Duncan McDuffie, the first president of the National League for Woman's Service in San Francisco:

"Mrs. Duncan McDuffie, whose husband was called East at the beginning of our part in the war as an aide to Herbert Hoover in the business of food conservation, and who was anxious to be busy in some worth-while way during her husband's absence, was chosen as chairman. An efficient chairman she is, and her efficiency is reflected in the dozens of women who are aiding her in carrying on the work. From early morning until late in the afternoon Mrs. McDuffie is on hand, giving out information, organizing committees, or else she is traveling about the state forming other branches. She has given up all of her personal and social activities and has gone into it with her whole heart and soul."

* * *

VOLUNTEER SERVICE

ONE of the solid rocks upon which the Women's City Club is built is the spirit of volunteer service.

As punctually, regularly and as earnestly as if they were "on the payroll" the women of the clerical, shop and restaurant forces report on, serve their allotted time and take orders for the next shift. It is almost rhythmic in its motion, this moving of the volunteers in their prescribed orbits. Each unit clicks into place each day with regimental precision and the halls, library, cafeteria and lounge blossom with the colorful smocks that distinguish the volunteers.

Mrs. Louis J. Carl is chairman of the Volunteers. On her roster are enrolled names of eight hundred and fifty-five women.

Since the opening of the City Club there have been given twenty-two hundred hours of volunteer service in twenty-four kinds of work.

Does Miss Leale want an extra crew for a special event? She has but to notify Mrs. Carl and in a few hours the complement is ready, armed and engined. There has never been an emergency or an urgency where the volunteers have not presented a solid front.

Mrs. Carl has six forces under as many chairmen. Mrs. Ethel Glenn is chairman of the Lounge Hostesses. Mrs. Charles French is responsible for the clerical force. Miss Elsa Garrett is captain of the day restaurant group, and Miss Harriet Adams of the night restaurant. Miss Pauline Krauss is in charge of the night hostesses in the Lounge and Mrs. Cleaveland Forbes of the shop force.

MRS. MARCUS S. KOSHLAND

First Vice-President of the National League for Woman's Service.

HARVEY LECTURES

MRS. Harry Staats Moore, chairman of the Auditorium Committee, announces a series of six lectures by Paul Harvey of New York, former publisher of the *International Interpreter* and authority on international relations.

The first lecture will be given the first Tuesday in March and the succeeding ones on Tuesday evenings thereafter.

The admission for the series is three dollars. Single tickets may be had for seventy-five cents.

The subjects to be treated are, in the order in which Harvey will give the lectures, as follows:

1. *Building the Causes of Peace.*
2. *Europe's Growing Predicament.*
3. *Crisis in Mexico.*
4. *The Great Economic Transition.*
5. *Adjusting the Far East to a Progressive World.*
6. *America's New Contribution to Civilization.*

Among the sponsors for the Harvey lectures are:

Lieutenant Colonel Royden E. Beebe, U. S. A.
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Walter Leroy Huber
Mrs. Harry Kluegel
Mrs. Lydia D. Lawhead
Mrs. Ernest J. Mott
Miss Emma Noonan
Robert Sibley
Mrs. Gaillard Stoney
Stewart Edward White
Judge William H. Waste

* * *

LEHMAN LECTURES

Following along the lines of his former course "Old and New Books," Professor Benjamin H. Lehman of the English department of the University of California, opened a new course January 13.

Professor Lehman gives his audience brilliant, stimulating and sympathetic reviews of old masterpieces and current literature.

The course of six lectures will be given under the auspices of the Women's City Club of San Francisco, in the auditorium on Thursday mornings at 11 o'clock, to and including March 24.

The charge for the course was three dollars. Single tickets may be purchased for seventy-five cents.

Mrs. Edward Rainey, 2806 Vallejo street, telephone Fillmore 723, is chairman in charge.

* * *

The annual membership meeting of the National League for Woman's Service will be held one evening in March, the date to be announced later. It will be the first membership meeting in the new City Club Auditorium.

* * *

"We read old books for their excellence, but new ones to share in the mental life of our time."

MRS. CLEAVELAND FORBES

Second Vice-President Women's City Club

THE CORNERSTONE

Excerpt from address made by Mrs. S. G. Chapman at the laying of the cornerstone of the Clubhouse

You have heard of the National League for Woman's Service—the past and the present—of the service which has made it all possible—service of many, not of a few.

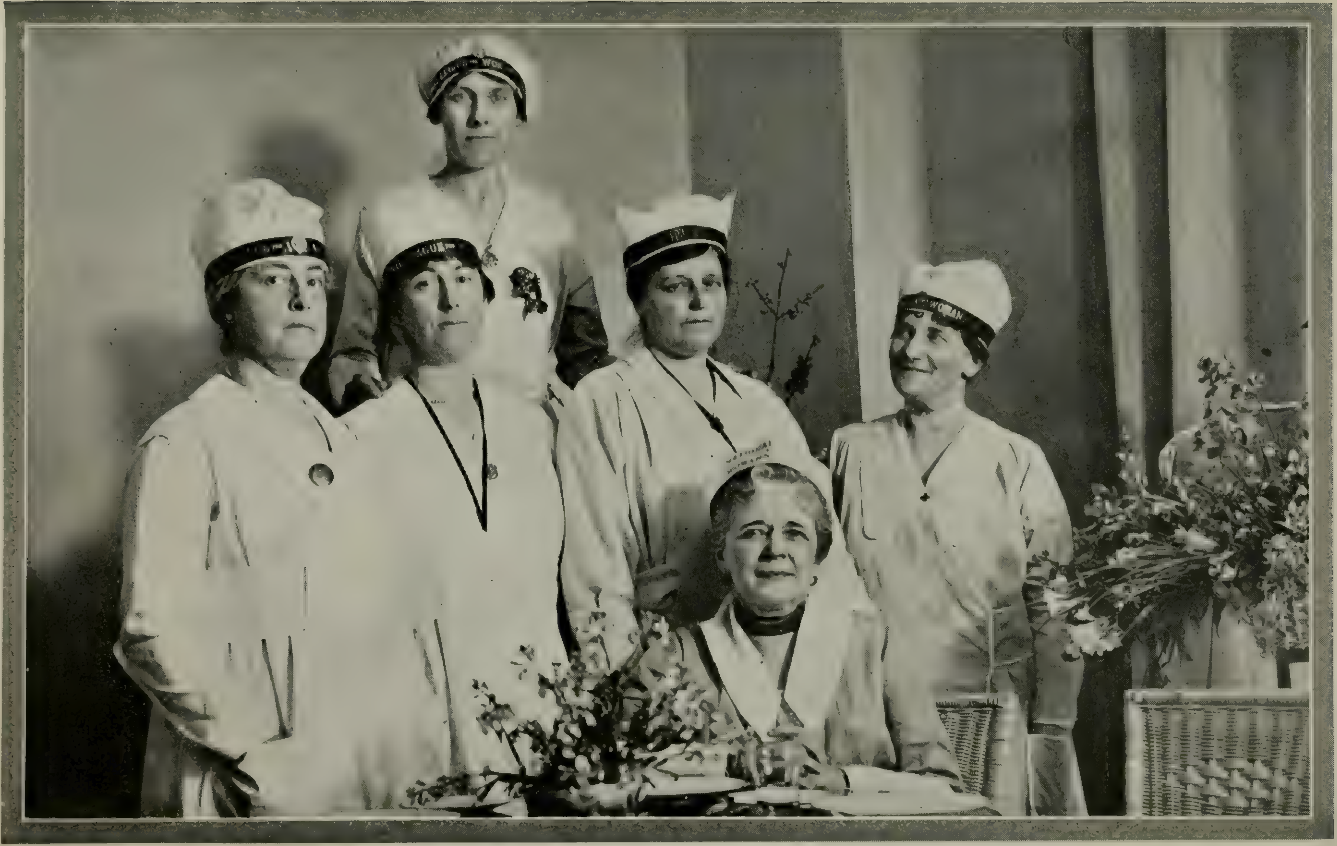
You have heard how this great building was financed in six weeks' time, how it rises with every modern equipment to care for our physical needs.

I see us now a great army of women—6000 strong—moving forward into the future with resolute spirit, with service in our hearts, high ideals in our souls, volunteers in a community which needs our help. Such an army should be housed in a dignified manner, for are we not to entertain women of other nations who have these same ideals, are we not to meet women of our own land, east and west, and bid them welcome, and must we not gather together to talk over our local problems and learn of and from each other?

The future then holds many promises. In reverence we lay the cornerstone of the Women's City Club of San Francisco! Conceived in idealism, moulded in service, cemented in friendship!

(Mrs. S. G.) MAY EUGENIA CHAPMAN,

Present President
National League for Woman's Service.



GROUP OF WORKERS IN THE QUARTERS AT 333 KEARNY STREET

Left to right, Mrs. Alfred S. Holmes (then Mrs. Farquharson), Mrs. Alexander S. Lilley, Miss Marion Leale, Mrs. Willis Polk, Mrs. William B. Hamilton and Mrs. Marcus S. Koshland

SERVICE

By JUNE LUCAS

(Mrs. William Palmer Lucas)
Second President of The National League for Woman's Service

Born of a nation's call, you sprang,
Full grown, to meet cruel needs
Of War. You worked, you wept, you sang
Through days and months of tragic deeds—
You learned *through tears* to serve.

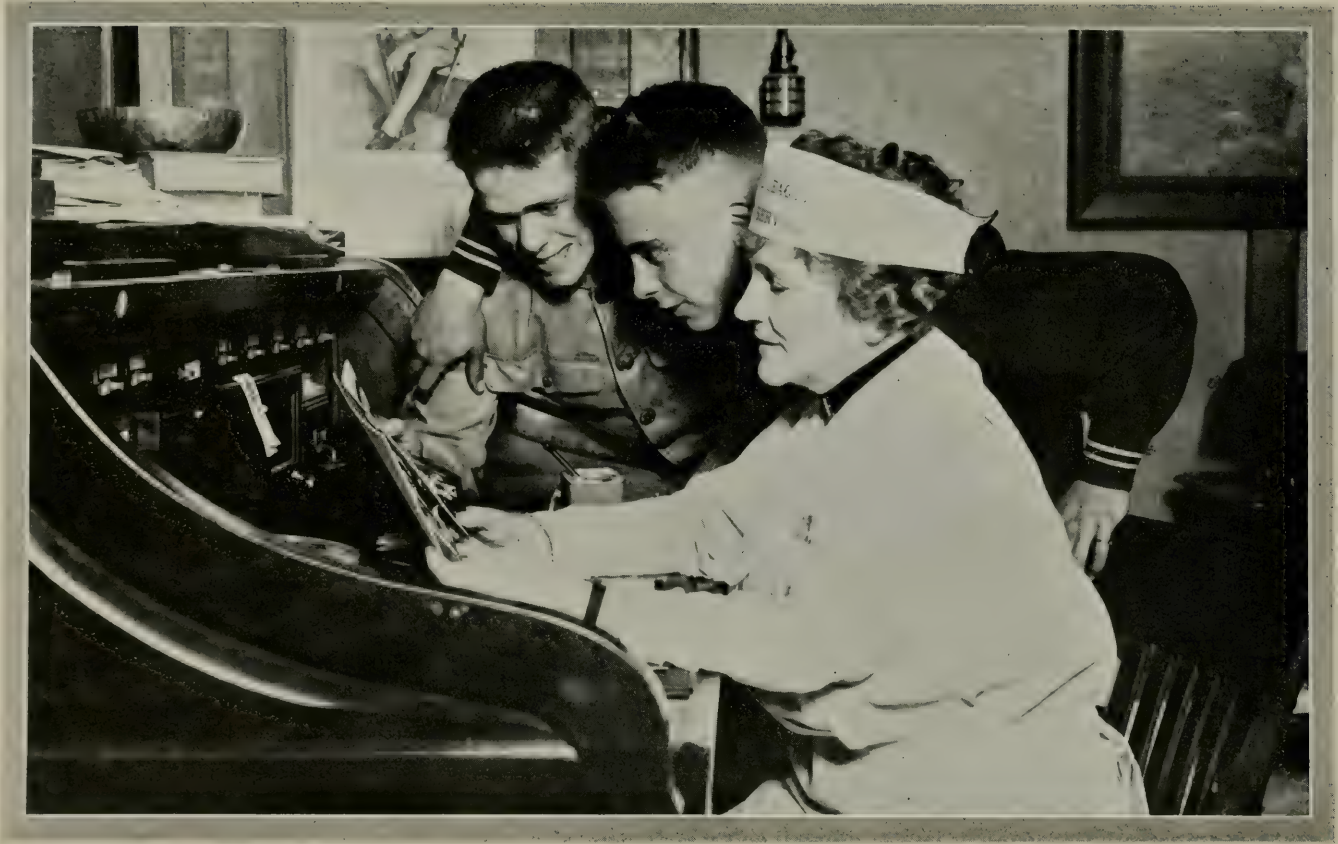
The weary price of comradeship you paid
Gladly. That blood-red bond
Between man and man was firmly made
By your myriad common tasks well done—
You learned *with joy* to serve.

Far from ghastly scenes of war, you toiled
Steadily. The bitter pain
From distant muck of battle field was foiled
By your brave hearts. Faith smothered hate insane—
You learned *with love* to serve.

The tumult ceased, and then you saw
The miracle. The old, old magic
Wrought by service, free from selfish flaw,
Bound all who worked together—
You had learned to serve each other!

By that radiant vision, you are held
Closely. Shoulder to shoulder you stand.
Whatever the need, or when, none can foretell,
But here the cornerstone of every plan
Is service, service of fellow man.

(Read by Mrs. Lucas at the laying of the cornerstone of the Women's City Club.)



MRS. GEORGE B. SPERRY in the Canteen in the Monadnock Building with a Soldier and a Sailor, one of whom may have been the "Unknown Soldier" entombed at Arlington.

MRS. G. B. SPERRY, HEROINE OF WAR

By Marie Hicks Davidson

MRS. George B. Sperry, whose death Monday, May 18, deprived the community of one of its best citizens, gave her life for her country. She sacrificed herself upon the altar of war. Her passing was as truly an immolation as if she had perished in a beleaguered city or bombarded hospital. Literally she was a matryr to the augmented work which war inflicts upon women.

Aside from the physical labor which she gave to the National Defenders' Club, where she spent twelve and fourteen hours daily, her mother-heart ached without ceasing in the universal sorrow.

A son, William Sperry, has been in the Foreign Legion since 1914. A daughter, Mrs. Arno Dosch, and her two little children have been in France for three years. A nephew, the young Prince Poniatowski, is in the French army. For these she entertained an anxiety that was personal and acute. For all others who suffered and were bereaved by the war she grieved deeply. Her sympathy was deep and world-broad.

That sympathy, coupled with the unceasing anxiety for her loved ones, was the driving power which impelled Mrs. Sperry to give her whole time and energies to work which she believed would, in its measure, alleviate the conditions. She realized that on this side of the ocean the greatest responsibility was the providing of recreation for men in the training camps. To that she consecrated her life.

In another time, before war placed the youth of the country in the forefront of the picture of human experience. Mrs. Sperry worked for women by working with them. She was known as one of the State's leading feminists and a pioneer in the suffrage campaign which gave the ballot to California women.

She succeeded in bringing light and comfort into many lives because her sympathies were real. Her convictions were founded upon lessons derived from her contact with verities. She suffered with those whom society, by thoughtlessness or purpose, condemned to unremunerated toil and from it withheld rights and dues. In this mind she dedicated her earlier years to women.

Came then the clarion call of war. The National Defenders' Club was her answer to the call to arms.

The service men came to know her well. They called her "Mother," for they sensed that she was actuated by the true spirit of motherhood.

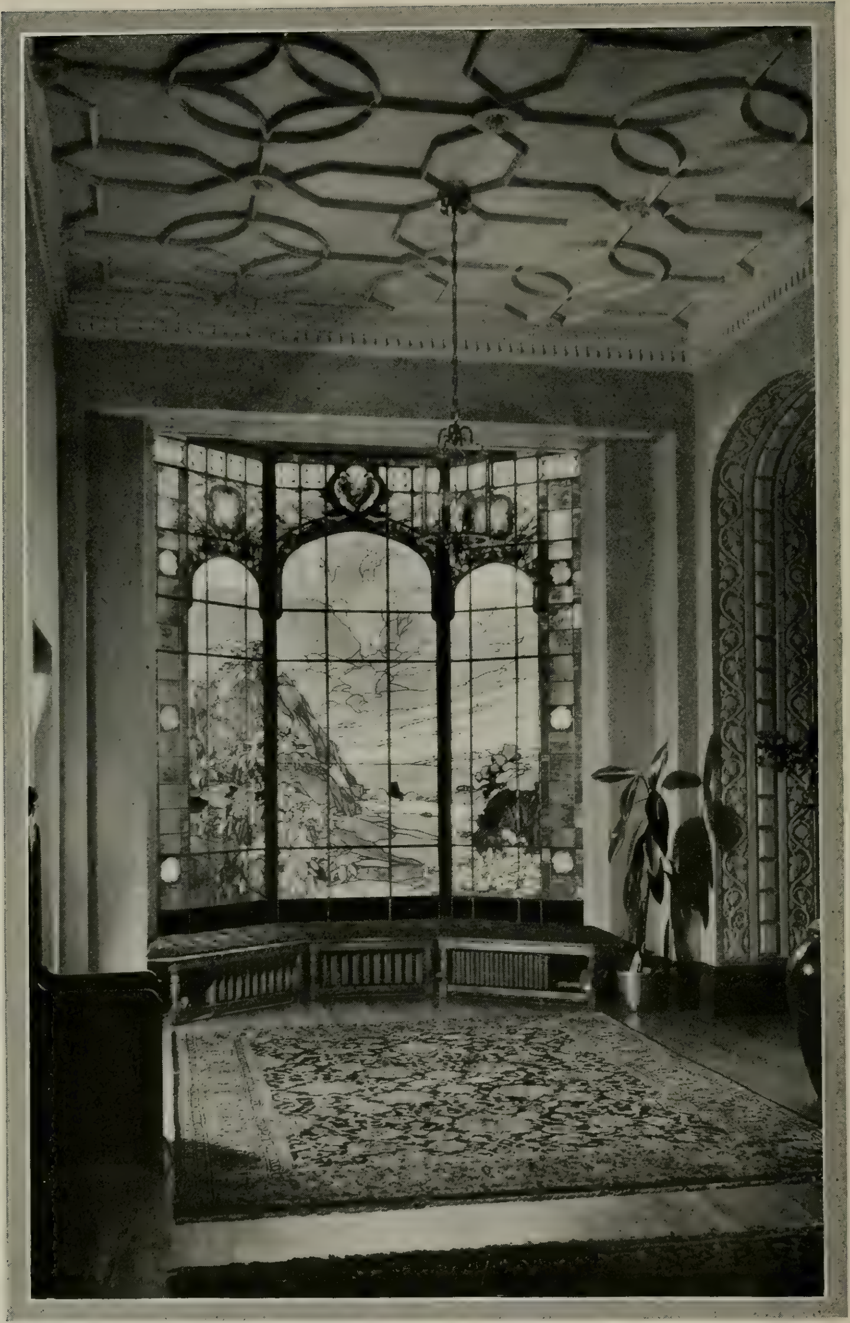
In her life and martydom she has pointed the way to millions.

(This tribute to Mrs. Sperry appeared in the San Francisco Examiner the day of her funeral and was written by the present editor of the Women's City Club. M. H. H.)

ROSTER

Presidents of the National League for Woman's Service

Mrs. Duncan McDuffie . .	1 *year*
Mrs. William Palmer Lucas	1 *year*
Mrs. S. G. Chapman . . .	1 *year*
Mrs. Harry Staats Moore .	2 *years*
Mrs. S. G. Chapman . . .	3 *years*



THE FRANC PIERCE HAMMON MEMORIAL WINDOW

At the west end of the Hammon Gallery on the fourth floor. Mrs. Hammon was one of the group of workers in the formative years in the League Headquarters at 333 Kearny Street.

WOMEN'S CITY CLUB MAGAZINE

Published Monthly at San Francisco
465 Post Street

MAGAZINE PUBLICATION COMMITTEE
MRS. WILLIAM PALMER LUCAS, Chairman
MRS. CLARENCE M. SMITH
MRS. CASPAR BROWN

MARIE HICKS HEALY, Editor
ALFRED L. BLOCK, Advertising Manager

Volume I FEBRUARY · 1927 *Number 1*

EDITORIAL

THE Women's City Club Magazine, Volume 1, Number 1, is in your hands. It is the expectation of the Women's City Club to publish it monthly.

Its sponsors hope that it will mean something more to you than a house organ or a bulletin; hopes that it will mean both of these things, plus; that it will be a cross-section of the consciousness of the Club. It is not on the lap of the gods; it is definitely a malleable enterprise.

Since it reflects the Club, its policy will be that of the organization which it mirrors. It will not wittingly lend itself to propaganda not endorsed by the directors and will be non-sectarian, non-political and non-partisan. Its purpose is to give the news of activities within the Club and within the definition of the ideals of its membership.

The first number, naturally, gives a deal of the background upon which the Club is built. It harks back to a time of which we do not often speak.

Life rushes on, encloses us, and the past—even that chapter in the world's affairs wherein women wrote an epic, recedes into perspective.

So with the war and its agony and glory.

But when we dedicate monuments and memorials we turn back the page, just for a moment. Then on to the next exigency, to whatever is around the corner.

If to another crisis, then worthily have women prepared for it. They have learned much, profited and built.

They are ready.

If their ways are to be along the lines of peace, again are they ready.

The Magazine of the Women's City Club is pledged in any contingency to face reality.

* * *

For the present, at least, the Women's City Club Magazine is included in the membership dues. Each member of the City Club is entitled to one copy free of charge, sent through the mail. Extra copies may be purchased at the Club news stand or shop for thirty-five cents.

Advertising rates may be procured from Alfred L. Block, Lower Main Floor, Women's City Club, 465 Post Street, San Francisco.

* * *

Second-hand books will be accepted as gifts to fill the shelves in the lounge in the corridor on the first floor.

* * *

Cover design of the Women's City Club Magazine was drawn and contributed by Francis Richard Mahoney, formerly of the University of Nevada, now studying art in San Francisco, in tribute to the memory of John Hicks Davidson, son of the editor.

MRS. WILLIAM PALMER LUCAS

Second President of the National League for Woman's Service, member of the Board of Directors for three terms and Chairman of the Magazine Publication Committee of the Women's City Club of San Francisco

Photo by Boye

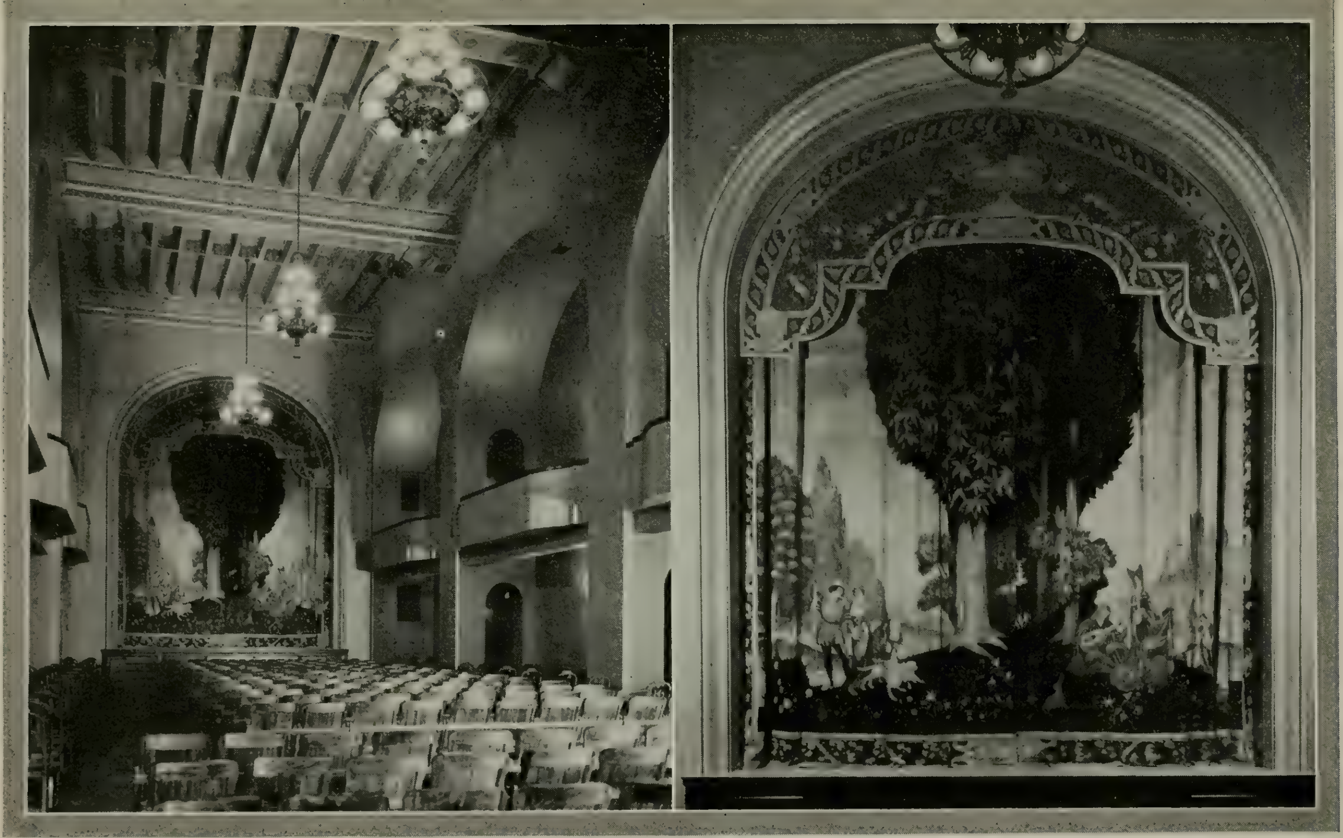
AN EXPERIMENT IN DEMOCRATIC SERVICE

By June Lucas

(Mrs. William Palmer Lucas, Second President of the National League for Woman's Service)

IN these days of snappy slogans and easy phrases by which we express many big and compelling ideas those of us who have stressed, early and late, the "democracy" of the Women's City Club often find ourselves challenged by newer members as to the meaning of that much-used word in relation to our Club. I believe it is not an exaggeration to say that the Women's City Club of San Francisco, with its splendid building used by 7000 members has as its cornerstone, as its very roof tree the spirit of democratic service. And perhaps the best of it all is that this spirit is intangible, that it baffles definitions, that it is unlabeled just as any dignified spirit should be! But the form and substance are real and have been builded into the very heart of the organization. The National League for Woman's Service was called into being by a great need. Women organized to be of service to their communities in time of war. There was no money to put into the work, but there was service, service of a type that the memory of it is one of the most precious possessions of many a community. The League threw all its energies, all its capacities, all its varied training into service and everything was possible because of this cooperation. The service given was a service to all, men, women and children, by all women, and the only questions asked of the membership were—"what can you do? What are you willing to fit yourself to do?"

When the great need of the war was over, the spirit of democratic service could not be demobilized—and all over the country women wondered how they could go on serving. Here in San Francisco the headquarters of the National League on Kearny Street could not seem to slowly shrink to one room! The members wanted to go on to the next service. They had learned to serve each other, regardless of social privilege, and it was a natural question that came—"Why can't we have a club, open to all women who want a club, and carry into that club the service we have learned to value?" To make a club actually available to all women who needed and wanted a club, meant moderate fees; more than that, it meant fees that were stable, that could not be changed except by vote of the membership itself. This meant that the whole financial plan for a new building must rest firmly on this basis. In other words, that our building must not run away with our pocketbooks. But even a big membership could not support such a club by fees alone. The service of members was the "keystone" of the plan, and today the unique feature of San Francisco's Women's City Club is this splendid Volunteer Service that runs through every activity and department of the Club. In discussing the Club with members of other city clubs throughout the country, the volunteer service of our Club is the big surprise, and when it is made clear how deeply the volunteer figures,—and I use that word with a two-fold meaning—in the life of our Club, our experiment in democratic service becomes of vital interest to new ventures in women's



THE AUDITORIUM

The auditorium seats four hundred and fifty, exclusive of the seats in the nine boxes. The arches here shown are a fascinating feature of the handsome hall. At the right is shown a close-up of the curtain given by the family of the late Mrs. Ernest Meiere as a memorial to her and designed by Miss Hildreth Meiere, her daughter.

clubs. More than that, our Club becomes a training center of volunteers for service to the community. San Francisco always turns to the Women's City Club for "Volunteers" to help in any sudden call for workers. When one realizes that over 2000 hours of volunteer service is rendered to our Club in a single month by over 850 members, we realize that volunteer service is a reality and that the new luxurious Club building has not "spoiled" our membership, has not made us "soft," but has given us a better equipment for service, widened our horizons, deepened our responsibilities.

Every member is responsible for the success or failure of our experiment. Our first year in the new building has surely demonstrated the growth of the democratic spirit of service. The cafeteria, the library, the lounge, the shop, the vocational bureau, the administrative and executive offices have all vitally felt the touch, the efficiency, the helpfulness of the volunteer. The Women's City Club of San Francisco is sound because it is expressing in a concrete way the very heart of the National League for Woman's Service.

* * *

TREES

TREES see themselves in water, growing old,
And spread their branches proudly, even dare
To throw a backward shadow on the gold
Of buttercups, and green of maidenhair.
Trees are not envious of youth. They lean
Nearer the water as the years go by,
And see themselves reflected and serene
Upon the blue reflection of the sky;
And see their shadow, when the sun has set,
Make on the ground a purple blossoming,
Like a more vast, more fragrant violet
Than all the fragrant violets of spring.

Trees do not die of age: they only spread
Their branches still more proudly—and are dead.

(The Bookman—February 1927.)

MISS MARION WHITFIELD LEALE

Manager of the Building Project and Manager of the Women's City Club. Miss Leale also was organizing Secretary of the National League for Woman's Service of California.

THE BUILDING PROJECT

By Marion Leale

AS the first number of our long-heralded magazine goes to print, I am asked to write an outline of the project which has meant so much to us all. I must begin then with a brief history, familiar to so many of us, for by it we shall see characteristics which the modern psychologists would agree forecast success—determination to win, strength to persevere, and idealism to inspire.

On August 1, 1922, the official headquarters of the Building Committee were established in Room 503 at the League. Four months of survey work followed (to determine whether to lease, to buy and remodel, or to build) with 48 propositions given careful consideration. On December tenth a $10,000.00 joint note, signed by 25 members of the Board was paid as deposit on the Hobart lot on Post Street and a million dollar financial scheme outlined and accepted by the directors.

On January 5, 1923, a prospectus and a subscription agreement for a debenture issue were mailed to each member of the Club. On February 27 the goal ($200,000.00 sale of debentures) was in sight. On March 15 the Bank Commission and Corporation Commission offices were visited. On April 6 the National League for Woman's Service deposited with the Mercantile Trust Company the $30,000.00 for the first block of stock in the holding company—the lot was assured! With the sale of the debentures, the first and second mortgages were automatically effective. The financing was therefore complete. The money was raised. Step No. 1.

For six months the Building Committee then worked on plans, the Finance Committee on details of building figures and mortgages. On December 30, 1924, we broke ground! Step No. 2.

Construction moved forward steadily, but slowly, due to a lathers' strike at a critical moment, until May 14, 1925, when the cornerstone was laid. In April the Furnishing Committee had come into existence and from that day until we moved (one year later) this group of five met two whole days each week to discuss each detail of equipment and of furnishing proper.

April 1925-April 1926 — construction, furnishing, budgeting—a year's work of detail.

An April 12, 1926, we moved in!

The building project was dependent for its success on three things: the sale of the $200,000.00 debenture issue, a membership of 6000, and the continuance of volunteer service in the new building. We have seen how the first was accomplished. Now for the history of the second "if." In August, 1922, when we decided to house the League permanently, our membership was 610; in February, 1923, when our bond sale was finished, it was 2163; one month later it was 4602; and when we moved in April, 1926, it was 6000. Six months later we boasted a waiting list of 1400. The second condition of success was met.

The continuance of volunteer service in this gloriously modern building was the next feat to be accomplished. The history is brief. Those who had served proudly in the historic headquarters on

SOLDIERS AND SAILORS

Sailors seem to predominate in this picture, but Mrs. William B. Hamilton (*at the left*) and Mrs. George B. Sperry played no favorites. Soldier or sailor, he was given a cordial welcome and kindly sympathy in whatever problem he was called upon to face. Generally it was a pronounced case of nostalgia, though he didn't call it that.

Kearny Street added to their crews new recruits.

The hours per month increased steadily, the numbers serving grew apace; last month one-seventh of our six thousand were on the roll. The condition for accomplishment of our project was fulfilled!

Why such a history?

First. The financial plans, building plans, furnishing plans—all were outlined by women of experience who knew our particular needs (women of different opinions but generous to concede points of argument which were proved) and all plans thus conceived were submitted before adoption to men-experts in each profession. The responsibility was shared by many.

Secondly. No plans were made public until the organization of each was complete. The business of accomplishment was then given into the hands of competent leaders and the enthusiasm of many workers, feeling personal responsibility, was capitalized.

Thirdly. The increase of membership was brought about by the membership itself with no committee to blackball—another sharing of responsibility by many, another evidence of our democracy.

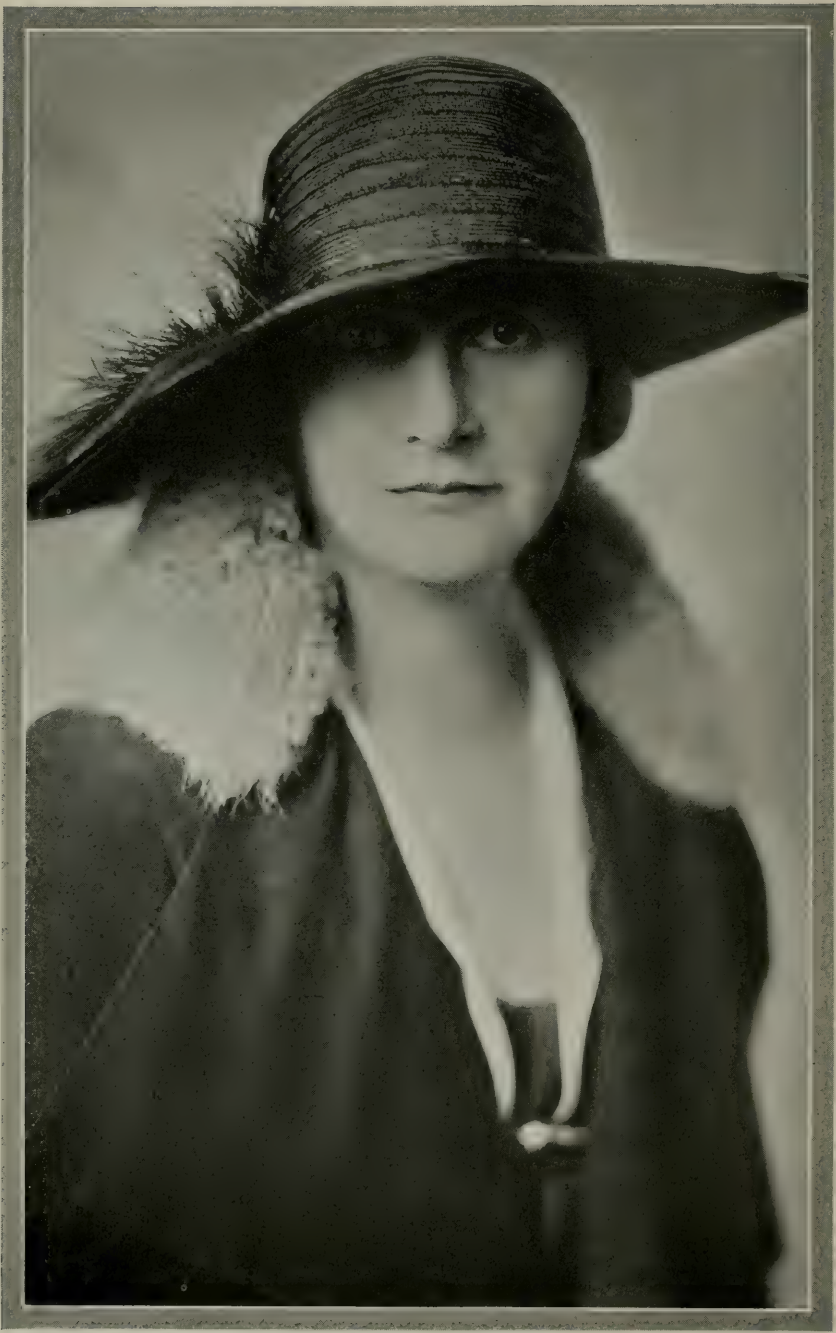
Fourthly. The architectural perfection of the rooms, the furnishings studied in minutest detail and conservative at all times and harmonious in color and design, satisfies and charms those who are enjoying the result of months of work on the part of Building and Furnishing Committees, because it is the taste of many.

Fifthly. The Women's City Club of San Francisco, true to its name, includes in its membership women of leisure and of business, women of all sects, all political creeds, all professions, women of every walk of life—all paying the same small dues of $6.00 per year, dues made possible by volunteer service.

The building after six months of trial proved more capacious than we had estimated and the Board of Directors voted to increase the list to 7000. When this was done last month the news spread and the waiting list reduced by eight hundred swelled once again until nine hundred was the last count—a healthy sign for any organization. The first year in the new clubhouse has found our proposed figures safe, and with the continued support of departments by the membership, the million dollar project is accomplished.

At the beginning of this outline I said the project was dependent on three things. It has succeeded because of these; but there is a basic fact which must not be overlooked—and which I mentioned in my first paragraph—the idealism which has spurred us on. To build in concrete is one thing; to build in the hearts of men is another. The National League for Woman's Service has done both. Its foundations laid in days of stress when we all talked glibly of the service we were rendering to Army and Navy have proved firm to carry the superstructure of service in days of peace when the joy of giving of ourselves to others (thereby receiving ten-fold in return) has been felt by us each one, as the Women's City Club of San Francisco has come into existence. May the future generations of members remember the band of 600 women who showed the faith and the twenty-five members of the Board of Directors who signed the promissory note.

To you, the present membership, is entrusted this heritage—on you as an individual member rests the responsibility.



MRS. HARRY STAATS MOORE

Fourth President of the National League for Woman's Service (San Francisco), President of the Post Street Investment Company, and Member of the Board of Directors of the San Francisco Women's City Club

REPORT OF MRS. MOORE

Submitted to Board of Directors at the Meeting on February 18th, 1924

THESE have been two such momentous years in the history of the League that your President takes this opportunity to give a brief survey covering the period. By the will of the Board two quite distinct lines of activity have been carried on since the beginning of 1922 when it was decided to go forward with plans for a permanent home, at the same time continuing the work of the League at its present headquarters.

During this time there has been a reorganization of the staff. A consolidation of duties made it possible to eliminate two full time positions resulting in increased efficiency and a saving to the League of $1800.00 per annum. Since July of this year the manager of the building project has taken over the work of the executive secretary at her own suggestion. This has also contributed very considerably to our happiness and prosperity.

The outstanding accomplishment of the League for the year 1923 has been an increase of members from 2163 to 4811. This speaks well for the real enthusiasm of the membership for our building project.

Although a building committee was appointed in December, 1921, to find suitable quarters, it was not until July, 1922, that the organization of the building project was worked out in detail and the President authorized to appoint the committees and engage a manager.

All of this was done and August found the manager at her desk and the building plans being rushed as rapidly as possible. Yet, in spite of the combined efforts of a group of loyal devoted workers, it was not until December that a location was finally found that answered our purpose. At the December meeting it was voted that the name of the new club should be the Women's City Club founded by the National League for Woman's Service and the finance committee was authorized to secure the lot which we now have.

So January, 1923, found us with a complete working organization for the building project, a lot that met the needs of the Women's City Club marvelously, with plans grown in a year from $150,000 to $1,000,000. It found us still without funds but with a firm belief in our ability to achieve our ambition for a Women's City Club.

That our faith was justified was proved shortly by the successful conclusion of our bond sale in which the $215,000 issue was oversubscribed in six weeks. A feat that astonished our financial advisors.

Meanwhile the Building Committee had selected an architect and the struggle began between the ideal building and the one financially possible.

There have been long periods of delay, impossible to explain but unavoidable. The compromise has at last been agreed upon though faith and patience will be needed for just a little time yet while the final detail is being completed. In short, we have a lot, the project has been financed,

MRS. PARKER S. MADDUX

Third Vice-President of the Women's City Club, Chairman of the Committee on Education, Classes and Forum

Photo by Boye

the general plans have been accepted, the pioneering days are over.

It is not possible to give due praise to the women who have so wholeheartedly devoted themselves to the cause. They have achieved these results in the face of many discouragements and obstacles that would have defeated those less courageous.

We look to 1924 to see the consummation of our dreams on Post Street.

* * *

EDUCATION, CLASSES AND FORUM

Four of the Nine Lectures Have Been Given, the First by Kathleen Norris

MRS. Parker Simmons Maddux, third vice-president of the Women's City Club, heads a committee which gives her scope for the exercise of qualifications which she possesses, by virtue of her experience and training, to a notable degree. She is chairman of Education, Classes and Forum. Since the opening of the club she has been unflagging in her zeal to make the Forum a real attraction and an educational factor.

Four of the nine lectures advertised have been given, the first being by Kathleen Norris, beloved California novelist. The second was by Vilhjalmur Stefansson, Artic explorer and writer. The third event was a symposium by two leaders of thought in their own particular field, Professor Alexander Kaun of the Slavic department of the University of California and Professor E. P. Williams of the Oriental department of the same institution.

The next speaker was Chester Rowell, distinguished California publicist, who talked on "Geneva and Europe."

The next lecturer will be Fannie Hurst, who is scheduled for Friday evening, March 25. There remain four more general subjects to be treated, art, public opinion, the human mind and world economics, and Mrs. Maddux has promised an authority on each.

Every Wednesday morning at eleven o'clock Mrs. Maddux herself gives a talk on current world political events, repeating them on the evenings of the first and third Mondays. The auditorium has been filled at each of the Forum events and Mrs. Maddux's own dissertations have also been well attended.

Mrs. Maddux likes to be called "one of the oldest living directors" because her period of membership began with the formation of the National League for Woman's Service when she was appointed Chairman for Santa Clara County.

Her organization there included every "detachment" in the program, and active groups worked, some of them even beyond the Armistice, in clerical training, stenography, automobile corps, First Aid and Red Cross study, food conservation, preserving of excess fruits, distribution of jams and jellies, hospitality, entertainment, interpretation in four languages, sewing, and especially in the Service

MRS. WILLIAM B. HAMILTON

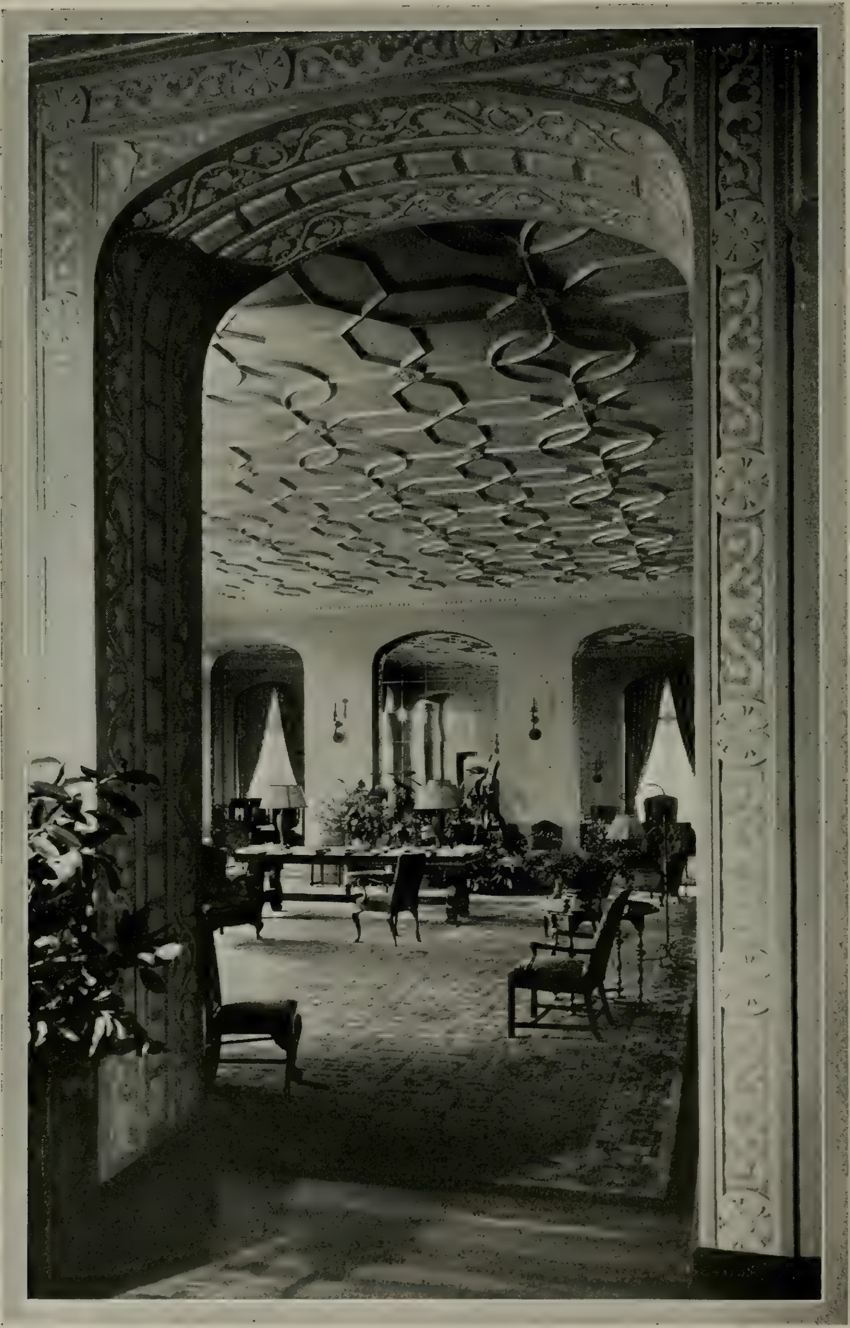
Chairman of the first National Defenders' Club.

clubs. For in Santa Clara County there were two Defenders' clubs, one at Palo Alto and one at San Jose, with an approximate enrollment of six hundred volunteers, many of whom are now devoted members of the Women's City Club.

During the last two years of her residence in Palo Alto, Mrs. Maddux conceived the plan of "salvaging the democracy" of the war organizations and she secured from the War Work Council of the Young Women's Christian Association the gift to the City of Palo Alto of Camp Fremont Hostess House "for a community club and continued war work." The house was moved down the county road in seven sections, set up on public ground between the highway and the railroad station, furnished with the remains of the Palo Alto Defenders' Club, financed by the City Council out of the general fund, managed by a Community Center commission of which Mrs. Maddux was the first chairman, and stands today as a model Community Center, with a vital program of recreation, education, health work, employment bureau and many other activities.

Since returning to San Francisco six years ago, Mrs. Maddux has served three years as president of the San Francisco Center of the California League of Women Voters, and nearly two years as a member of the City Planning Commission appointed by the Mayor. City Planning and International Relations were two departments especially stressed during her presidency of the Center and last year she was chosen one of the five women members of the American delegation to the Institute of Pacific Relations in Honolulu. Since her return she has been kept busy spreading the word of international understanding and friendship and last winter she gave current events talks regularly to seven groups of women in and around San Francisco.

At present she is carrying on two such groups in the Women's City Club, one every Wednesday morning and the other first and third Monday nights. She is also chairman of Education, Classes, and Forum, temporary chairman of the Thursday evening lectures and third vice-president of the Club. She sees the future of the Women's City Club as the center of cultural and social life for the thinking women of Northern California. Moreover, her experience with many club groups proves that women are taking an increasingly eager interest in the political progress of the world as revealed by the facts of current history; they are indeed yearning for intelligent citizenship, and the activities at 465 Post Street, with the weekly meetings devoted not only to current topics but also to the arts and sciences, with an increased stress on music, and with a perfect Forum planned for each month this coming season, have already established the new club through its six thousand members as one of the most important potential factors in the intellectual life of the Pacific Coast.



THE LIBRARY

Looking through one of the arches off the main hall on the fourth floor into the library, showing detail of ceiling.

ONE OF THE VICTORIES OF 1918

By Marie Hicks Healy

"PEACE hath her victories no less renowned than war," wrote Milton in his sonnet to Lord General Cromwell.

The Women's City Club of San Francisco is one of the victories of 1918. But it became tangible only last April.

The story of how it came to be built, of the patriotism of the women who founded the first National Defenders' Club under the Monadnock Building in Market Street, of the translation of that institution, after it had served its purpose into a center for women, of the inspiration and daring which eventually impelled this same group to erect an enduring monument, of, for and by women, is one of the thrilling epics of San Francisco's participation in the war.

So much took place between the stirring time when Miss Grace Parker, field organizer of the National League for Woman's Service, came to San Francisco and gave the call to arms, and the day when a great steam shovel dug its nose into the wet earth on the lot in Post Street between Powell and Mason that it must, for the purposes of this narrative, be but intimated.

Suffice it to say that after Miss Parker's memorable visit in that agonized year there was formed a National League for Woman's Service for California. There were meetings in various places and one day Mrs. Duncan McDuffie was elected president. Under her superb leadership the embattled women of the West did their glorious bit. Even that must here be pictured in broad strokes, for it concerns the City Club only as its genesis. In passing from the millieu of the Monadnock Building to Four Sixty-five Post Street, there is one gallant figure that stands out in the procession, that of Mrs. George B. Sperry, whose work and death make one of the incidental chapters of the drama. Mrs. Sperry was among the first to plunge into canteen work. Day and night found her at her post until her strength failed and she died. Activities in the great room ceased long enough for a regimental bugler to sound taps for the fallen soldier. For a moment every service man and woman stood with bowed head. Then work was feverishly resumed, after the manner of warfare.

Came the armistice and the reconstruction. There was discovered a fine spirit of democracy, and a fervor and flair for work. To permit either to lapse seemed a pity. Women had oriented themselves. Their possibilities seemed infinite. They could not recede. Like their men they had sensed a something; they could never be the same. What they had found was not the Grail, they subsequently learned, but something that had, perhaps, touched It.

To give each individual worker her full meed of credit for faithful work in the canteens were impossible in this issue. Many figures stand out and a train of events crowd to the edge of memory's stage. There was the day a Belgian ship unexpectedly docked in San Francisco and the

Misses May and Fannie Friedlander prepared a repast for three hundred men on thirty minutes' notice. There was the Thanksgiving when Timothy Hopkins carved turkeys which, laid end to end, as the statisticians say, would have—well stagger the imagination.

Mrs. William B. Hamilton succeeded Mrs. Sperry as chairman of the canteen under the Monadnock and she is still serving in various capacities. To this day she receives letters from men who were homesick boys in that far-off time.

Miss Grace Parker, National Organizer of the National League for Woman's Service, whose visit to San Francisco in 1917 resulted in the formation of the San Francisco National Defenders' Club under the Monadnock Building

Truly the women mobilized and now that spirit which was born at that time is still volunteering and serving.

Other canteens, notably in Lombard Street, sprang up around the first, the Monadnock Building nucleus. These, after the armistice, were combined in essence and a "League Headquarters" was established at 333 Kearny Street.

This filled two needs. It provided outlet for the urge to serve, heritage of the war to women of leisure and sheltered lives who had tasted of the sweetness of planning and working for others, of sacrifice. On the other hand, it gave to professional and business women that which they had not had before, a club within their resources.

Came then the whisper; came the vision; came the power with the need. Mrs. McDuffie had been succeeded in the presidency by Mrs. William Palmer Lucas and she in turn by Mrs. Harry Staats Moore.

The League would build its own home!

After mature deliberation which is here only indicated, Miss Marion Whitfield Leale was made Manager of the Building Project. Then, with the seed germinating most satisfactorily, Mrs. Moore was succeeded by Mrs. S. G. Chapman, fourth president of the National League. Mrs. Moore, meanwhile, had been made president of the Post Street Investment Company, the legal name of the owner of the site and building.

How it was financed and carried to fruition is told in other articles by the women who were close to the heart of the venture.

It was completed nearly a year ago and formally opened to members only on April 12, 1925.

The Women's City Club represents

an investment of one million dollars in coin of the realm. What it represents in ideals is incalculable. Its value in the possibilities of service may not be reckoned.

The financial scheme for the present and future is laid on a basis of a membership of seven thousand, with yearly dues of six dollars each and an initiation fee of twenty-five dollars each.

According to the present policy the initiation cost will never be advanced, but the membership limit will be strictly held to seven thousand.

The financial soundness of the scheme, with an income-producing building and with the volunteer service of the members as a very considerable asset, is a reasonable assurance against the probability of assessments or increase in dues. Such a change can be effected only by a two-thirds vote of the membership at a regularly called meeting. There is but one type of membership.

The physical characteristics of the club are described elsewhere.

The Club is finished. The dream is fulfilled. The vision has become reality. It is now the job of the moment to "Carry On."

SECOND FLOOR DIRECTORY

American Association of University Women . . .	*Room* 201
Mrs. Martha Snow Bissell, Real Estate	*Room* 210
Miss Bessie Boynton Brown, Real Estate	*Room* 210
Dunwoody & Hanner, Hand-Embroidered Dresses .	*Room* 200
English Speaking Union	*Room* 216
Anna Hittman, Dresses	*Room* 222
Robert Hulbert	*Room* 212
Vocational Guidance and Information Bureau . . .	*Room* 230
Paulein Myers Blankman, Millinery	*Room* 224
Nicoli's Art Studio, Objects of Art	*Room* 202
Mercie O'Rourke, Millinery	*Room* 224
San Francisco Grade Teachers' Association	*Room* 211
Unity Temple	*Room* 212
Vahdah, Hand-Embroidered Dresses	*Room* 200

THREE OF THE FAITHFUL VOLUNTEERS OF THAT YEAR

Miss Elsa Garrett, Mrs. Franc Pierce Hammon and Mrs. H. L. Frank at the cafeteria at 333 Kearny Street.

FLOOR BY FLOOR

A Personally Conducted Tour of the Women's City Club

FIRST FLOOR

The entrance is made beautiful by the hand-carved teakwood door and archway given as a memorial by an anonymous donor. The arcade is lined with attractive bronze showcases. At the left just before the elevators is the League Shop and the stairway leads to the mezzanine floor and the Economy Shop where used garments and objects of art are sold.

Next to the Shop are the telephone booths, and then the small lounge just before the circulating library. At the end of the entrance arcade and between the three elevators are the entrance doors to the auditorium, with check rooms to the left. The auditorium is equipped with a fine stereopticon booth, and the latest type of stage lighting planned and supervised by Miss Christine Donohoe. The beautiful curtain is the gift of the Meiere family in memory of Mrs. Ernest Meiere, a former member of the board. The curtain was designed by Miss Hildreth Meiere and painted under her supervision at her Herter looms in New York. The boxes are a charming feature of this room.

THE BASEMENT

Here are the spacious beauty parlors, eight small shops, the locker room for pool, eighteen showers, exercise rooms, appointment room, and the pool with its gallery. The utility corridor contains the boiler room with the water softener on the right, the pumproom below, and the garbage refrigerator, receiving room and store room on the left.

THE MEZZANINE FLOOR

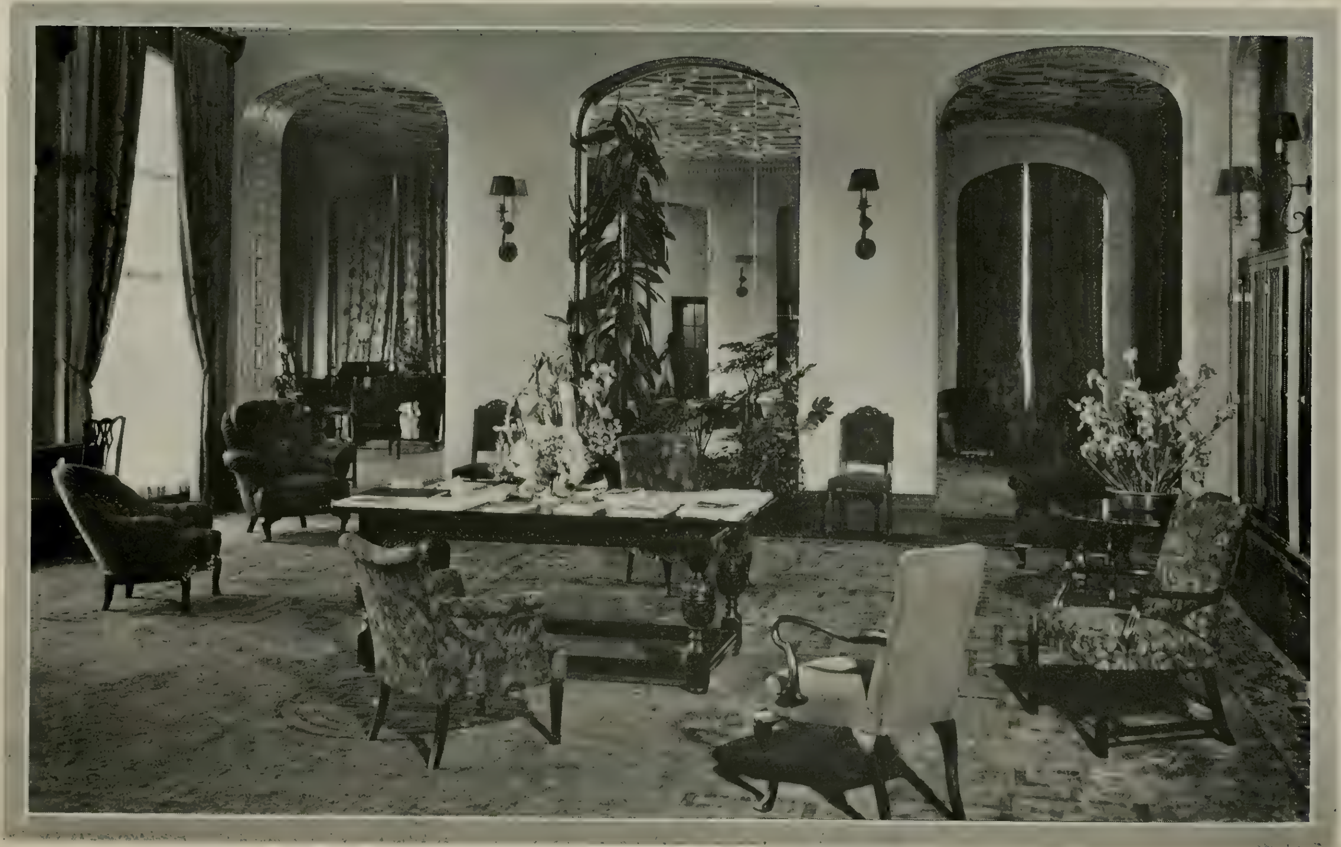
The Economy Shop opens on this hall. There are also the gentlemen's dressing rooms at the head of the west stairway, the women's rooms at the extreme east stairway, the stage dressing rooms at the end of the corridor, and entrances to the boxes and gallery of the auditorium. The corridor on this floor is planned as the lounge where members will receive their guests.

SECOND FLOOR

The Vocational Guidance Bureau is the room at the head of the west stairway. The dressing room and vault for tenants of this floor are the doors along the main corridor. The millinery shop faces the elevators. Next comes the Garment Shop, then the Gift Shop. On the opposite side of the hall is the assembly room of the League, available for League activities and tenant clubs, with its locker room for the latter. Facing Post street, the English Speaking Union Room is at the west corner. Facing the east roof garden are the American Association of University Women and the Grade Teachers' Association on the north and south, respectively.

THIRD FLOOR

The elevators now bring one to the corridor lounge from which the three private dining rooms, the main dining room on the Post street side, and the steam tables and cafeteria are reached. The private dining room on the west is furnished by ten National Defenders Clubs of California and will be so known.



ANOTHER VIEW OF THE LIBRARY

Chippendale and flowers, deep-piled rug of warm yet neutral tone, rubber tree

The private dining room on the east has some beautiful murals executed by the California School of Fine Arts under the direction of Miss Hartwell. The kitchen is located on this floor, running from the Post street side to the sunny steam table room. The kitchen has the latest equipment devoted to cuisine. There are no partitions, except the actual storeroom walls, so that the ventilation is adequate. The stove is a model one; the salad, bakery and butcher shops each have their own ice boxes with automatic refrigeration; and the kitchen steam tables, the silver cupboards that lock, and the cupboards for the Copeland china complete this equipment. For the service dining room Matteo Sandona gave us a painting which represents the ideals of the League. The cafeteria has the small roof gardens at the sides so that a table in the open air and sunlight is always possible. The fountain for drinking water is a charming feature of this room.

FOURTH FLOOR

This floor holds the heart of the League as perhaps no other part of the house. The main lounge gallery has the beautiful Franc Pierce Hammon Memorial Window at the west end, executed by Arthur Matthews, and given by League members and friends. The light from this window is caught by the Echo Window at the east end of the gallery, adding to the beauty of the Memorial Window. The Echo Window is the gift of Miss Persis Coleman. Turning to the right of the elevators, one finds the American Room with its imported English landscape paper and its period furniture, and opening on the roof garden with the beautiful Stackpole Fountain, the gift of Mrs. Marcus Koshland.

The small room on the right of the entrance to the American Room is provided as a more quiet spot where guests may be entertained by club members. At the end of the gallery is the bookkeeper's room on the left, the Executive Secretary's on the right, with the Manager's room beyond. The hall leading to the main lounge contains the telephone and check rooms on the left, and the spacious dressing rooms and volunteer locker rooms on the right. The library is the room on the west, flooded with sunlight; the main lounge is on the Post street side. Here the memorial fireplace with its beautiful hand carving of the seal of the League is the gift of Mrs. Leon Guggenheim. On the small corridor to the right of the lounge one finds the tea and flower room, the Board Room with the furniture inherited from the National Defenders' Club of the Presidio, and the spacious "quiet" room with its ten willow couches.

FIFTH, SIXTH AND SEVENTH FLOORS

These are the bedroom floors for club members. There are ninety-eight rooms in all, fifty with baths. One-fourth of the total number of rooms will be kept for transient use of members and reciprocal guests. All rooms have stationary wash-stands and exceptionally large closets. Each floor has two public showers and two public bathrooms, also a service room where a member may wash and iron small articles free of charge.

* * *

Readers of the Women's City Club Magazine are urged by the board of directors of the Women's City Club to patronize advertisers in the Magazine whenever possible and to please mention the Magazine to dealer when purchasing.

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Second Vice-President

Mrs. Parker S. Maddux,
Third Vice-President

Miss Esther Phillips
Recording Secretary

Mrs. H. A. Stephenson,
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Miss Jeannette Doub, *Treasurer*

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THE AMERICAN ROOM

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PAUL HARVEY LECTURES

"Our International Relations"

Six Tuesday Evening Lectures
Course Commences Tuesday Evening, March 1 at 8:15 o'clock
Course: $3.00. Single Tickets 75 Cents
(*Open to the Public*)

Mr. Harvey discusses subjects which are of vital importance to everyone interested in world affairs.

* * *

Two Performances

"THE BAD MAN"

by the Carmel Players

Evenings of February 18 and 19, *under direction of George M. Ball*

with cast including Jo Mora, leading man, Ruth Austin, Byington Ford, Paul Flanders, Katherine Cooke, Louise Walcott, Talbert Josselyn and "Bob" Ritchie.

* * *

DINNER DANCE

The Last of the Season, Friday Evening, April 29
Distinctive Cabaret . Superior Music
$2.50 per Plate

Balcony Tables (Light Refreshments) $1.00 per Person
(*Members and Guests*)

By permission of the Executive Committee gentlemen may be taken to the fourth floor of the Club Rooms.

* * *

CLAVILUX

Auditorium, March 16 and 17
Tickets $1.00 and $1.50

Thomas Wilfred will play the color organ in person
(*Open to the Public*)

CALENDAR WOMEN'S CITY CLUB

FEBRUARY 9—MARCH 15

February 9	Current Events, Mrs. Parker S. Maddux, Leader (Members and Friends)	*Assembly Room*	11:00 A. M.
	Vocational Guidance Public Meeting Leader: Miss Esther Phillips Speaker: Mrs. Belle De Graf Subject: "Is a Woman Happier Working for a Business Venture of Her Own, or for the Financial Interests of Another?" (Members and Guests)	*Assembly Room*	7:45 P. M.
February 10	Professor Benjamin H. Lehman "Literature Old and New" (75c per lecture)	*Auditorium*	11:00 A. M.
February 10	Reception in honor of Miss Hildreth Meiere	*Auditorium*	4:00 P. M.
	Thursday Evening Program Mrs. Herbert Stanley Boone Subject: "Present Day China"	*Assembly Room*	7:45 P. M.
February 11	Mrs. Bertha Cole, Lecturer Subject: "Siberia and the Siberian" (75c per lecture)	*Assembly Room*	11:00 A. M.
	French Conversational Class Mme. Olivier, Instructor (Fee 75 cents per lesson) (Members and Guests)	*Board Room*	11:00 A. M.
	Forum: "Public Opinion"	*Auditorium*	8:15 P. M.
February 14	St. Valentine's Swimming Pool Party for Children	*Swimming Pool*	4:00 P. M.
February 15	St. Valentine Bridge Party (Members and guests) $3 per table	*Third Floor*	8:00 P. M.
February 16	Current Events, Mrs. Parker S. Maddux, Leader	*American Room*	11:00 A. M.
February 17	Thursday Evening Program Mrs. A. P. Black, Chairman	*Assembly Room*	7:45 P. M.
February 18	Mrs. Bertha Cole, Lecturer Subject: "Extraterritoriality and the Life of the Foreigner in China"	*Assembly Room*	11:00 A. M.
	Carmel Players "The Bad Man" Leading Man: Jo Mora Director: George M. Ball Tickets $1.50. For sale at Information Desk on fourth floor and at Sherman, Clay & Co.	*Assembly Room*	7:45 P. M.
February 19	Carmel Players "The Bad Man" (Under the Auspices of the Women's City Club)	*Auditorium*	8:15 P. M.

February 21	Current Events, Mrs. Parker S. Maddux, Leader	*Assembly Room*	7:30 P. M.
February 22	Bridge Evening (Members and Guests)	*Assembly Room*	7:30 P. M.
February 23	Current Events, Mrs. Parker S. Maddux, Leader	*Assembly Room*	11:00 A. M.
February 24	Professor Benjamin H. Lehman "Literature Old and New"	*Auditorium*	11:00 A. M.
	Thursday Evening Program Mrs. A. P. Black, Chairman	*Assembly Room*	7:45 P. M.
February 25	Mrs. Bertha Cole, Lecturer Subject: "Peking"	*Assembly Room*	11:00 A. M.
March 1	Bridge Evening	*Assembly Room*	7:30 P. M.
	Paul Harvey Series: "Our International Relations" First Lecture. Subject: "Building the Causes of Peace" (Course, 6 lectures, $3.00; single tickets, 75 cents)	*Auditorium*	8:15 P. M.
March 2	Current Events, Mrs. Parker S. Maddux, Leader	*Assembly Room*	11:00 A. M.
March 3	Thursday Evening Program Mrs. A. P. Black, Chairman	*Assembly Room*	7:45 P. M.
	Forum	*Auditorium*	8:15 P. M.
March 8	Bridge Evening	*Assembly Room*	7:30 P. M.
	Paul Harvey Second Lecture, Subject: "Europe's Growing Predicament"	*Auditorium*	8:15 P. M.
March 9	Current Events, Mrs. Parker S. Maddux, Leader	*Assembly Room*	11:00 A. M.
March 10	Professor Benjamin H. Lehman "Literature Old and New"	*Auditorium*	11:00 A. M.
	Thursday Evening Program Mrs. A. P. Black, Chairman	*Assembly Room*	7:45 P. M.
March 14	Current Events, Mrs. Parker S. Maddux, Leader	*Assembly Room*	7:30 P. M.
March 15	Bridge Evening	*Assembly Room*	7:30 P. M.
	Paul Harvey Lecture Third Lecture, Subject: "Crisis in Mexico"	*Auditorium*	8:15 P. M.

CHEERFULLY GIVING THEIR SERVICES

Women of many activities and large responsibilities each day work in "shifts" behind the counters of food in the cafeteria, giving their service as cheerfully and efficiently

ACTIVITIES OTHER THAN CLUB

February 10	San Francisco Society of Women Artists	*Assembly Room*	2:00 P. M.
February 11	Players' Guild "Bride of the Lamb"	*Auditorium*	8:15 P. M.
February 12	Players' Guild "Bride of the Lamb"	*Auditorium*	8:15 P. M.
February 13	Unity Temple Services	*Auditorium*	11:00 A. M.
February 14	Lilienthal, Bremer & Co. Lecture	*Assembly Room*	11:00 A. M.
February 15	California League of Women Voters State Council Meeting	*Assembly Room*	9 A. M. - 5:00 P. M.
February 16	California League of Women Voters State Council Meeting	*Assembly Room*	9 A. M. - 5:00 P. M.
February 20	Unity Temple Services	*Auditorium*	11:00 A. M.
February 21	Lilienthal, Bremer & Co. Lecture	*Assembly Room*	11:00 A. M.
February 24	Theatre Arts Club, Inc.	*Auditorium*	8:00 P. M.
February 25	Players' Guild "Mary, Mary Quite Contrary"	*Auditorium*	8:15 P. M.
February 26	Players' Guild "Mary, Mary Quite Contrary"	*Auditorium*	8:15 P. M.
February 27	Unity Temple Services	*Auditorium*	11:00 A. M.
February 28	Lilienthal, Bremer & Co. Lecture	*Assembly Room*	11:00 A. M.
March 3	Players' Guild	*Auditorium*	8:15 P. M.
March 4	Republican Women's Federation	*Assembly Room*	10 A. M. - 4:30 P. M.
March 5	Players' Guild	*Auditorium*	8:15 P. M.
March 6	Unity Temple Services	*Auditorium*	11:00 A. M.
March 7	Lilienthal, Bremer & Co. Lecture	*Assembly Room*	11:00 A. M.
March 8	Puerta del Oro, D. A. R.	*Assembly Room*	2:00 P. M.
March 10	English Speaking Union Tea	*Assembly Room*	3:00 P. M.
March 11	Players' Guild	*Auditorium*	8:15 P. M.
March 12	Players' Guild	*Auditorium*	8:15 P. M.
March 13	Unity Temple Services	*Auditorium*	11:00 A. M.
March 14	Lilienthal, Bremer & Co. Lecture	*Assembly Room*	11:00 A. M.

A BIT OF THE PAST

This is a fac-simile of Bulletin issued when
the National League for Woman's Service moved from
the Monadnock Building to
333 Kearny Street

To the Members of the National League for Woman's Service and to the friends who have assisted in the maintenance of The National Defenders' Club:

After carefully examining the attendance of the club rooms since the Armistice, a special committee was appointed by the Board of Directors of the National League for Woman's Service to make recommendation as to the future policy of the National Defenders' Club. The committee found that the very small use made of the rooms by men in uniform no longer justified the necessary accompanying volunteer service and expense. The Misses Friendlander, the Chairmen of the Canteen Department, and Mrs. Hamilton, the Chairman of the Floor, expressed the opinion of their workers as well as their own conviction in recommending that since this was so, and since the emergency need for which the Club was organized had ceased, the National League for Woman's Service withdraw from the management. This recommendation was founded on the report of the nineteen months of operation ending April 31, 1919, and included statements of the finances, attendance and volunteer service.

Finances

The War Camp Community Service has paid rent, water, heat and light.

The National League for Woman's Service has furnished, equipped and managed the Club, and the women serving there have contributed and obtained subscriptions amounting to over $12,000 for its maintenance.

Attendance

Approximate total for the twenty months of operation ending May 31, 1919	890,000
Maximum monthly attendance, September, 1918	82,000
Maximum daily attendance, Sunday	7,000
Approximate number of men served at the counter for the twenty months	420,000
Approximate number of men fed as guests of the Club	30,000
Maximum daily counter service	1,800
Average daily Saturday and Sunday attendance in Club	5,500

Volunteer Service

Operation of Club required 350 women in service during each month (many serving two and three days per week).

Approximate number of women having served in the Club, 750 (proving, majority of women have served since opening of Club).

Average daily volunteer service: Floor, 30; counter, 30.

To these statistics the Committee added the following facts:

First—The assets of the Club were not sufficient to maintain the work, and the League was not justified in asking for further private donations to support it beyond June 1st.

Second—The average number of men in the rooms was fifty, three-fourths during the day and one-fourth during the evening being civilians.

Third—The majority of the volunteer women serving were convinced that the Club was now too large and too costly for the use made of it by the men in uniform, and that its usefulness in its present form had ceased. They were therefore ending their personal services and withdrawing their subscriptions, both of which were necessary to the maintenance of the Club.

These facts, with the recommendation of the Committee, were submitted to the Board of Directors of the League. The Board unanimously accepted the recommendation, expressing at the same time the warm and continued interest of the National League for Woman's Service for the men in uniform.

On May 16th the above data with an analysis of conditions and explanatory charts were submitted to Mr. Lilienthal and Mr. Creech of the War Camp Community Service. A week later the War Camp Community Service accepted the withdrawal of the National League for Woman's Service from the management of the National Defenders' Club on June 2, 1919.

On May 31st the War Camp Community Service announced that the rooms would be converted by them into a dancing club under Miss Laura McKinstry.

The National League for Woman's Service has gladly loaned furniture to equip the former library which will be continued as a lounge and writing room.

The Board of Directors takes this opportunity to express once again the interest of the National League for Woman's Service for the "man in uniform." As in the case of the National Defenders' Club of the Presidio, hearty co-operation has been offered by the League in the continuance of the spirit of the Club in the new phase of the work, and wishing to co-operate with Miss McKinstry and Mrs. Breyfogle in every way, the National League for Woman's Service urges any volunteer who may assist them to address Miss McKinstry in writing at the League Headquarters. Miss McKinstry is a member of the Board of Directors of the National League for Woman's Service.

The League wishes to express a deep sense of loss in the death of Mr. Jesse Lilienthal, who from the opening of the Club maintained a helpful and appreciative interest in the work of the National Defenders' Club of San Francisco.

EXECUTIVE COMMITTEE,

The National League for Woman's Service.

Members who left uniforms in the lockers, please claim them immediately at the League Headquarters.

LOOKING EASTWARD IN THE LOUNGE

FIRST BOARD OF DIRECTORS

of California Branch of
The National League for Woman's Service

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Mrs. Jesse H. Steinhart	*First Vice Chairman*
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Miss Laura McKinstry	*Third Vice Chairman*
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Miss Ethel Young	*Education*
Mrs. W. DuB. Brookings	*Educational Survey*
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Miss May Friedlander	*Canteen Dept. N. D. C.*
Mrs. Bertha Lilienthal	*Patrol Survey*
Miss Margaret Morgan	*Printing*
Mrs. Frank P. Deering	*Publicity*
Mrs. Willis Polk	*Enrollments*

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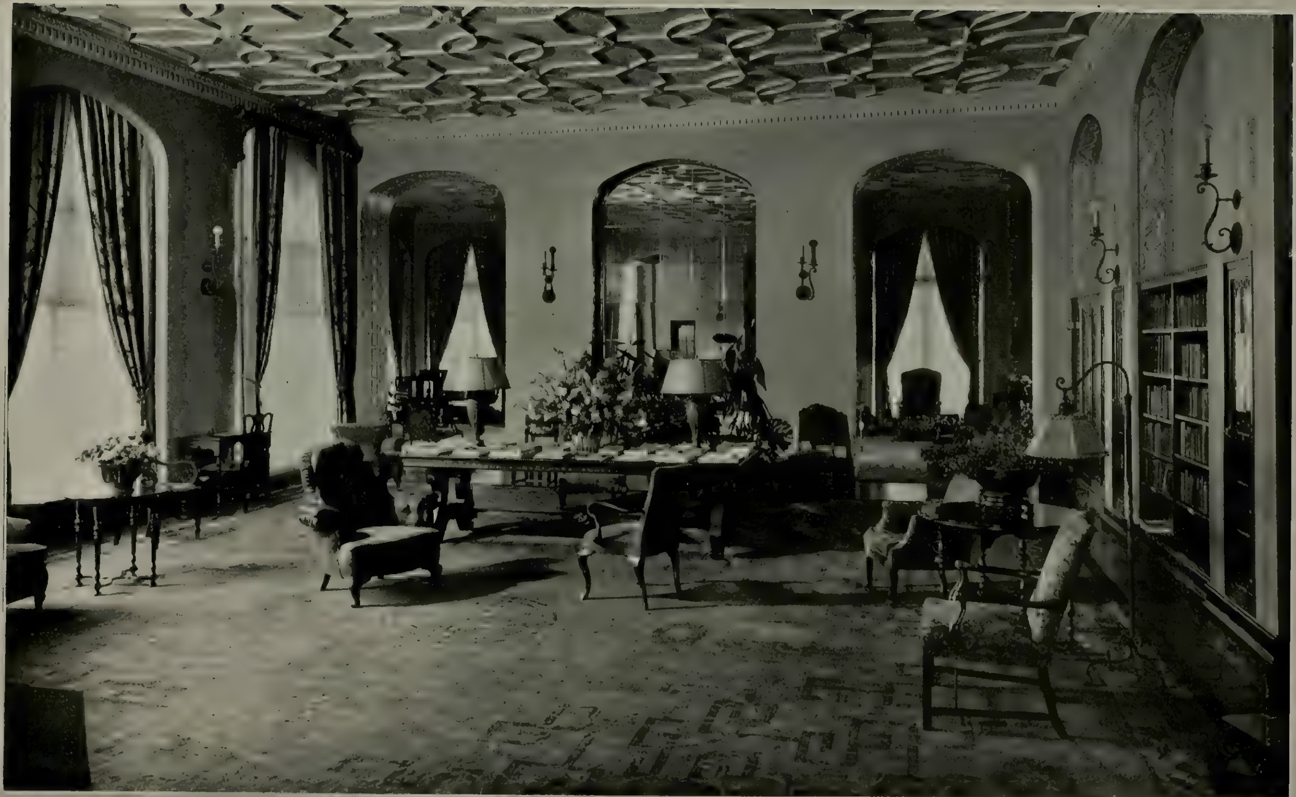
Mrs. A. P. Black
Miss Loraine Cerf
Mrs. Wm. B. Hamilton
Mrs. J. R. K. Nuttall



ANOTHER PERSPECTIVE OF THE LIBRARY

RECIPROCAL RELATIONS

Clubs with which the Women's City Club of San Francisco has Reciprocal Relations

Women's City Club of Boston, 40 Beacon Street; established 1923.

Women's City Club of New York, 22 Park Avenue; established 1923; Miss Margaret W. Dawson, executive secretary.

Women's City Club of Washington, 22 Jackson Place; established 1923.

Women's City Club of Cleveland, Ohio, 826 East Thirteenth Street; established 1924.

The Town Club of St. Louis, 1120-21 Locust Street; established 1923.

Women's City Club of Chicago, 360 North Michigan Avenue; established 1923.

Women's City Club of St. Paul, 324 Cedar Street; established 1924.

Women's City Club of Detroit, 2110 Park Avenue; established 1924.

Women's City Club of Philadelphia, 1622 Locust Street; established 1924.

Women's City Club of Rochester, 29-31 Chestnut Street; established 1925.

American Women's Club of London, England, 46 Grosvenor Street, London, W. I.; established 1924.

American Women's Club of Paris, France, 61 Rue Boissiere; established 1924.

Caledonian Club of Edinburgh, 13-14 Charlotte Square; established 1925.

Lady Artists' Club of Glasgow, Scotland, 5 Blythswood Square; established 1925.

American Women's Club of Shanghai, China, 66 Szechuen Road; established 1925.

Otago Club of Dunedin, New Zealand; established 1925.

Pioneer Club of Wellington, New Zealand; established 1925.

Women's Club, 77 King Street, Sydney, Australia.

Women's City Club of Kansas City.

Halcyon Club (Professional Women only), 13-14 Cook Street, London, England.

Lady Artists' Club of Glasgow, Scotland, 5 Blythswood Square; established 1925.

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"BUILDING PROJECT" OFFICERS

Herewith is given the personnel of the board of directors at the time the "building project" was born and the members of the central committee and the finance committee:

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MANAGER OF THE BUILDING PROJECT

Miss Marion Whitfield Leale

CENTRAL COMMITTEE OF THE BUILDING PROJECT

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Mrs. S. G. Chapman	*Chairman Finance Committee*
Mrs. Duncan McDuffie	*Chairman Building Committee*
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Mrs. H. L. Stephenson	*Chairman Future Activities Committee*
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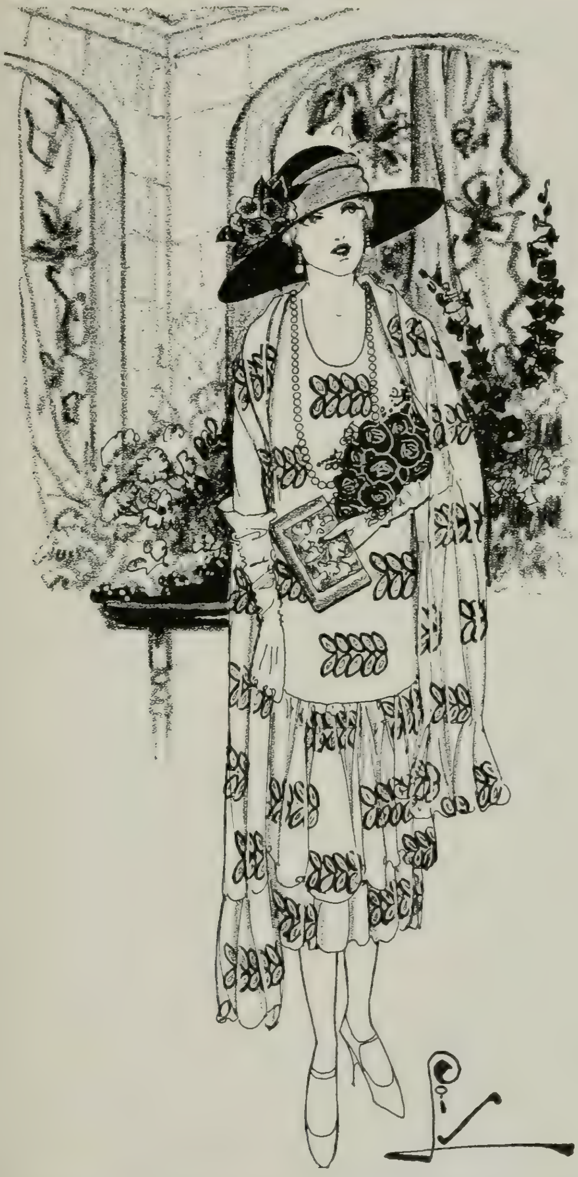
Mrs. Wendell C. Hammon	*Chairman Membership Committee*

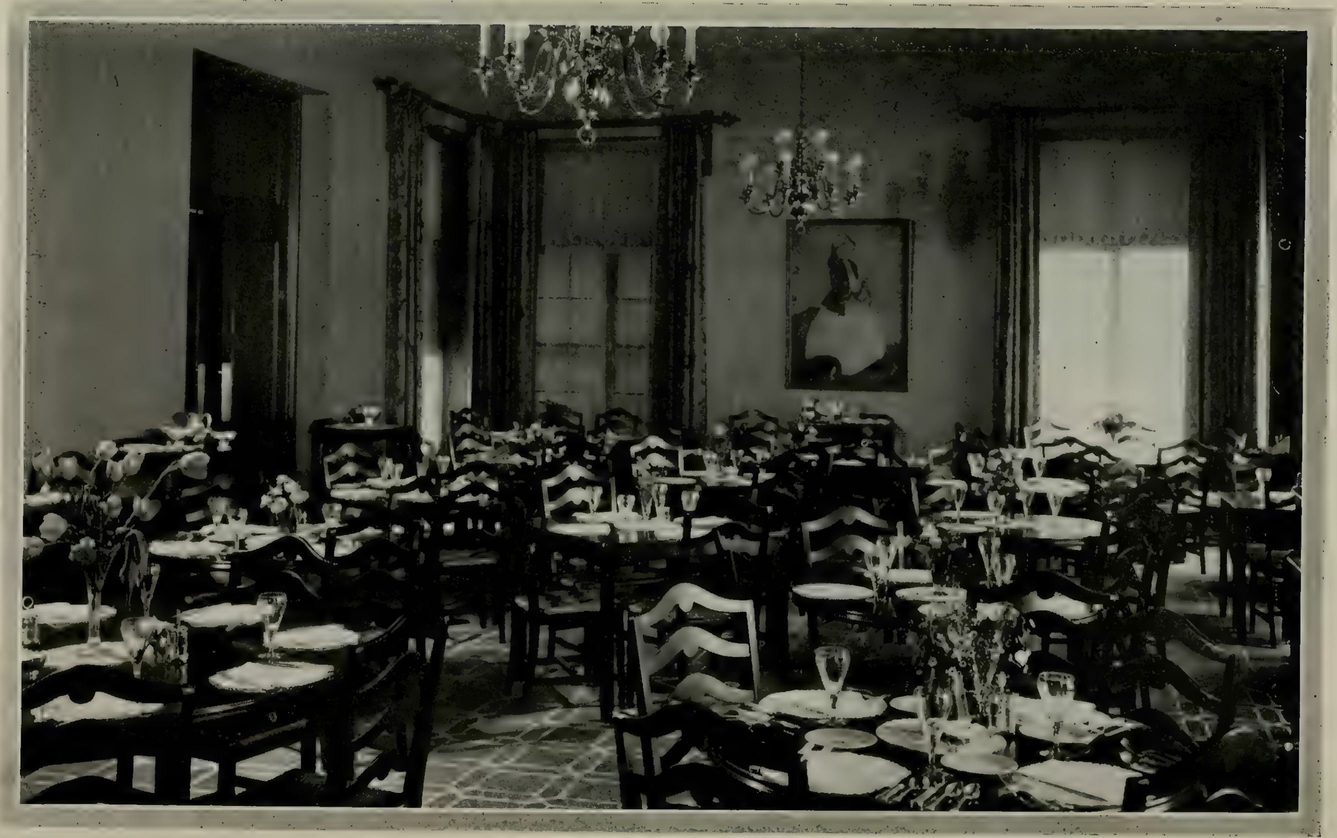
FINANCE COMMITTEE OF THE BUILDING PROJECT

Mrs. S. G. Chapman, *Chairman*

Mrs. E. S. Heller
Miss Mabel Pierce
Mrs. Clarence Smith
Miss Carlie Tomlinson



A crimson and buff printed shell-pink chiffon frock and a black hat, trimmed with crimson roses and old rose velvet, were worn by the Crown Princess Louise at the reception given in her honor by the Women's City Club.
Sketched from life by Lois of the "Examiner"



THE DINING ROOM

Corner in the main dining room, which overlooks Post Street

BOOKS IN SAGE LIBRARY

These books may be had in the Sage Circulating Library on the first floor of the Women's City Club. "Blurbs" are quoted from the "Bookman."

REVELRY — Samuel Hopkins Adams — *Boni, Liveright.* Thin fiction. Warren Harding as Willis Markham, the hero, Fall and others as supporting cast, and squalid Washington as stage setting.

EARLY AUTUMN — Louis Bromfield — *Stokes.* A book for southerners and westerners. New England decadence competently observed and brilliantly set down.

HER SON'S WIFE—Dorothy Canfield—*Harcourt, Brace.* The mother-in-law is remarkable, not to say impossible, in this dexterous unfoldment of a generation's events.

MY MORTAL ENEMY—Willa Cather—*Knopf.* Stooping once more to conquer, Miss Cather has written another book of fine technique and exemplary brevity.

SORRELL AND SON—Warwick Deeping—*Knopf.* The appealing relationship of a father and his boy greatly labored yet humanized.

THE KAYS—Margaret Deland—*Harper.* The militant pacifist mother begets pacifism in her son, and thereby hangs a markedly individual tale.

AN AMERICAN TRAGEDY — Theodore Dreiser—*Boni, Liveright.* Astonishing in vitality and breadth is this odyssey of an American evangelist's son.

INTRODUCTION TO SALLY — Elizabeth — *Doubleday, Page.* The grocer's exquisite daughter is avalanched under male attention but crawls out unhurt in this book of pleasant nonsense.

GALAHAD—John Erskine—*Bobbs-Merrill.* Another Hamlet in balloon trousers and enough of a peepshow to keep the reader from boredom.

THE PRIVATE LIFE OF HELEN OF TROY—John Erskine — *Bobbs-Merrill.* Tedious but popular colloquies in modern English and about modern morals. Helen remodeled and brought up to date.

SHOW BOAT—Edna Ferber—*Doubleday, Page.* As flamboyant and entertaining as the period it chronicles; libelous because it is humorous and honest.

WAYS OF ESCAPE—Noel Forrest—*Little, Brown.* Wife and daughters seek release from their patriarchal family life and find it in strange but proper ways.

THE SILVER SPOON—John Galsworthy—*Scribner.* More English manners and morals revolving about the perennially arresting Forsyte group.

LABELS — A. Hamilton Gibbs — *Little, Brown.* A financial patriot mingles with those who smelled powder. An excellent commentary on the question of who won the war.

YOUNG ANARCHY—Philip Gibbs—*Doran.* A wise and exciting story of youth in its postwar moods.

THE ROMANTIC COMEDIANS—Ellen Glasgow—*Doubleday, Page.* There is pathos and humor in this splendid study of an old judge who believes steadfastly in his own virility.

THE UNDERSTANDING HEART—Peter B. Kyne—*Cosmopolitan.* An altogether edifying account of upright people in far off circumstances.

THE BIG MOGUL—Joseph C. Lincoln—*Appleton.* Rather pleasing is this X-ray of a man who has a coat of bristling steel.

GENTLEMEN PREFER BLONDES — Anita Loos—*Boni, Liveright.* Wheezes from the diary of a predatory female.

HILDEGARDE—Kathleen Norris—*Doubleday, Page.* From poorhouse to mansion. Engrossing incidents strung together melodramatically by one who knows how to achieve her ends.

THE DARK DAWN—Martha Ostenso—*Dodd, Mead.* Woman's tyranny appropriately affords the night and darkens even the dawn in this lugubrious novel.

TOMORROW MORNING — Anne Parrish — *Harper.* A better piece of writing than "The Perennial Bachelor."

CHERRY SQUARE—Grace S. Richmond—*Doubleday, Page.* This physician is less fortunate than Red Pepper Burns but just as well worth knowing.

TISH PLAYS THE GAME—Mary Roberts Rinehart — *Doran.* If there is a more amusing character in fiction than Tish, bring her on—or him, for that matter.

BELLARION — Rafael Sabatini — *Houghton, Mifflin.* Resplendent adventure draped about a gargantuan lad of mediæval Italy who won the Princess's hand at last.

NIGGER HEAVEN—Carl Van Vechten—*Knopf.* The blind bow-boy goes to Harlem and cavorts in cabarets.

WEDLOCK—Jacob Wassermann — *Boni, Liveright.* The author of "The World's Illusion" produces a thoughtful and stimulating novel, dealing with one phase of that great institution—marriage.

HARMER JOHN—Hugh Walpole—*Doran.* The finest of the Cathedral novels—a story rich in character and romance.

BEAU GESTE — Percival Christopher Wren—*Stokes.* Far and away the best piece of raucous literature in a decade.

BEAU SABREUR — Percival Christopher Wren—*Stokes.* A breathless account of an American girl among predatory sheiks. A French officer proves to be the *deus ex machina.*

* * *

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Women's Investment Counselor

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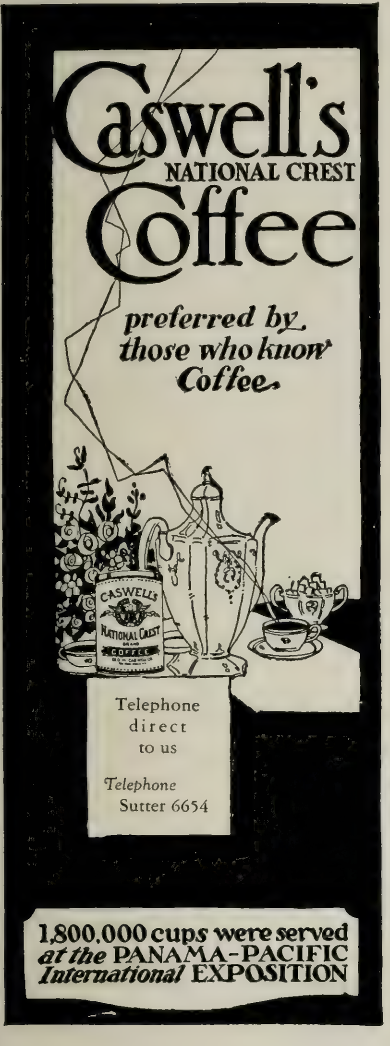

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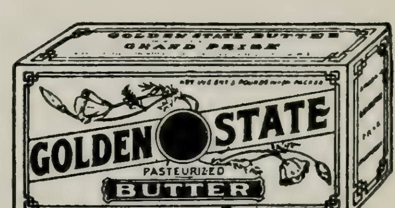

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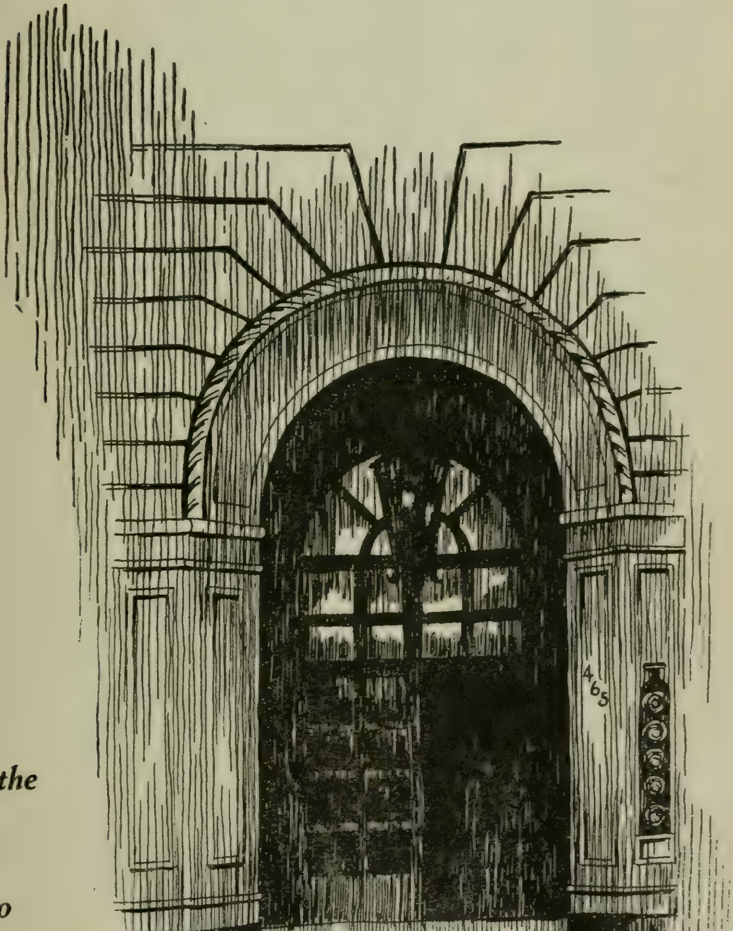

Published
Monthly by the
Women's
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San Francisco

SAN FRANCISCO, CALIFORNIA

Volume I, Number 2

MARCH, 1927

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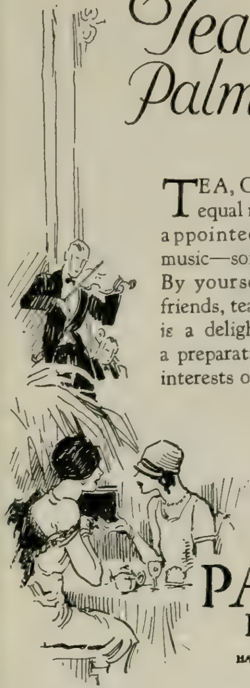

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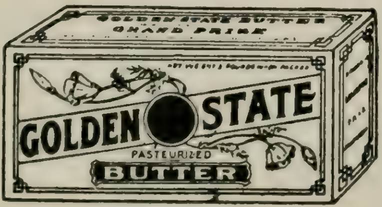

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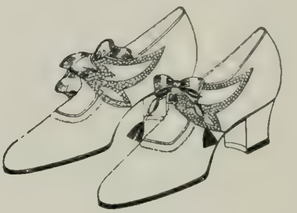

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President of the Women's City Club

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WHY A CITY CLUB?

Modern Women Need Place Which Enables Them to Live More Abundantly

By MARIE HICKS HEALY

A FAVORITE jeremiad directed at the modern woman is that she is not the sturdy specimen of pioneer times.

A sterner indictment, though not so universal, is that she is flaccid, irresponsible, extravagant, selfish, superficial.

As a matter of fact, there is no modern woman. It is the time that is modern — this clanging, hustling, canned-goods era.

Woman has not fundamentally changed in all the ages. She is still the female of the species. She has the same characteristics, and her womanliness is just as inherent now as when the Mother of the Gracchi uttered what has by this time become a bromide.

One day in Rome a misanthrope with an urge to write about the general decadence, took his trusty stylus in his hand and said something like this: "The times have changed and we have changed with them."

That is the crux of the situation today with reference to women, to the so-called revolt of youth, or any social revolution which appears to be taking place.

Manners and customs have changed, and women have adapted themselves. Isn't it a blessing that they are elastic and plastic and resilient and progressive enough to change?

It is a far cry from the courageous creature who crossed the plains with her man to the exquisite chatelaine of a steam-heated apartment.

But woman is not to be held responsible for that.

There are no plains now to cross, or at least no wilderness.

Conversely, the other woman had no steam-heated apartment.

Neither did the man of that far-off, rugged day pay a price to have his nails polished or his face massaged.

The average man or woman gives only what is demanded by society. The ordinary individual gives only what is necessary, follows the line of least resistance, conforms because it is less trouble than to be conspicuous.

It is the middle stratum which preserves the race.

So we come to the sane, average woman who keeps abreast, who wants all the perquisites of the civilization in which she has her being.

Naturally, she wants a club. Maybe she wants several clubs. She is a gregarious creature, and the desire to meet her kind is perfectly normal. The club is a place where other women congregate, where she may entertain, exchange views in the forums, lounge, at luncheons and dinner.

A club is the Great Common Denominator of modern life. It is a composite of all phases of modernity, a great household where the annoyances of housekeeping are presumably kept at an irreducible minimum.

Library, music room, dining room de luxe, swimming pool, bathing facilities, salon, reception rooms, a general rendezvous. What single home could offer all these things? Only the home of the very wealthy woman. Then, if by combining their resources, pooling their assets, as it were, women may have these things and enjoy them individually, are they not progressive and business-like and efficient and "modern" to do so?

A club, then, is simply an agency which enables women to live more abundantly.

Small wonder that the members of the City Club make it a rendezvous and forum and setting for charming entertainment.

* * *

SUNDAY EVENING CONCERTS

A NEW department has been added to the activities of the Women's City Club. It is the Music Section, with Mrs. Leonard Woolams as chairman.

Mrs. Woolams is a pianist and singer of much talent and has contributed much to the pleasure of San Francisco audiences at amateur concerts. She studied voice abroad, and at one time had planned to enter grand opera. However, she married, and now has three children.

Mrs. Woolams has arranged a concert to be given in the Club auditorium the evening of March 27. Mrs. Kenneth Macdonald, the former Anita Davis, and Mrs. Frank Howard Allen will give soprano solos, and Mrs. Woolams will contribute piano numbers.

Mrs. Woolams' music committee includes Mrs. Alfred Hurtgen, Mrs. Paul Butte, Mrs. Carlo Sutro Morbio, Mrs. Uda Waldrop, Mrs. Frank Howard Allen, Mrs. Horatio Stoll, Mrs. Marie Hicks Healy, Mrs. C. M. Reynolds, Mrs. Noble Hamilton, Mrs. Winfield Scott Davis, Miss Ruth Viola Davis and Mrs. Charles Holbrook.

FASHION WEEK SWEEPS CITY

Windows Smile with Delectable Things to Wear

FASHION is smiling through every window in the downtown district of San Francisco to every woman who treads the thoroughfares where dress and its accessories are purveyed.

It's a gladsome, springtime smile, and she would be a dour person indeed who did not respond in kind. For there is every attribute requisite in the realm of fashion.

First there is color, great vivid clouds of it, the whole spectrum run amuck.

And line. Silhouette. Sapling slim the dresses seem.

And motion. Or suggestion of it. Rhythmic, graceful, fluid. Line, color or grace, according to your taste, it is all there to satisfy you. In windows that you can scarcely believe, so attractive are they.

The hats are for the most part small, and not so very different from the mode of the season just closing.

Skirts are just as short, if not shorter. Improper fractions, they have been called.

The trig little tailleur seems to have found favor with the younger women and the long coated ensemble with the matron.

But the accessories, scarfs, purses, hose, shoes in endless variety, artificial flowers for the shoulder—are the dominant notes of the springtime. Chiffon roses and dahlias that hang in limp petals half a foot long. They began to bloom on shoulders when the first spring of daphne appeared in the florist windows, and the pussy willow and acacia timidly sprouted in Golden Gate Park.

The third annual Spring Opening and Fashion Week was inaugurated under the auspices of the Retail Dry Goods Association, and the splendor of the show and the success of it from a business point of view are but added evidence of what organization will do, and concerted action.

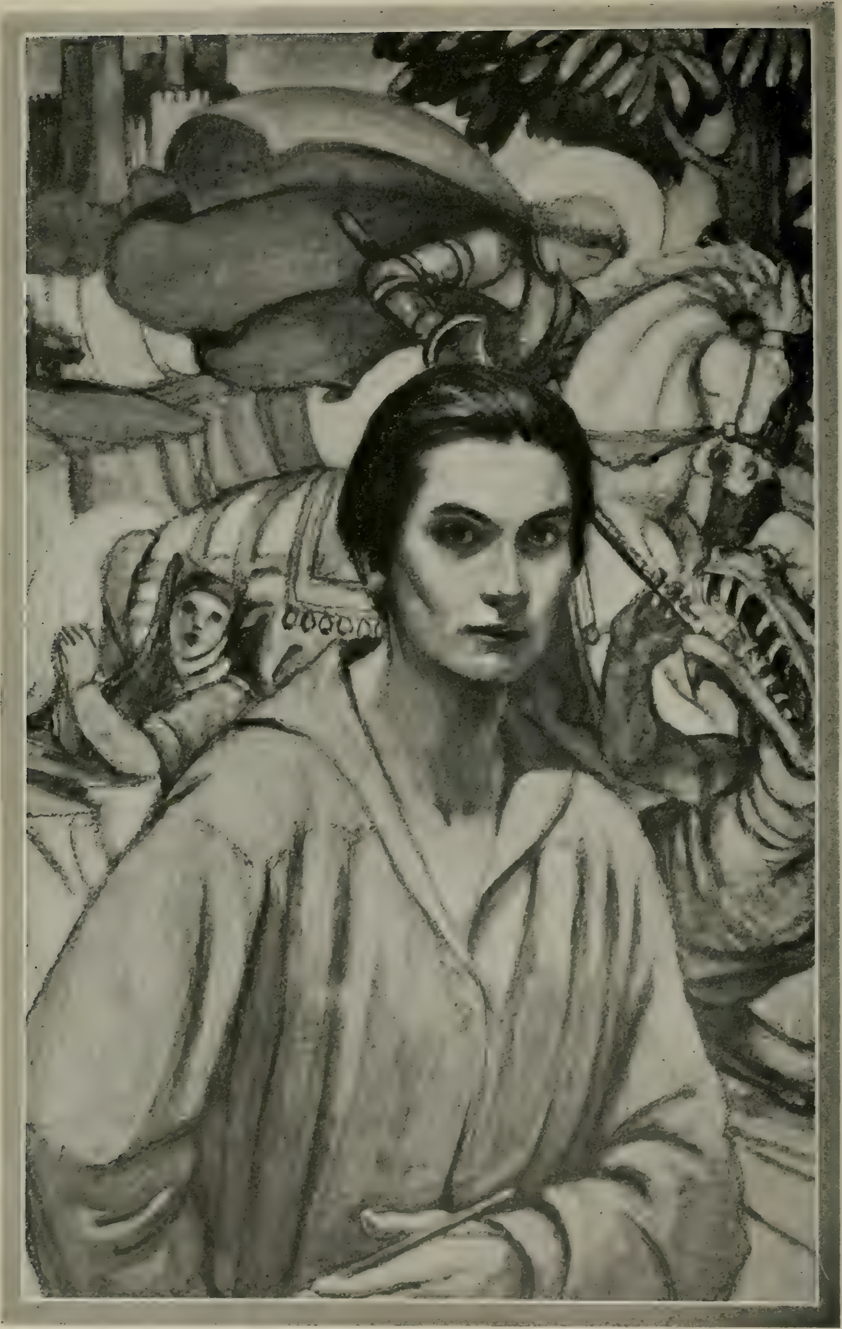
For never has a style show been so sumptuous, nor has the public ever responded so enthusiastically. The streets have been filled with observers for a week.

The new word of the spring mode is the term "compose" which, freely translated means any assembled costume that includes two or more fabrics or two or more harmonizing or contrasting colors. Especially in the combination of different tints or tines of the same basic color does the term apply.

The compose idea does not burst entirely new upon the spring. It heralded its coming even before Christmas, but the word is comparatively original. The compose mode admits of more latitude than the carefully matched ensemble.

Fabrics that apparently have no relation to each other are brought together and charmingly combined, as chiffon and fur, or satin and kasshi, or kid and organdie.

Here is the recipe for a compose costume: Take a color, say green. The "tint" of that color is green plus white (in the dye, of course). The "shade" of that color is green with black, also in the dye. Thus, green tints and shades of green in jersey and crepe would make the loveliest "compose" one would want for afternoon wear.



MISS HILDRETH MEIERE

who was tendered a reception by the Women's City Club March 10 in the Auditorium in which she designed the stage curtain.

DISTINGUISHED ARTIST COMES HOME FOR VISIT

Miss Hildreth Meiere Tells of the Interesting Work in Which She is Engaged

By HILDRETH MEIERE

ARCHITECTURE has been called the result of circumstances and certainly Decorative Art, its handmaiden, owes as much to necessity as to the decorative impulse itself. New structural methods, new building materials, new demands and conditions of living are forcing architects and decorators alike into new artistic adventures and unquestionably a new style is in process of formation.

A style is the stamp of a civilization, inherent somehow in all that it produces. To say the "Greek," the "Gothic" or the "Renaissance" style is to immediately present a picture, a feeling, a complete impression of those periods. What we call the modern style—it certainly will not be called that in history—what its essence and character will be, is hard for even its creators to predict. Certainly among the best architects there seems to be a growing insistence on honesty—honesty in plan, honesty in construction, honesty in decoration. Tall buildings must admit their steel frames; columns must return to their business of supporting weight, and materials of all sorts must show themselves for what they really are. And since new materials are constantly being devised and invented, to the true craftsman who loves and respects his medium, who is governed by its conditions and content to stay within its limitations, the problems to be met in modern construction are fascinating, varied and often entirely new.

My particular profession, mural painting, should more properly be called decoration, for it includes designing in various materials, and for each commission which I have painted on canvas to be mounted on a wall, or painted on the wall direct, I have designed three that have been executed in other mediums, for domes, ceilings, curtains, and even floors.

It might be of interest to show by two or three examples just how a decorative design evolves, and how new conditions are forcing new forms of decoration.

Bertram Grosvenor Goodhue, whose death three years ago in mid-career was a calamity for American architecture, to say the least, had almost a mania for the structural honesty already mentioned. More than that, he had the courage of his convictions and had no objections to trying a thing just because it had never been tried before. When you consider that architectural experiments usually involve a large amount of money, the courage required is not just a figure of speech, and an architect who turned over such an experiment — a dome sixty-five feet high—to a young woman of large ambitions and sound training, but no experience, undoubtedly had courage in its very highest form.

When Mr. Goodhue invited me to make sketches for the rotunda of the National Academy of Sciences in Washington he encouraged me by saying that my ignorance was an asset

—that I did not know any of the things he did not want me to know—but he added cheefully that several other people had made designs which he did not like, and that I was being tried as a last resort.

The dome is built of acoustic tile, a rough brick called "akoustalith," which a Harvard professor had invented, with the co-operation of Mr. Goodhue and the manufacturers, the R. Guastavino Company. It is very porous, acting like felt to absorb sound waves and deaden echo. It is handsome in color and texture, but Mr. Goodhue felt that in as large a place as the rotunda of the Academy it needed decoration. He had tried painting it, but the surface was too rough. The color looked thin and poor, and he wanted the design itself raised in some way and then painted. To cover all of the akoustalith was to destroy its purpose. The design, then, must be a sort of network, covering not more than forty per cent of the surface of the dome and arches, and more or less evenly distributed, so as not to create echoing spots.

Mr. Goodhue did not care for the classic styles, to put it mildly, but as the Academy of Sciences had to conform to the classic architecture of Washington, he chose the Alexandrian style—for of Alexandria there remains not a stone upon a stone—and nobody could prove what it did look like. This freed him from precedent just for precedent's sake, and removed the work from the realm of archeological reconstruction into one of pure creation. Not that he treated the Alexandrian style lightly. He took infinite pains to reason out what Alexandria must have been and how the fusing of later Grecian traditions with the influences of Egypt and North Africa, and the Byzantine impulse which was probably already stirring, must have made of that great city a place of beauty and splendor. He told me that he thought that for the decoration Greek vase painting was the sort of thing he wanted. So I looked and looked at Greek vases and copied and traced until I thought I had the spirit. Then I looked at Egyptian and contemporary art, as their coloring seemed appropriate. Then, disregarding most of my researches, but being influenced by them, I started designing. The first lot of sketches were entirely wrong and Mr. Goodhue told me so. There was a man who knew what he wanted, or did not want, the instant he saw it. The second batch had the seed of the ultimate scheme, and after his office had developed my start and I had redrawn their development we had the design which was accepted. Then came experiments on a section of akoustalith which were carried out with a firm of decorators who afterwards executed the work from my designs and under my direction. Gesso, which is fine plaster and glue, was troweled or squeezed onto the brick, following lines. When the gesso was dry it was painted in water color and the gold leaf laid on. The result is surprisingly rich in surface and quality and the dome as it now appears has a Damascene effect, somehow Greek, somehow Egyptian, somehow Alexandrian, and, let us hope, somehow modern.

Certainly it evolved honestly, for modern science just solved the difficult problem of acoustics by inventing a new material, and then the architect devised a way to use it beautifully. I could tell more of the work on that dome, how I was launched into a world of mathematics where curved surfaces had to be flattened out in the designing, where straight lines were drawn on complicated curves, when ten men worked for three months squeezing the decoration on the brick like icing on a cake, and where I climbed about on a sixty-five-foot scaffolding, mixing paint and wondering in a detached way what it would all look like when finished, the scaffolding down and no possibility of change. But that would be telling how a certain type of decoration is done and I am trying to show why it is done a certain way.

Take the decorative color work in the new Nebraska State Capitol. There is a building of the first importance, built to last centuries, with its vast central tower, its chambers and corridors and domes, a very monument of a building. How could brilliant color be introduced in an enduring medium, and with a surface to harmonize with its stone and marble and bronze? Mr. Goodhue had traveled in Persia, in the East and in Mexico where ceramic tile is so much used. He loved it. It has a brilliance of surface, a glory and permanency of color ideally adapted to such a use. But using it in a new scale, in a larger, more structural way, necessitated new treatment. We cut down the under-glaze painting to a minimum and my designs are built up of irregularly shaped tiles, like a picture puzzle, or the early stained glass, with a cement seam instead of leading. The result is rather bold, but given height, at the relief of much plain surface around it, the result is glittering and magnificent. Each tile is set by hand, so that there is no mechanical, dead surface anywhere and the light plays over it happily, as over good mosaics. The vestibule dome was designed and executed as an experiment. On the strength of its success the rest of the ceilings of any importance throughout the building are to be done in the same way.

Of the Nebraska Capitol Building, with Lee Lawrie's sculptured decorations, which cannot be considered apart from it, I hardly trust myself to speak, for it has become a religion with me. But the universal feeling among architects who know the design or have seen the building in its half-finished state, is that it is the greatest building so far produced by America, and I firmly believe that it will have a tremendous influence on what is to come.

The highest compliment ever paid me was when a fellow decorator (and a woman) turned to me after seeing my Nebraska designs and said, "Why, now you can die anytime." Personally I cannot grant myself quite so much, and I like to think that the future holds far more interesting work for me than did the past, much as I have enjoyed it. To look back is to have become old.

I am at present working on a scheme for the decoration of a ceiling seventy-five feet wide and four hundred feet long. It is a heavy beamed affair, concrete over the steel girders. Up until now it has been impossible to paint concrete successfully. The saltpetre kept working through and long white whiskers of mould sprouted through layers of paint. After many experiments by chemists and paint manufacturers a filler has been discovered which stops this action and paint may be used on top. Plastering and sizing are no longer necessary and many surfaces heretofore left cold and gray because of the prohibitive price of decorating them may now be gay and beautiful with color and design.

It may be of interest to members of the Women's City Club to know a little about the curtain in the Auditorium. When I made my first designs it had already been decided that the curtain should part in the middle and be drawn to the sides. So it was necessary to plan something for the middle that would not suffer by the division. This precluded figures and rather forced the tree motive. The desire to use a *mille fleurs* design and therefore a tapestry did the rest. (You see how really easy it is to be a decorator.) When we came to consider the execution (weaving being out of the question because of the expense) it narrowed down at once to some process of painting or dyeing. To paint meant that the material must first be sized and so made stiff. The paint would be heavy and would crack. So the Herter Looms, who decorate as well as weave, undertook to do it in dyes on a heavy rep called tapestry cloth. The material is first sprayed with some chemical which enables it to take the dye and the dye itself is scrubbed on with brushes, sometimes with broad strokes, sometimes, as in the sky, in tiny strokes. Some of the flowers were touched in with water colors. The result leaves the material perfectly flexible, with its surface unharmed, and gives a rather pleasant tapestry effect.

As decoration becomes easier and cheaper our buildings will become more full of color and interest. With a public growing more convinced each day that beauty is worth while, with architects capable of stimulating and satisfying that conviction, and with decorators who, from my own experience, are paid just to enjoy themselves, it seems almost inevitable that the near future must see the flowering of a great modern period and style of architecture and decoration.

* * *

MEMBERS URGED TO ATTEND ANNUAL MEETING

All members are urged to attend the annual membership meeting at the Women's City Club, March 28.

Old members are asked to be there for many reasons besides auld sake's sake.

New members are especially invited that they may acquaint themselves with the privileges and perquisites which they may enjoy by being affiliated with the City Club.

For instance, many of the pioneers, those who qualify as charter members, do not know that they may order tea of simple or elaborate character in the main dining room. The tea service in the lounge is not the only refreshment provided in the afternoon.

Again, the regular menu in the dining room is not the only bill of fare one may order if one is giving a dinner party. Many of the first members do not know of the bridge evenings, the swimming classes, the lecture courses or other advantages which may be enjoyed as concomitants of their membership.

ANNUAL HOUSE PARTY

LISTEN, members! We are going to have an *Annual House Party.* We are going to have food, fun and finance in the proper perspective and proportions! The evening set is for *Monday, March 28th.* We are all coming to dinner first, all that can squeeze into the dining rooms, for a good dinner. We wish it could be our whole 7000, but of course it can't be and it won't be, but we do want a big crowd because our hard-working Board of Directors and our busy committees are eager to share with our membership the details and "true inwardness" of this our big venture in service. This will be our annual members' night. We will have dinner and then we'll go down to our auditorium and try it out for our own party. We'll have all the financial reports and we can assure the members in advance that no one will be bored by the year's progress. We will have serious numbers and humorous numbers on that program and we hope every member with words of praise and words of criticism will "go to it" and help make our first annual house party a great success. If anyone gets too hilarious the pool is within easy reach of the auditorium! Now save March 28 for *Your Club Night!*

PLAYERS' GUILD

By EDITH BRISTOL

AN audience entirely *en rapport* with the actors upon the stage filled the auditorium of the Women's City Club for each of the three performances of "Mary, Mary, Quite Contrary," given by the Players' Guild on the evenings of March third, fourth and fifth.

The comedy was a happy choice for the aspiring and able group of amateurs who find expression through their work in the Players' Guild. For in the field of the polite comedy of manners, its author, St. John G. Ervine, has no superior—and possibly no equal if one excepts the similar compositions of A. A. Milne — for sparkle, lightness, and brightness with a faint flavor of delicate irony.

"Mary, Mary, Quite Contrary," is a thing as fragile and light as a bubble. It requires a touch as gentle as the caress of an April breeze, lest its unsubstantial form should be shattered. But the cast of the Guild players gave it just that touch—tossing the rainbow-hued bubble from one to another, to carry out the simile, without damaging its ethereal delicacy.

The play, in which David Belasco presented Mrs. Fiske, a few years ago, as many San Franciscans remember, deals with the vagaries and impulsive whims of a beautiful and headstrong actress — no longer quite young, but far from "middle-aged." This is the role created by Mrs. Fiske, and carried in the Guild production with verve and vigor by Miss Ann O'Day.

Into the peaceful seclusion of a rural British vicarage sweeps the dominant acress, to the entire discomfiture of the vicar, adequately played by Templeton Crocker, and his bewildered but still gracious wife, Mrs. William T. Sesnon.

The reason for the arrival of Mary, Mary, Quite Contrary, upon the quiet scene of the vicarage is that its son, played by Ronald Telfer, has written a poetic drama, dealing with Joan of Arc; and Mary has designs upon the play and its composer.

But even the plans of self-willed actresses may go awry. Sheila, niece of the vicar, herself in love with the young poet, proved the obstacle, and in turn becomes a bit contrary, too. The girl's part was played by Miss Virginia Phillips, who has already shown San Francisco audiences that she is an actress of talent, as well as a season's debutante.

Another factor to upset the best laid plans of mice and actresses is Sir Henry, brother of the vicar and a former governor of some remote Indian principality, handled with individuality by M. E. Harlan. Sir Henry starts to impress the contrary Mary. But as the whimsies of Fate will have it, finishes by being, himself, very much impressed by the charm and insouciance of the volatile and voluble actress.

Into the undisturbed tranquillity of the vicarage garden Mary brings in her train her business manager, a practical Briton, as cockney as a coster, kept perfectly in character by Sydney Schlesinger, with a decided flair for the humorous common-sense of the part. Mary brings, also, the writer of her popular plays, characterized briefly but clearly by Martin Cory.

Misses Peggy Bethers and Dolce Gale had slight parts, but their handling kept to the smooth tempo of the comedy and enhanced its movement through four sprightly acts.

Ervine depicts with characteristic overtones the sudden fancies of the variable actress; portrays with a kindly satire the pliability of men, like wax within her hands; and carries the four acts through amusing situations, always stopping the humor before it drops into the crude or the slap-stick.

Possibly the formula for the Ervine comedy is "Always stop before the audience begins to laugh out loud."

Reginald Travers, directing for the Guild actors, caught the underlying Ervine impulse and maintained the whole play in the feeling of the broad smile—never the uproarious guffaw.

When the curtain fell, Miss O'Day had won, not only the hearts of the men of the vicarage, but those of her audience with her winsome interpretation of the Mary, Mary role.

The piece was representative of the type of work being done by the Players' Guild, plays of high order, presented by actors who give a very deft and definite finish to their work.

Since the fire at the Guild playhouse drove the Players to seek other shelter for their productions, they have been fortunately situated in the City Club auditorium, ample in size for their needs and well arranged for the actors and for the audience.

* * *

NEW CLUB ACTIVITIES

IT is hoped that there will grow up within the walls of this Club many and varied activities so that every member may find some work or pleasure in which she takes a special interest or pride, or the opportunity to have some wish or need fulfilled.

Among activities offered that are new and full of life are the Drama Reading Groups under the auspices of the Educational Committee.

There are two groups. One meets from 3 to 4:30 o'clock on Wednesday afternoons, the other on Wednesday evenings from 7 to 9:30 o'clock.

The purpose is the reading aloud of modern plays, and the discussion of their literary and artistic merits. There is no attempt at dramatic interpretation—just reading by the members for their mutual enjoyment.

The plays which have been read and discussed up to date are:

"The Enemy"	*Channing Pollock*
"The Great God Brown"	*Eugene O'Neill*
"The Goat Song"	*Franz Werfel*
"Juarez and Maximillian"	*Franz Werfel*
"Aren't We All"	*Frederick Lonsdale*
"Ned McCobb's Daughter"	*Sidney Coe Howard*

No fees are attached. There is still an opportunity for the members of the Club to join either the afternoon or the evening group. Keen enthusiasm and interest, and a spirit of deep appreciation is manifest among those now belonging.

Mrs. T. A. Stoddard, the leader, will be very glad to welcome other members if their names are left at the desk in the Hammon Gallery.

MRS. HOWARD PARK

Member of the Board of Directors of the Women's City Club and member of the Club's Auditorium Committee.

PRIVATE WOMEN IN SINGLE LIFE

By June Lucas

I HAVE had a dreadful morning. *The Bookman* is out with my article on "Public Women in Married Life," and it's just as I feared. Every woman I know who is married and is active in public affairs thinks I had *her* in mind and that I have been hard on her. All my married friends who just make homes happy for children and husbands are perfectly delighted with the article and think it is hilariously funny, and I can hear in their voices a note of justification for their rather frivolous contented home lives and the evening bridge tables. Worst of all, one woman said, "Oh, you tried to be funny about it, but it just showed you are really on our side." Think of it! When I was hoping to attract lots of them into the work of a new cause in which I am interested. I have only heard from one husband and he was "very grateful" for the article and talked as though I had written in defense of husbands in general!

But the unmarried women friends seem the most disturbed and most difficult to please. They say "What *did* you write about that old wornout subject for, when the women who really amount to anything are us perfectly private women leading perfectly single lives?" Well, I have had such an uncomfortable time at the telephone that I feel I must do something! I began to get nervous about the telephone operators — the things my friends have said over the wire this morning probably ought to have been censored! I *did* have spunk enough to shout back that as a public woman in married life I refused to be called "an old wornout subject."

I ought to have known better than to have started this. The only women you can write about safely without somebody talking back are the women of the Stone Age! I am all stirred up now and I am determined to write about those private women in single life. I have a perfect right to do this as I was in single life longer than I have been in married life. I know exactly how alluring single life can seem, at times, from the married traffic tower, and how awfully dull and stale single life often *is* from the sidewalk where you do a lot of waiting for less competent people to get out of your way, and if you try to dart across ahead you're apt to get knocked down by some blunderbuss, male or female, going in the wrong direction.

Now, I am not saying that marriage puts women up above the single women always, but marriage *does* give a definite sense of direction to your life that single life often lacks. Some single woman and perhaps some married woman may try to be cynical just here and say, "Yes, the wrong direction." But I'm serious. It's a big accomplishment to be a success as a woman in single life. I think the women who *are* successes are those who get a chance to direct something or somebody. A single woman who is doing that is, one might say, almost married. Of course, there are just as many kinds of single women as there are married women, and I suppose for the sake of female amity I ought to sort them out a bit.

I went back to my twenty-fifth reunion at college this year and I always find a class reunion a most illuminating experience in relation to marriage, non-marriage, single and double lives! Our fifth, tenth, even fifteenth reunion showed a high "single" mortality. Marriage simply rampaged through our ranks, hitting our members with discriminating accuracy and apparent ease! But by our twentieth, our permanently single members had been sifted out and divided up into those still struggling to reach the marriage goal but maintaining discreet silence, and those who openly scorned the married state but could talk of nothing else! We would have had a stormy time with them if we married ones, who of course predominated, had not been engaged in a most noisy battle; those who had children and those who had none entered the ring daily for so many rounds of argument until — well, I have embarked on the wrong figure of speech for an article on women—but anyway we didn't have time to settle the differences among our single members.

But at our twenty-fifth reunion, the married women, the childrenly and the childless had lost much of their punch, to refer to that unfortunate figure above, and were content with polite rocking-chair discussions. Our single women held the center of the class frolics. There was quite a difference among them. There were the successful women doing big work of various kinds and having an almost married air of assurance. Then there were those same silent, quiet-voiced members of the class with whom one could not associate marriage except in those wild dreams that always follow that terrible class supper of baked beans, cold ham and potato salad at the Methodist Church! This group scare me; they seem to have such a tenacious hold upon whatever it is that absorbs them. I feel they'll outlive all of us married ones and there is nothing you can do to stop them. I am sure this single female of the species *is* more deadly than the married!

Then there is another group of our rich single women who seem to sail along luxuriously over all seas; they travel, they motor, they dress in that elegant slinky way that rouses every imitative brain cell we women possess; they are public benefactors or they're not; they are influential members of boards and committees here and there; occasionally one's in politics—in fact, they are the greatest hazard the contented married woman meets at class reunions. These women seem so elegantly, so undisturbedly single. For just an hour or so, you almost wish—then you get a humorous telegram from George about the children and his golf score, and you know you are right, and these single women become a sort of Exhibit A for the rest of the reunion.

I suppose a college reunion is about typical of a group of women of the same age anywhere. I have just come from a meeting on the subject of "How the world treats the business woman." All the women who spoke were successful singles. And all of them were successful in positions where they direct and manage men, either consciously, subconsciously or unconsciously. Now, of course, that is not the label on the positions they hold, but they revealed the character of their jobs by the advice they gave. One woman said "that one of the greatest obstacles to women in the business world was the man's love of power; men won't share the management of their business with women. Their desire for power is greater than their desire for profit." This merely proved, it seemed to me, what the next speaker said "that neither sex had the monopoly on foolishness."

Another speaker said there ought to be a sane woman on every board of directors. I couldn't make out whether she felt that most male boards of directors are insane, or whether she was only recommending more sanity, because she had said "that woman belongs any place she can fit in." As I listened I felt that it takes a lot of nerve to be a successful single woman in business or anywhere. Those speakers certainly gave some advice that you could never use in married life. Imagine having as your slogan in the married state, "See that you get what you are entitled to" or "Never take less pay because you are a woman!" No, single women have a lot of latitude we married ones never claim. But I heard a number of wise remarks that *are* soundly applicable to both the single and the married state. The real estate woman told us "to stay with your idea"; the woman from the bank told us "to cultivate subtlety," while the woman from a big corporation told us to remember that "even an undertaker never gave us service for less just because we were women!"

I felt rather young to be listening to such speeches although I thoroughly enjoyed the ease with which they laid down certain premises. You may remember that as a married woman I avoid dogmatic premises because they lead to arguments and arguments lead to the front door! But I came away from that meeting feeling that single women are just as fervent in their interests as married women and they are not bothered by the "how-can-I-best-express-myself complex" that has raised its head in many married households. I think about the only real point I am making about single women is that to be successful they've got to get a sense of direction in their lives and they get that by directing. I haven't said anything about women teachers. Most of them are single but they never seem so to me. They've managed and directed children so long that they bear all the earmarks of marriage except the husbands. Gracious, I don't mean to call a husband an earmark! If I *were* going to call them anything like that, I should say that probably many women consider them sort of "hallmarks." But I don't want to start an argument here at the end that will stir up my "singles." I like single women and I certainly hope this article will please them. If it doesn't I'll have to give up the subject of women of any kind and see if I can win their approval by more indirect methods, such as by an article on "Men Single and Double."

* * *

CURRENT EVENTS

THE Wednesday morning Talks on Current Topics were resumed March 9th, after an enforced cancellation of three meetings, owing to the illness of the Chairman. There has been special interest in the Orient, notably of course in China; and Mrs. Maddux's membership in the Institute of Pacific Relations and her personal acquaintance in the Orient have made it possible for her to give the Current Events group many authentic and significant facts from extraordinary sources. She recently read the following extract from a personal letter which she received from a social worker in Wuchang Hupeh, China:

These have been full months in this Wuhan center: first the forty days' siege of this city; then the coming in of the Revolutionary Army; and now the setting up of the Revolutionary Government.

In November began the organizing of all labor groups into unions: of course they were promised the millennium, and equally of course that does not come without a price: the price is education and training, which these masses of labor do not have; now the government is finding itself embarrassed with these aroused workers.

In December began serious efforts to put on anti-Christian and anti-British Imperialism propaganda and demonstrations. The anti-Christian effort is closing our mission schools and is arousing the Chinese Christians to do some thinking and acting for themselves. The effect on our schools may be temporary—many feel that it is only the work of the extremists among the Revolutionaries, and that as more responsible men take office our schools will get fairer treatment. On the other hand, many missionaries are making much effort to meet even the extreme demands of the government, even to registering their schools under provisions that allow no religious instruction or worship.

At the present instant we are far more concerned over the anti-British Imperialism efforts. As you know from the newspapers, last week saw two near-riots in Hankow, with the result that the Chinese just walked in and took back their Concession; all British marines and police and Volunteers retired and let the Chinese take it. Then the British consul advised all women and children to leave, so that there has been an evacuation of this center; we hear that Britishers up country are also evacuating. Whether this means that the British are trying to do the thing the Chinese want—clear out if that is what they demand; or whether they are trying to show the Chinese the effect it will have on the financial situation if all British interests clear out of China; or whether they are preparing for drastic measures—you will probably know as soon as we shall! We do not know if the British will allow this taking of the Concession to stand; or whether they will now negotiate with the new government; or whether they will demand it back.

Whatever may be the issue of these days, *re* the British matter, no one can fail to be deeply proud of the behavior of the British marines. Under the most insulting and trying provocation from that mob of coolies, for hours on both January 3rd and 4th in Hankow, they kept their temper and their determination not to fire. It was a superb demonstration of discipline and self-control. If the Chinese cannot see in the restraint of the British — and other foreign nationalists out here—these past months our Western attempt to prove to them that we do not want war, they may find themselves alone to blame if drastic measures are resorted to. Of course we pray that we can go on being patient, even to the point of being insulted; perhaps this is the price we shall have to pay for past callousness to the feelings of this nation. If we can only go on being patient until the better elements in the nation have full control; to lose our patience and "let go on them" now would only strengthen the extreme elements, and give them exactly the material they want.

We of course daily consider the wisdom of staying; some days it seems it might be wisest to go; other days we feel that staying is the better policy. At this present instant we feel the situation is not acute enough to justify our clearing out; and if we stay we thereby show our faith in the government, and strengthen the best groups in the new regime. As you can guess, these are thrilling days; there is much in the Revolution that is identical with our Christian purpose; and new days demand new thinking—and living. And to be living with a British colleague is added privilege.

MAUD RUSSELL

(*Student Traveling Secretary for Y. W. C. A. in Central China*)

Wuchang Hupeh, China,
January 14, 1927.

. . .

These talks on Current Topics are held every Wednesday morning at 11 o'clock, and every first and third Monday evenings, unless otherwise bulletined, at 7:30 o'clock. They are without fee, and members of the City Club may bring friends.

Monday evening dates — March 21, April 4, April 18.

Annual Membership Meeting To Be Held March 28

March 28 has been set as the date of the annual membership meeting.

The dining room and cafeteria will arrange to take care of all who care to dine at the Club that evening.

The annual meeting, which is scheduled for eight o'clock in the evening, will be held in the City Club Auditorium.

There will be reports of Committees and Officers and of the Board of Directors. Members are urged to be present.

Gift to Library in Memory of Mrs. Nuttall

Mrs. Sarah Rosenstock has given the Women's City Club $2500 for the establishment and maintenance of a library in memory of her daughter, the late Mrs. J. K. R. (Hilda) Nuttall, who was one of the early workers in the National League for Woman's Service.

Mrs. Nuttall's death two years ago removed one of the valuable members of the Women's City Club, and the tribute to her memory is appreciated by a large number of warm personal friends as well as fellow workers.

MRS. LOUIS J. CARL

Director of Volunteer Service, the unique feature of the Women's City Club which has elicited comment and admiration from all who are familar with the clock-like regularity of its work.—*Photo by Boye.*

ANNUAL REPORT OF THE VOLUNTEER SERVICE COMMITTEE

By MRS. LOUIS J. CARL,
Chairman of Volunteer Service

VOLUNTEER service, that unique and inspiring feature of the National League for Woman's Service, has had many new and delightful fields of action opened up since the new clubhouse was finished. But long before that happy opening our volunteers were hard at work. Down at 333 Kearny street, the shop, the restaurant and library were always the special care of the volunteers, and when we moved to 465 Post street the volunteers were a veritable army of helpers; they helped with all the packing up at Kearny street and they followed the boxes right up Post street and unpacked them in the new building. The volunteers sent out all the announcements for our opening and in innumerable ways made that opening a success. They were hostesses; they were guides through the club; they were "information bureaus." There isn't a committee in our organization that does not use volunteers.

The volunteer service falls into two parts: the service given to our own organization and building, and the service given to outside interests.

Many people ask the chairman of volunteers what kind of service the volunteers give. Well here are some of the "kinds": They send out all bulletins; one volunteer sends out all annual bills to the membership; they check all return payments; they assist in the typing needed; they sell tickets for entertainments in our own building; they provide and arrange the flowers in the club; they were responsible for the Christmas tree and house decorations; they sew for the bedrooms, for the shop, for other departments of the clubhouse. Three volunteers a day man the library, while every day three volunteers are hostesses for tea in the lounge; they serve at the steam table in crews at noon and at night daily—a big group that gives a service so vital to the success of the club and they are never afraid of overtime. Two crews of about nine volunteers each, served Christmas and New Year's Eve at the steam table and made those evenings merry occasions for the club members.

Outside, the volunteer service goes out to the community in many ways. Volunteers play bridge weekly with disabled soldiers in the Letterman Hospital. Volunteers rewrapped and wrapped Christmas packages for men in the Foreign Service; volunteers sewed for families of the service men for the Red Cross; our volunteers helped with the dressing of dolls and other things for the Telegraph Hill Neighborhood Settlement; volunteers tell stories to groups of children there. Motors were supplied to the Shriners' convention, for Navy week, for the Foreign Trades convention and for the campaign of the Community Chest.

Because of the volume of work done by the volunteers and the value of that work in our club we have been trying to keep as accurate a record as possible of this service since September.

Many clubs throughout the country are thrilled and interested in our volunteer service and want to know just what we mean by it and how many take part in it. One must remember that the figures will always be less than the actual because of the size of the problem. The October report gave 792 volunteers giving 1872 hours of service. In November we had 855 volunteers giving 2251 hours of service. December was the despair of the statistician. So many volunteers worked all the time that we have no accurate reckoning, but of course it was more than the November numbers. In January we have 967 volunteers giving 2700 hours of service, and none of these figures take into account that member who just happens along when there is something to be done and sits down and works for an hour or so at folding bills or stamping envelopes. Two volunteers on Mondays and Wednesdays from 12:30 to 2 o'clock show the building to members and guests.

The new building was a new challenge to us all and that challenge has been met with a spirit so splendid, so generous that even the chairman, who thought she knew thoroughly the spirit of the volunteer service, is utterly baffled in finding words to express in this, her annual report, that sense of comradeship gained by bringing the many talents and gifts, the training and skill of hundreds of our members to the service of our own organization and to the community in this, our Volunteer Service.

But how does one become a volunteer?, a new member asks. That is a simple matter. If the member will look over the activities of the volunteer service, she will quickly see where her energy and talent may be expressed. If the service fails to suggest anything a member feels that she is fitted to do, don't hide the talent you have but suggest to the executive office the service you would like to give. Any member may join the volunteer service by leaving her name at the office on the lounge floor and the chairman will be so glad to offer a field for service. In thinking about the volunteer service, remember that it is not confined to our own organization but that it is an unlimited field bounded only by the needs of our great city. There are the usual needs and the unusual needs, the steady daily task and the strain of big emergencies in both our organization and the city. Such needs our volunteer service aims to meet quickly, effectually and adequately. Perhaps the proudest boast the Women's City Club can make is that it never refuses to respond to a call for service.

LEAGUE SHOP

The League Shop is showing a handsome collection of Viennese color wood-cuts, hand-printed in water colors.

There are also combinations of color wood-cuts with etchings by Hans and Leo Frank.

Elizabeth Norton's famous animal wood-cuts and a large selection of inexpensive foreign and domestic etchings are always in stock in the Shop.

The League Shop is the San Francisco headquarters for the Near East Relief hand-made linens. The stock on hand at present is most attractive.

* * *

Have you visited the Economy Shop on the mezzanine floor? Real bargains in shoes and garments are to be had at the top of that alluring flight of stairs in the League Shop.

THE ROOTED CHINESE LILY

By MARGARET S. KUHNS

CHANG the merchant, Chang the paterfamilias, Chang the wily Oriental, was cleaning house, literally and figuratively, for the approaching holiday. He had given his orders, upstairs in his home and downstairs in his shop, and he was going to make money. The only stumbling block was Lillian, and when he thought of her headstrong opposition, he sucked his pipe a little harder, and his almond eyes narrowed to little, glinting slits.

Centuries of inheritance, generations of yellow-skinned, straight-haired, obedient women were at violent war with a decade and a half of young, insurgent America in the Oriental soul of Lillian Chang.

America and heaven were synonymous terms to this youngster. She was eating her heart out in San Francisco's Chinatown, longing for bobbed hair, short skirts, freedom to come and go as she pleased, just as she had watched the white girls do, to dances, to movies, in the ubiquitous automobile.

Chinatown! How she hated the very word! With the passion of thwarted youth, she despised the rotund subservience in her father, when he served Occidental customers, and pretended ignorance of English. She hated him even worse when he laid down the law upstairs in a tone that brooked no defiance.

And her mother? Her quiet, resigned gentleness, her secret, furtive obeisances at the shrine of her fathers, her submissiveness to Chang's decrees roused a pitying contempt and impatience in the girl.

Chang was satisfied with his wife. Silent, attentive, repressed,—that was what a woman should be. She didn't mix, or even try to mix with the whites. She knew her place and kept it. The only complaint he had ever lodged against her was her insurgent daughter. If he hadn't given in when he had first brought his family to this country, hadn't sent the child to an American school, hadn't allowed her to be a telephone operator in the Chinese exchange, everything would have been all right.

All this melodramatic to-do Lillian was making, just because he had told her to put on Chinese dress, slick her hair back, and help him make a little money from the whites out of the Fah Dang Wui, the Feast of Lanterns, that was to be publicly celebrated in a week. Granted that he had asked a trifle too much when he had wanted her to pretend that she didn't speak any English, to masquerade as a slave girl just imported from China. But even so, hadn't he worked hard to support her, and wasn't she only a woman, when all was said and done?

Meanwhile, Lillian went about as if she were stunned. The whole idea of the Fah Dang Wui disgusted her, she maintained. A feast of lanterns, here in America, where even the poorest Chinese had electric lights, and lanterns were brought in just to catch the white money! Had she gone through American grammar school, just to pose as a slave girl, to make some money for a grasping father?

Still, despite the domestic turmoil, the quiet little mother upstairs had gone about her customary preparations. Fah Dang Wui spelled magic to her. The time conjured up the years of her childhood, and the beauty of traditional ceremonial, — recalled, too, her pride in the first year of dominion in her own courtyard, when everything had been swept and garnished before the first stick of heavy, pungent, memory-laden incense was lighted.

Even this year, when her shoulders bent a little under the struggle between her dictatorial husband and her pretty, head-strong daughter, with the real spirit of celebration all but killed within her, she went about her usual personal and household consecration. The little room in the back and at the top of the house, her sanctuary, was decorated for this mock gala day, which she could not let pass unnoticed.

Lillian's "boy friend," (Oh yes, she had one,—she was an American,) was as indignant as she. He walked home with her, through the popping firecrackers thrown by riotous youngsters. Driven by desperation and what each believed to be American "nerve," these two hatched a plot.

"Listen, kid," Jim whispered, by way of preliminary. He whispered in deference to his ancestry, and in anticipation of a vicarious revolt. Jim was nineteen, and very eager. His father kept him selling shrimps, a disgusting occupation, but deep in his heart he knew he would never dare defy the irksome parental authority.

The great night came. Chang cautioned his clerks to speak nothing but pidgin English. One of them, stationed at the door, was to pretend ignorance of everything but Chinese. He himself was in readiness, a perfect picture of obsequious Oriental mystery, the epitome of the picturesque conception of the native of the Celestial Kingdom.

Business started with a rush. It was so good that he forgot about his erring child, forgot the lonely little exile upstairs, bowed before her image, breathing in the incense that meant beauty and reverence and custom to her.

At about ten o'clock a young whirlwind burst into the shop. It was Lillian and Jim, that was all, but with them came a breeze of discord and defiance. The girl was flushed, and her eyes were sparkling, but back of the sparkle was the glitter of unshed tears.

"Hello, pa," she shrilled. "Come on, Jim, let's show them how we do the Charleston," and grabbing the boy's hands she showed them, showed them with the abandon of young exuberant America, and with the gusto of her own daring.

Chang gasped, and stood as if frozen, with one tapering hand resting on the half-opened counter.

After a second, with the breath whistling between his teeth, he was betrayed into "You little devil!" Then he remembered his role. With a deep bow to the astonished white woman who was inspecting his wares, he stalked over to the girl. Picking her uo bodily, he carried her up the four flights to her mother's sanctum, and threw her down on the mats on the floor. Jim, scared but curious, slunk along behind.

Chang turned on his heel and left the room. The straight, thin columns of incense were swirled around in the draft. Lillian lay where she had been dropped, sobbing like a hurt baby. The mother rose from her knees, and fluttered to the girl's side, calling to her in Chinese, by the polysyllabic Chinese name that Lillian had herself discarded when she went to school.

Soon, almost unconsciously, she relaxed, and lay back against her mother's shoulder. Her eyes wandered about the room, and her nostrils fluttered once or twice, as if the incense were intangibly giving her strength.

Jim shuffled and coughed to attract her attention, but she seemed somehow entranced. He sidled over to her, took her arm, saying, "C'mon kid. Let's get out o' this! What's the idea of—"

At the sound of his voice Lillian started and looked, long and wonderingly, at him. "You get out," she said, slowly and distinctly. "Get out quickly."

Then she turned her back and obliterated him. With a pathetic half smile that was very near to tears, she clung to her mother hungrily, and slowly the two made the traditional obeisance before the gods of their ancestors. The columns of incense rose in straight motionless columns between the gilded image and the two kneeling figures on the floor. Gradually peace and tranquillity filled the room. The roots of the Chinese lily had stood the buffetings of the storm.

DISTINGUISHED MEMBER FETED

Mural Artist Tendered Reception

MISS Hildreth Meiere, acknowledged as one of the distinguished decorators of the world, regardless of sex, was a guest of the Women's City Club for several weeks on the occasion of her stay in San Francisco, the first visit with her family in several years.

Her father, Ernest Meiere, lives at "Minlloydern Hill," Los Altos. It was necessary for her to be in close touch with mail and telegraph facilities in town. The City Club solved the problem, and she spent the weekends with her family at the charming country home. More latterly she was the guest of Miss Margaret Casserly at the Clift Hotel and of her sister, Mrs. Wilder Bowers, in Washington street.

Miss Meiere's own story, on another page, tells of some of the important work she has done. In a letter to the editor she says, "I don't in the least mind talking about my work, on which I am perfectly willing to take my stand and be judged." But she will not talk about herself, as unrelated to her work.

That is why she did not talk at length at the reception given her by the board of directors of the Women's City Club a few days after she arrived. She merely bowed when presented and expressed her pleasure at being made the recipient of the honor. It was a happy occasion and San Francisco does not often have the opportunity of honoring one of her distinguished daughters while she is yet so young.

The reception was largely attended, for both Miss Meiere and her sister, Mrs. Bowers, are popular here socially, but the late Mrs. Meiere, to whose memory the curtain in the auditorium, designed by Hildreth Meiere, was dedicated, was one of the beloved early workers in the National League for Woman's Service.

Clavilux Inventor Again To Be Heard Here

MEMBERS of the Women's City Club will have opportunity to see the new Clavilux instrument operated on the evenings of March 16 and 17 in the City Club Auditorium by its inventor.

To describe Clavilux were well nigh impossible, for it boldly enters what has been called a new field of art, and is a new art form. It probably comes as near to making the fourth dimension comprehensible to human senses as any contrivance yet presented.

It was invented by Thomas Wilfred, who presented it to a San Francisco audience three years ago under the auspices of the National League for Woman's Service.

It was accepted then as a "strange, beautiful and fascinating new thing."

Since then Wilfred has developed it to an amazing degree. He now terms it a "color-organ," and perhaps that is as descriptive as any name which may be applied to it. Since his appearance in San Francisco Wilfred has played the Clavilux with the Philadelphia Symphony Orchestra and by invitation from King Christian of Denmark, before the Danish royal family in the royal opera house at Copenhagen.

Again the Women's City Club has the exclusive privilege of presenting the inventor and the instrument. Tickets are selling for $1.00 and $1.50. It is expected that there will be a capacity audience, as those who saw it before will be eager to ascertain what strides Wilfred has been able to make in the perfecting of this new art form. It makes color its most obedient servant and flings it in clouds and mounds and swirls and waves.

HOSPITALITY TABLE IS ESTABLISHED

Innovation at City Club Wins Approval

A HOSPITALITY Table has been established in the Cafeteria at both luncheon and dinner. The reason for this is two-fold. The directors want the interesting women who visit and are guests in the Club from other Clubs to meet the members of the San Francisco Club, and do not want local members to miss the many interesting women who are staying in the Club. Those who have visited the other City Clubs in the country have all experienced the delightful contact with members at the Club "Round Tables." Such hospitality offered to guests keeps the Club from becoming just a comfortable hotel. Interesting women from all over the world have been guests of the Club since the opening. Dr. Helen Bakewell of New Zealand is a woman the whole membership would have enjoyed knowing. Dr. Moody, who has spent many years in Persia, and Mrs. Coleman, who has lived many years in Japan, Mrs. Dempsey of the Cleveland City Club, Mrs. Stout of the Detroit City Club and others are now guests at the Club and are often to be found at the Hospitality Table in the center of the Cafeteria. Members lunching or dining alone, or who have guests with men are invited to sit at that table.

Volunteers are needed to hostess the Hospitality Table.

* * *

"In no circumstance ought reading for pleasure to take on the appearance of a task. Either it is a lark or it is nothing."—Arnold Bennett.

The Women's City Club Dining Room Service

INCLUDES

A la Carte Service *from* 7 A. M. *to* 8 P. M.
Table d'Hote Luncheon *and* Dinner $1.00 per plate
Sunday Night Dinner $1.25

Afternoon Tea in the Dining Room
SPECIAL MENUS
Prices 35c., 50c., 60c. *and* 75c.

Private Rooms for Luncheon, Tea, Card Parties

◆

CAFETERIA SERVICE FOR LUNCHEON AND DINNER
[*Except Sundays and Holidays*]
From 11:30 A. M. *to* 1:00 P. M. *and* 5:30 *to* 7:00 P. M.

MRS. KENNETH MONTEAGLE

Member of the Board of Directors of the Women's City Club.

WOMEN'S CITY CLUB MAGAZINE
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Volume I MARCH 1927 *Number 2*

EDITORIAL

MRS. Cleaveland Forbes is the new president of the Women's City Club. But she is not new to the Club.

For years Mrs. Forbes has been one of the efficient, enthusiastic workers in the executive board of the National League for Woman's Service, and by her unobtrusive, yet thoroughly business methods, helped to put the enterprise upon a sound financial basis.

She was a member of the so-called "building project" board of directors and was chairman of the revenue committee within that group.

She has been second vice-president of the Club for the last year and a member of the board of directors, the finance committee and the shop committee.

Mrs. Forbes has taken an important part in various organizations of the city. She was secretary of the State Council of National Defense and of the Women's Land Army during the war; was chairman of finance and emergency committees of the Y. W. C. A.; is on board of directors of San Francisco Center; is on the board of the San Francisco Visiting Nurse Association; is chairman of the Community Chest joint committee on social welfare and health for women and girls; is a member of the Town and Country, San Francisco Country and Golf and Menlo Country clubs.

"I hope to carry on the policies of the Club as they have been and to have a successful year," she said upon entering upon her duties. She succeeds Mrs. S. G. Chapman, under whose presidency the clubhouse was erected.

* * *

Much interest has been manifested. and many happy conversations enjoyed in the delightful tours over the building. In order to avoid confusion, notice is given that hostesses will be present on every Monday and Wednesday from 12:30 till 3 o'clock. These are the only two days in the week on which such tours are conducted. The tours begin from the fourth floor.

BLUE HERON

Blue heron
with lazy stroke of wings
into the shadow of unseen things
flying low across the marsh
a shadow over rust marsh grass
reflected dimly as you pass
in the deep waters of canals.

Then with a sudden sweep of wings
startled by some unseen thing
you rise and soar across the dune
Blue heron
Flying 'cross the moon . . . .

INGLIS FLETCHER.

MISS CARLIE I. TOMLINSON

Who succeeds Miss Marion Whitfield Leale as Manager of the Women's City Club, comes with a splendid record of business experience and executive ability. She has been connected with the National City Company of this city for twenty-two years.

THE OUTLOOK

By Carlie I. Tomlinson

WHEN, at the close of the Great War, the founders of the National League for Woman's Service of California decided to adapt their organization, formed to meet a national emergency, to the intellectual and social needs of women in time of peace, their decision had a significance transcending the organization of the usual social club, no matter how splendid its aims.

One of the marked characteristics of the war period was the manifestation of a noble enthusiasm, a readiness to give, to serve, to sacrifice. At the close of the war there was an abrupt and sudden letting down, as though human nature had exceeded its capacity for magnanimity and altruism and had to relapse into a state of materialism.

It is significant that in the reaction of materialism following the war, a group of women idealists in San Francisco carried on with unabated enthusiasm and, through vision of a noble undertaking, pursued with intelligence, courage and steadfastness of purpose, achieved a task which, to practically minded and cautious persons, justifiably appeared impossible.

As one chosen to help carry on what others have created, I claim the privilege of offering a tribute to the women who have made possible the Women's City Club of San Francisco. Down through the years thousands will enjoy the facilities and opportunities made possible by the labors of a little band of women in whose souls burned the fires of a generous enthusiasm when a reactionary spirit prevailed throughout the land.

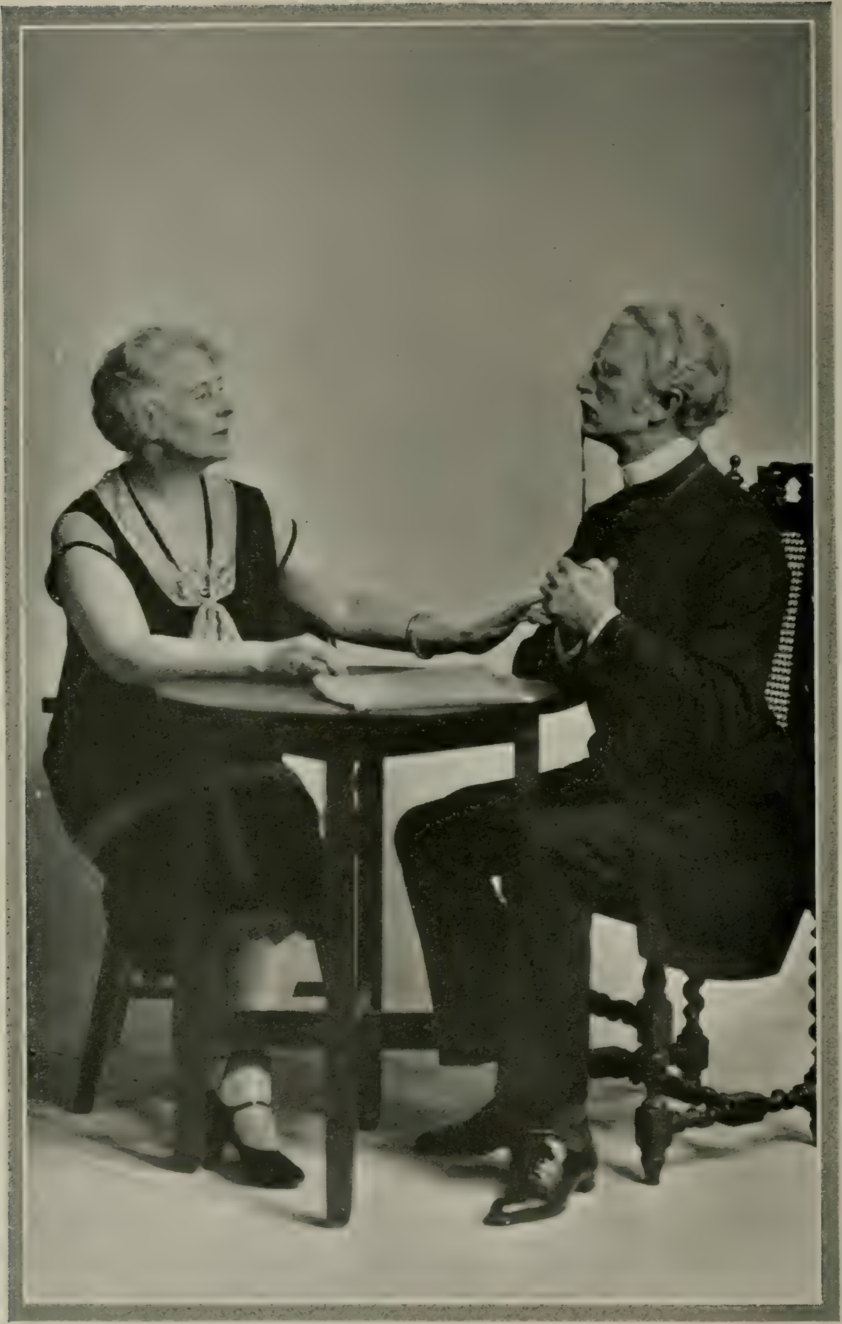
As the first year in the new club house draws to a close, it is fitting that those who are to carry on should dwell upon the things which have made the club possible and consider ways in which it can be made to flourish without diminution of enthusiasm for the aims of its founders.

While the founders have had vision, they have never been visionary. They have been intellectually alert and honest and have worked along lines of financial soundness and practical common sense. They have given service joyously. In shaping policies they have laid the emphasis on the things which unite. They are working out an experiment in social democracy without any sacrifice of culture. They have proved that to democratize does not necessarily mean to level downward.

The task of those who carry on is heavy, but it will be lightened by constantly dwelling on the example of the founders while being alert to meet the challenges of the present and prepare for the demands of the future.

It is our privilege to cherish and foster the spirit of volunteer service, intelligently and joyously given, to be open minded and intellectually honest, and to steadfastly work for the things which unite and enable people to find ground for common understanding.

In this age of specialization, when life presses hard, the cultivation of a fine idealism and the preparation for the enjoyment of a noble leisure is no small undertaking. If to intellectual discipline and self control we can add serenity and graciousness, we shall gain experience in the art of living, out of which grow noble works of which the Women's City Club of San Francisco now is an example.



MRS. WILLIAM T. SESNON AND TEMPLETON CROCKER

in a scene from "Mary, Mary, Quite Contrary" played in the Women's City Club Auditorium

THE Players' Guild of San Francisco is now offering at the Women's City Club auditorium a series of interesting and unusual plays never before seen in this city. These plays, produced under the direction of Reginald Travers, are put on to conform to the most exacting standards of finish and individual performance, and the players are people of ability and experience, who know and love their work.

The Guild opened its present production Thursday, Friday and Saturday, March 3, 4 and 5, and will continue Fridays and Saturdays thereafter for a limited time, in Mrs. Fiske's latest comedy hit, "Mary, Mary, Quite Contrary," with Ann O'Day and a distinguished cast.

This gay and witty comedy of modern English people, by St. John G. Ervine, recently was the starring vehicle for Mrs. Fiske at the Belasco Theatre in New York, under the direction of David Belasco. It should have a wide appeal to San Francisco playgoers.

Reservations may be made at the Sage Circulating Library in the City Club, or at the Players' Guild office, 1846 Gough street, telephone West 3321. Tickets are $1.65, $1.10 and fifty cents, tax included. Box seats are $2.20. The boxes seat six. The curtain goes up at 8:30 o'clock.

The Guild has in preparation Gilbert Emery's "Tarnish." San Francisco has long waited to see this play, and it is only through the enterprise of the Players' Guild that it will at last be offered to the theatre-going public here.

A fine production is promised, with a cast headed by Cameron Prud'homme and Ann O'Day, two talented San Franciscans whose appearance together in the Guild's production of "Liliom" last season will long be remembered.

HUGH WALPOLE ENTERTAINED

Distinguished English Novelist Expresses Enthusiasm at Organization, Composition and Operation of City Club

THE Board of Directors of the Women's City Club entertained Hugh Walpole, English novelist, at luncheon February 22. Mrs. Charles Miner Cooper is chairman of the hospitality committee of the Club, which has been entertaining interesting visitors to San Francisco at a succession of affairs in the last few weeks.

Mrs. Cooper's committee comprises Mrs. Henry J. Crocker, Mrs. A. J. Dibblee, Mrs. Perry Eyre, Mrs. Joseph D. Grant, Mrs. Kenneth Kingsbury, Mrs. Marcus S. Koshland, Miss Ruth Langdon, Miss Laura McKinstry, Mrs. C. O. G. Miller, Mrs. Louis F. Monteagle and Mrs. Willis Walker.

Some of the guests present at the luncheon were Dr. Helen Bakewell of New Zealand, Mrs. A. P. Black, Mrs. Louis J. Carl, Mrs. Charles M. Cooper, Mrs. Henry J. Crocker, Paul Elder, Mrs. Cleaveland Forbes, Mrs. Charles Mills Gayley, Mrs. William B. Hamilton, Miss Mabel Johnson, Miss Ruth Langdon, Miss I. Lillie Macrae, Mrs. Harry Staats Moore, Miss Mabel Pierce, Mrs. Paul Shoup, Miss Carlie Tomlinson, Mrs. H. L. Stephenson and Mrs. Thomas A. Stoddard.

Walpole, who is a veritable human sponge in his eagerness to absorb new impressions and ideas, was tremendously interested in the spirit of volunteer service, which is one of the keystones in the arch of idealism which sustains the Club. He said that he could readily understand why and how such service came into being during the war, but that it should survive and persist was the remarkable thing.

The author of "Fortitude" is a dynamo of energy who seeks new material in the humblest and the most exalted places, and one feels that his keen eyes are boring beneath the surface to the pulse of things as they are. He expressed unstinted admiration for the physical aspects of the Club, as well as its spiritual qualities.

* * *

ONE wall of the corridor of the third floor of the Club has received the gift of an antique Saruk Persian mosque rug. Over a field of royal blue are ranged cypress and willow trees, conveying the idea, Mumford says, of perfect and renewed life, and distinguishing the carpets made for use in mosques. Strewn between the trees are bright Persian flowers; and near the sides are small figures of a boy, a girl, sheep, and birds. The lowest row of sacred cypress trees is guarded by dragons, and the willow trees by six wild boars. Like many other antique rugs, to protect them from injury by evil spirits, who are always jealous of anything perfect, according to story, there is in the lowest row a defect in the trunks of the willow trees. The rug is the gift of Miss Fidelia Jewett.

* * *

Members are reminded that annual dues, now payable, will become delinquent April 1.

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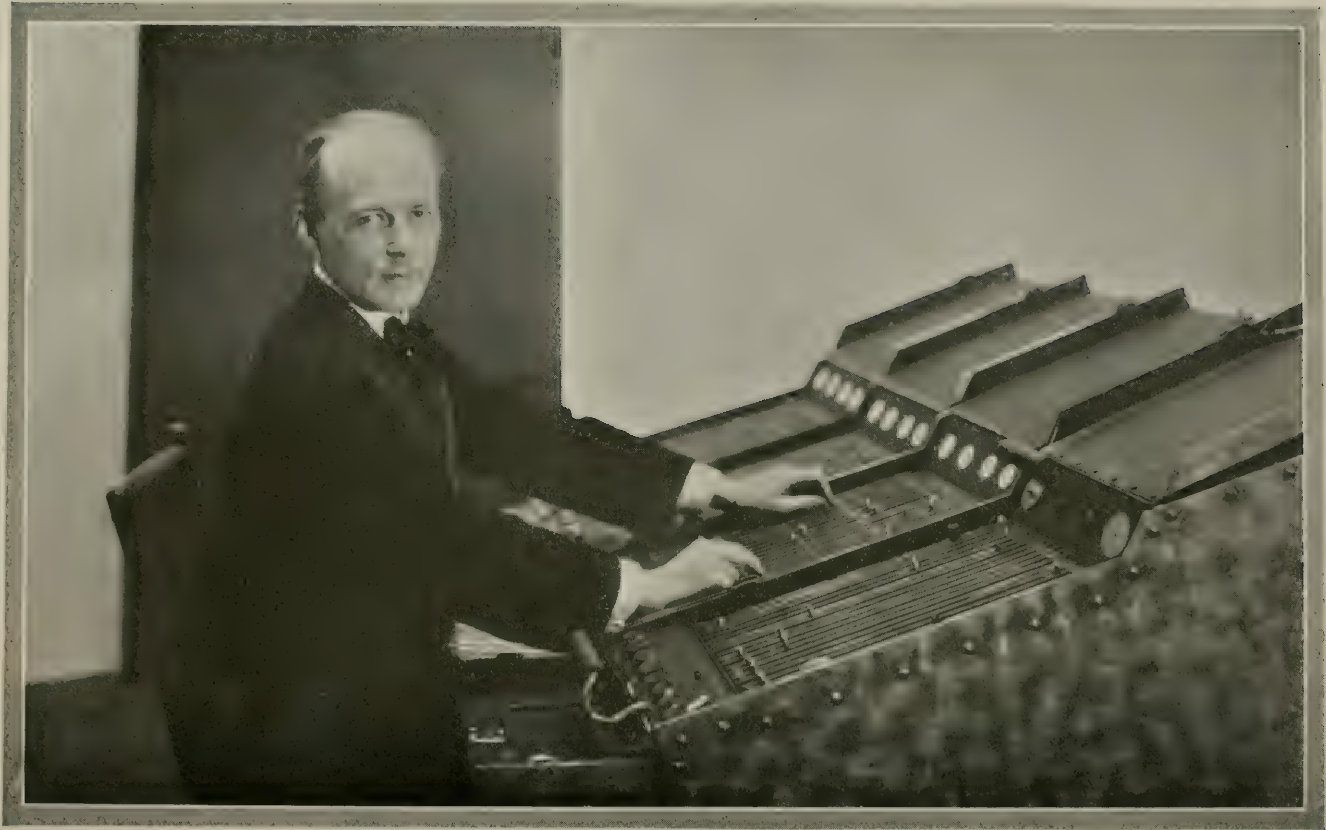

THOMAS WILFRED AT THE CONSOLE OF THE CLAVILUX

which he will demonstrate at a recital at the Women's City Club March 16 and 17

FANNIE HURST TALKS

Famous Novelist Tells How She Works

By INGLIS FLETCHER

WHERE do you get your inspiration — how do you account for your success? These two questions are the ones most frequently asked the successful author.

"Inspiration? No! Work! work! work!" says Fannie Hurst, "nothing but work!" Then she qualifies her statement a little, by adding, "there is, of course, the first inspiration, when the original idea comes, but after that, hard work and grind."

There is no such thing as a successful author sitting around waiting for inspiration to drop like manna from the skies. A writer must be at his desk every day, keeping working hours just like anyone engaged in business. At least this is Miss Hurst's idea, and she should know, for she is heralded as one of the most successful of American writers. To show what her definition of work is, here is a typical day in the life of that famous author:

Up at six a. m. An instructor has arrived and is waiting to put her through a strenuous series of Swedish exercises. This work, and it is work, lasts an hour. After that is over she walks briskly for an hour or an hour and a half through Central Park, which is not very far from her charming studio apartment. Home again, a cold plunge, and she is ready for real work at her desk. She writes steadily until four in the afternoon. During these hours, from eight until four, her friends know she is not to be interrupted or disturbed. After four she is ready for a little play, for she realizes the value of relaxation.

Her friends drop in for an informal visit, or she receives a group of girls from a finishing school who want to know how stories are written, or she meets one of those groups of writing people who meet almost daily in New York to talk plays and plots or discuss editors, as the case may be.

Her evening is usually spent at the theatre; sometimes she goes to the same play a number of times if it interests her, studying construction, characterization and acting, for she is a very keen critic of the drama. After the play she very frequently goes back to her desk and works until one or two in the morning.

Nothing comes from Fannie Hurst's pen that is not written and rewritten —sentences polished and made over— a careful selection of phrase and word. She is a slow writer and a thoughtful one; she understands the value and the color of words in characterizing. It is only through her keen intelligence that she is able to write stories that seem so simple and human. She has the art of concealing art. She knows human nature, she studies people constantly. She does not stand aloof watching and commenting. She knows their joys and sorrows, living among them, knowing life thoroughly and finding it extraordinarily vivid, alive and full of interest.

She herself could be so characterized. A vivid, dramatic personality, with a genius for eager living. A certain reserve of manner does not hide the kindness and warmth of her nature.

There are two Fannie Hursts who write. The woman who writes the short stories of the Ghetto and of the girl of the shops and the theatre, and the woman who wrote Lummox and Appassionata and certain editorials.

The short stories, the humoresques, are more likely to be written sentimentally—with warmth and richness in delineation—and a feeling of sympathy for the little weaknesses and shortcomings that make us what we are.

The novels reveal the true Fannie Hurst, the woman of intellect who stands apart and surveys certain aspects of human endeavor and struggle, which she tries faithfully to portray, seeing the motives that lay behind the acts—knowing the inevitableness of tragedy, and comedy that is near to tragedy.

This is the writer at her best, but will her public let her be at her best? They expect her to go on forever, writing the little stories with a laugh and a sob—and these have their place—but continued writing such as the public demands may hold her from her real power.

Fannie Hurst has often been called a follower of O. Henry. This is certainly not fair. From the beginning she has always been her own master. Seeing life through clear eyes with dramatic vividness. She knows the New York East Side—and the world of the shops and the theatre—from behind. She has worked like the girls she tells about.

There is a tradition that she came across the Atlantic in the steerage to get copy. She worked as a waitress at Childs' and at washing dishes, and from all of her experiences she draws characters and plots.

St. Louis was her home. She graduated from Washington University; later to Columbia. Her family opposed her dreams of becoming a writer. She was determined, so she went to New York to make her own way. She lived at the Seven Arts and struggled to earn her living—she worked hard at writing and still harder trying to sell what she had written. Her rise has not been easy or accidental. It was slow and the result of tireless effort. The thought of failure probably never occurred to her. In her definite way she knew it was only a matter of time and hard work before she would accomplish her purpose. She writes because she loves to write and because writing is her natural mode of expression.

Miss Hurst lives in a charming studio apartment in New York, with high arched ceilings and paneled walls. Splashes of dull rose from antique tapestries and old Italian brocades give color to a room that is a perfect setting for a striking personality. Books are everywhere lending decorative value as well as interpreting Miss Hurst's wide taste in literature. There is a feeling of space and warmth about the room and a certain dignity that belongs to the Italian decorations.

Miss Hurst has not yet arrived at full stature, successful as she is; she is still experimenting, feeling her way slowly. She may write a great play—or a great novel, depicting some phase of American life. Certainly she will be worth watching.

If she is to be compared with any woman writer it should be with Mary Wollstonecraft. Not that their literary style is similar, but in their method of thinking. Both women have remarkably keen and alert minds, vigorous personalities and the gift of looking ahead far beyond their times!

Original—having the courage of their convictions—they stand, as remarkable women, not entirely understood perhaps, but distinguished figures in their own world.

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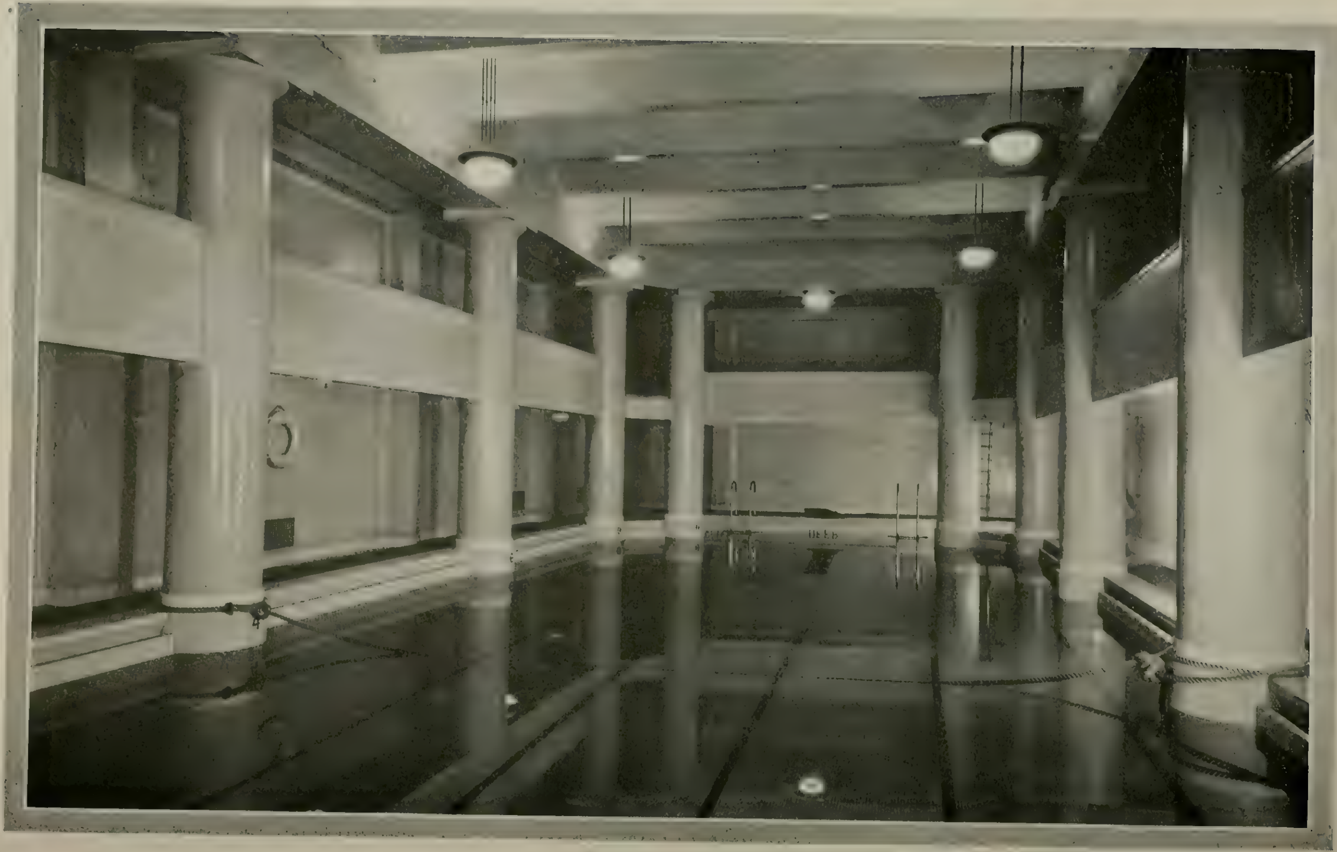

SWIMMING POOL, WOMEN'S CITY CLUB

THE SWIMMING POOL

Mrs. Dorothy Jarman makes statement of advantages to members of superb swimming pool as follows:

I want every member to be a swimmer. If you cannot swim, come in and learn. It is not difficult. It is comparatively easy if you know the right way to go about it.

I want every member that is a swimmer to be a Progressive Swimmer.

To be a Progressive Swimmer, one must try to pass a series of tests—"The Progressive Swimmers Tests." The first group gives the swimmer 500 points and is considered the first necessary group of things that the Beginner should know in order to take care of herself in deep water. *They are very easy.* For the completion of the Beginners Test, the swimmer receives a blue felt sexagon. The next group is the Intermediate Test and the award is 250 points and a white felt star. From now on, the swimmer works for her felt letter to complete her emblem and her final award, the club insignia for a total of 1,250 points.

This program is open to members and daughters of members. Guests completing tests will be given certificates.

The greatest need of children is supervised play while swimming. On Saturday afternoons at 2:30, we will have an hour's play—Water-basketball, Follow-the-leader, Apple Dip, Water Polo, and hosts of others. On the last Saturday of each month, we will have *races and contests. Open to children of members and their guests.* Contests will be posted at *entrance to pool.*

Coaching Hours: For children of members, Mondays 4:00 P. M., Thursdays 4:00 P. M.

Members' Senior Nights: Will be held every *Thursday evening* at 7:45. Games and stunts will be the order of the evening. Bring your friends with you and be prepared for an enjoyable sociable swim.

On the last Thursday of each month "Club Night" will be held and events in the form of a social evening and general melee will be posted beforehand on the bulletin board *at the entrance to the pool. Open to members and guests.*

Do You Know?

1. That there are just 15 more days in which to finish your mileage for the *Catalina Contest.*
2. That Mrs. K. M. Clendenin finished first, on February 15th, and that Max Leona Anderson and Helen Eisner are almost even for second place. Mrs. Mason, Miss Doris Grunauer and Miss Frances Canfield and Little Katherine Kergan are working hard for third place.
3. That we are getting some more balls and tubes and things to play with.
4. To be a Junior or Juvenile Swimmer for your Club all you have to do is turn up at coaching hours for your practice.
5. That we have now 15 girls on our Junior Team and 25 girls on our Juvenile Girls and 12 Juvenile Boys—making a total of 52 on our squad.

6. That some of our Juveniles are marvelous!
7. That I expect at least 10 girls to pass their Lift Saving Test this month.
8. That the early afternoon is the best time to take a lesson if you are "shy."
10. *That I can teach you to swim* 30 *feet in* 30 *minutes.*
11. That you can obtain a list of rates at any time at the Swimming office desk.
12. That guests can take lessons and join with you in your fun.
13. *That* 13 *is a lucky number and that swimming is the most talked of subject of this day and that the Women's City Club is going to be the biggest and best swimming club in the* WORLD!

Will you help make it so?

* * *

Members of the Club who have purchased Forum course tickets are especially urged to watch the Bulletin Boards for possible items of interest, and changes in dates sometimes necessitated in the case of speakers coming from a distance. A season's course of lectures cannot be planned so far ahead without being subject to change and even substitution, due notice of which will always be given.

Remember to make it easy for the elevator men to ask for your membership cards: they didn't make the ruling. The Club did, and it is for the protection of our members.

Weigh and swim! We are buying scales for the swimming pool. The cost is $52. Members have already subscribed $28. We hope all interested in maintaining perfect figures will help pay for the scales.

DISTINGUISHED WRITER GUEST OF CLUB

Mrs. Nina Arkina, a recent guest of the Women's City Club, was the guest of honor at a tea given by the Women's City Club March 7.

Mrs. Nina Arkina, author and journalist of Oslo, Norway. Mrs. Arkina's name is placed in the encyclopedia of the Norwegian Empire, among the noted people, which ranks the same as our Who's Who in America.

She is in America under contract to write for the leading papers and magazines of her country which include:

Morgenposten, Tidens Tegn, Aftenposten, the three leading papers of Norway;

Politiken of Copenhagen, Denmark;

Dagens Nyheter of Stockholm, Sweden, and the following magazines:

Bonniers Veckotidings,

Vecko Journalue,

Husmodern—this one has a circulation of 350,000 copies and the article of San Francisco Clubs is to be placed in all three.

Mrs. Arkina has been an extensive traveler. She spent eighteen months in Egypt and was sixteenth in the only party that visited the tomb of King Tutankhamen. Mrs. Arkina is a graduate of the University of Oslo and majored in Egyptology.

* * *

We don't mind members yawning in the library, but we hate to see the shelves yawning for books. Donations of books, old and new, are wanted by the Library Committee, for empty bookshelves throughout the house.

COMING CLUB EVENTS

PAUL HARVEY LECTURES

"Our International Relations"

Five Tuesday Evening Lectures

Next Lecture Tuesday Evening, March 15, at 8:15 o'clock

Five Lectures $2.50. Single Tickets 75 Cents

(Open to the Public)

Mr. Harvey discusses subjects which are of vital importance to everyone interested in world affairs

* * *

CLAVILUX

Auditorium, March 16 and 17

Tickets $1.00 and $1.50
on sale at Sherman, Clay & Co. and the Women's City Club

Thomas Wilfred will appear in person, playing the color organ

* * *

DINNER DANCE

Friday Evening, April 29, 1927
8 P. M.

Music by the Russian Orchestra

Cabaret Directed by
Mrs. Carlo Morbio and Mrs. William Kent, Jr.

$2.50 per Plate

Balcony Tables (Light Refreshments) $1.00 per Person

(Members and Guests)

Reservations may be made at the Information Desk on the fourth floor
By permission of the Executive Committee gentlemen may be taken to the fourth floor of the Club Rooms

MRS. LEONARD WOOLAMS

Chairman of the new Music Committee recently added to the activities of the Women's City Club.
Photo by Church Studio.

MUSSOLINI--RED AND BLACK

By courtesy of the Editors of the March Graphic-Survey, The Women's City Club Magazine has been given the privilege of using the following illuminating article on Mussolini.

By FRANCIS HACKETT

Mussolini's works of hand are writ large from the plans for the new Rome to the Fascist thumb print on a hill village; his outgivings are spread copiously in the American press. But what of the man?

Francis Hackett etches him as he has never been etched before. A month's scouting in Rome and other centers; interviews with journalists, ambassadors, officials, Fascists, anti-Fascists; back of that earlier studies throughout Italy after the March on Rome; back of that, years of training in splitting the husks of men and issues to get at the twin kernels of personality and purpose.

"The outcome," he writes, "is this one conversation but into it I have simmered all I gathered from coming to Rome."

I HAVE had a long conversation with Mussolini. It was not an interview, and I cannot quote him directly. But the talk with him threw a light on his personality, and enables me to communicate this personality as I found it.

His is an exciting and highly interesting personality, one of the most definite and at the same time complex that I have ever encountered. It is an Italian masterpiece, all shade and all sun, concrete, bold and tangible. He was worth meeting. He is worth studying. Alive or dead, he is a factor in Italy, in Europe and in the world.

I came to him believing that the vital thing to discover was not his version of the friction at Ventimiglia, his policy in the Balkans, his exact idea on the corporative state. I wanted to see what sort of man he was, and, above all, to discover what his relation to himself is. I wanted to do this no matter what happened to the French language or what happened to the etiquette of premiers.

The secret of such a personality is not going to be gleaned by a mere outsider in less than an hour. Even the Italians themselves, who are singularly acute, do not give one much clue to his inner nature. They are too interested, and they have too much at stake. They may understand him but they do not reveal him. Yet I felt that if I could have a personal talk with him, something might come out of it. The talk turned out to be personal, natural, and up to a certain point absolutely genuine. It was this underlying personal note, and a certain intensity, that enables one to speak of him with some conviction.

Nothing, of course, could be less favorable to such an inquiry than the conditions under which it was made. You walk past the strong-arm men into the recesses of the Palazzo Chigi in Rome only if you have an appointment and a good conscience. But what are palaces for? To impress you, to overawe you, to make you conventional. My appointment was for six o'clock, but I took care to be there early. The anteroom, I was glad to note, was for ambassadors, plenipotentiaries and other personages. Two of these personages were already there, and I saw in them the nicer symptoms of stage fright. One, an elderly man with a Fascist pin, was sitting in his chair, apparently quiet as a mouse. The other, very serious, was promenading. The room was twenty-seven paces long. As he paced, this man in horn-rim glasses took out his watch, shook it incredulously, frowned, put it back, and within two minutes consulted it again. The quiet man and myself counted those twenty-seven footsteps until the distraction of new arrivals. These were bustling out of nervousness. They hemmed. They straightened their ties. One produced a metal chain on which he had a scissors, and, delicately turning his back to us, loudly cut his nails. As a reflex, the quiet man began patting his hair into order, and so did I. The big booming man went over to a marble bust and read off the name, Mavroceno, as if he were quite at his ease. I got up myself to look at the picture above me. It was a picture of the chase, by Rubens. I contemplated the Venetian chandelier, a beautiful thing of glass, like transparent tree branches frosted after rain. But all this was our attempt to calm ourselves before the catch-as-catch-can.

A man in a frock coat called an unintelligible name from the door. I took it to be mine, and followed him to two tapestry doors which he pushed open. I found myself in a big room.

Mussolini was behind a formidable table, in the corner to my right. He stood up erect and uncompromising as I came across the floor of that great room. Out of the corner of my eye I saw a big camera on a tripod and a young lady engaged in the peaceful manual labor of doing his bust. I imagine that if Daniel on entering the lion's den had seen a similar sight it could not have been more reassuring. Mussolini extended his hand to me, not in the Fascist salute, but in the standardized handshake of the unreconstructed West. After that greeting he sat back, his face in grim repose. I said nothing. Without a glint of animation but with his square teeth revealed when he articulated, he asked me in corrugated English whether I had been in Italy before. While I was answering him, a uniformed porter brought in the evening papers, on which he pounced as if he were a managing editor. He neatly peeled off the right-hand column in a single gesture, and then dismissed the attendant.

Except for the sculptress who assimilated herself with her own mute art, we were alone again, and I had my opportunity to question and to observe him.

The important thing, it seemed to me, was to hit on a topic which might interest Mussolini the man. For that reason it appeared wise to avoid politics at the commencement and to work for another kind of opening. Mussolini is a fencer. His own words occurred to me — "Good strategy is calculation and audacity" — and I made up my mind that in this fencing match it was best to be tactless. I had just read a story of his, written early in his career, which showed something like literary genius. It was hard, violent, cynical, proud, strong and troubled. I said this to him, more or less, and said I was not sure that he had not made a mistake in abandoning literature.

This piqued him. He asked why. It was easy to remind him that the greatest names of Italy were, after all, the names of creative artists—

Dante, Michelangelo, Leonardo da Vinci, and, in his way, Machiavelli.

What I hoped for, happened. He responded. In repose, certainly, he had struck me as histrionic. A powerful and even forbidding blue chin and jaw, an unsympathetic closed expression, a growl. This would be the sort of face that an employe would tremble to see if he feared discharge. Implacable. Pitiless. A face set against humanity. A face with coldness and vanity and hard aggression in it. Truly, not a pleasant face. You see it in business men, in hotel proprietors, in militia generals, in head waiters even. But when he became interested, when he moved forward and really imparted himself, this was a different man. The face was no longer a mask. It took on the most winning expression in the world, the expression of luminous intelligence, of searching and penetrating interest in another human being. It was open, as a window may be open, and one could look into a free and brilliantly colored space in which there was air, movement and scintillation. I do not say that I was captivated by the man's intelligence, because I was hobbling in French, and that is a very preoccupying mental exercise; but in his company I was soon to learn that I was not colliding with a single prejudice, misapprehension or limitation. He was able to see for himself the type his questioner was, to allow for it, play up to it, imagine it. This without effort.

Well, in a world where there are so many barbers it is an enormous relief to have a conversation with an all-round man.

He at once reminded me of Roosevelt more than of any other public man—which is odd if you consider how Roosevelt shivered when he thought that his daughter might marry a "Dago." This Dago talking man-to-man was very like T. R., except that with T. R. one kept colliding with prejudices. Mussolini's newspaper training, his work as a teacher, his work as editor of The Class Struggle, his quarrels with the Swiss and Austrian authorities, his turbulent years in the Socialist Party, his many terms in jail, had done things for his mind that make it marvelously pliant. Besides, T. R. was a boxer where this man is a fencer. T. R.'s symbol was a bear even more than a bull moose, where this man's playthings are the larger felines.

Even in conversation Mussolini watches you with enfilading eyes. The resemblance to Roosevelt is puzzling. Perhaps it comes from a similar overdevelopment of the survival instinct, a mental nimbleness, a grasp of the headlines of culture, so to speak, and a politician-and-journalist's power of living in the moment.

Thus, for example, when I brought his story to his mind, he lived into it. A real flame of feeling passed over his face, then he lifted his chin defensively, and said in gravely spaced English, "I do not think very highly of my literary productions." He shook his head slowly, but not quite convincingly. For a man who has said, "I shall make my own life my masterpiece," no creative impulse of his own can be uninteresting.

With this opening established, he himself recalled his story, and quoted in German the line from Nietzsche around which it is built. "All is permitted." His tone became warmer. But he declared it could not be literature for him. "There is work to be done," he said decisively. Yet he exclaimed with pleasure when I spoke of Machiavelli, and a phrase of

Machiavelli's came instantly to his lips. I realized at once how living for him is the thought of the most astringent and the most independent. I tried to call him *"Votre Excellence,"* but something ironic in his eye dissuaded me, and thereafter I forgot the formality in the keen interest that it was to follow his mind. I found the broad antique oak table between us a nuisance, and I found myself leaning over it, while at one time I swear he was half-way across it himself. He never raised his voice or hurried what he had to say, seldom failing to speak very clearly. His French is measured and since, like Clemenceau, he has taught French in his time, he could judge by my face whether I was really understanding him.

When he asked me what changes I noticed in Italy, it seemed to me I detected in him the sense of impending appreciation. He threw back his head with a half smile in the way one does to ward off not unwelcome adulation. But I felt it would be banal to search for things to praise in the Fascist regime. As a matter of fact, the thing which had made most impression on me was at once too illustrative and yet too trivial to mention; namely, the *risorgimento* of the beggars of Rome. One of the great items in the apology for Mussolini in 1923 was that he had made the trains punctual, that he had got rid of the beggars, and had swept the prostitutes off the street. Now, at the end of 1926, the old practitioners of begging and some new ones were hard at it again. Around the Trinità dei Monti, the blind unfailingly lead the blind to the spot where the tourist stands gaping. In the Borghese Gardens and along the via Sistina one hears the melancholy mumble of lugubrious madonnas. Outside the cafés near St. Peter's the cats and the cripples both show themselves expectant. It is an old groove, beggars must live, the reform was transient, superficial. What was the use of underlining so obvious a fact?

But in avoiding this topic there was far more the intuition that this man could not profitably be irritated at the outset of a conversation. He has the characteristic impatience of all high-strung and imperious men. To start off on the wrong foot with such a man would be to wreck the rhythm that it is the object of the visitor to establish. So I left aside the public achievements of Fascism about which I was sure he would be unreal and complacent, under cover of the happy accident that the attendant was bringing in a tray, on which there was a biscuit under a tiny napkin, and a common white cup of very weak *café au lait.*

Since I am not allowed to quote Mussolini I must perforce keep drawing attention to the manner rather than the actual words of the conversation. As soon as we were launched, I asked him point blank about what he thought of the League of Nations, what he thought of the Vatican and its effort to dispute with Fascism the early years of child education. I asked him how he felt about emigration. I inquired if it were true that Salvemini would have been killed if he had stayed on in Italy, and I asked him what would happen to Salvemini if he came back. Turning from these questions to ideology, I brought up the subject of liberalism, of Lloyd George, of the rôle of the critic, of *disciplina.* All these questions were part of that psychological strategy in which it seemed to me legitimate to engage.

Salvemini had told me in London

that if I put a thing to him in the light of pacifism, he would watch me to see what I expected, that he would answer correspondingly, and that later on if I turned the question adroitly and gave it a militaristic slant, he would certainly assent militaristically. It did not work out altogether in this way. I am not sure that Mussolini knows what the truth is. I mean, I am not sure that he is not a chameleon. He is mentally so quick-fingered that you would have to know your own mind extremely well to be able to deal with him. But I concluded after this talk that he is not a fool, he is not a clown, he is not a mountebank, he is not a bad joke. Mussolini 1926 is vintage wine, purely as a matter of personality. That he is dangerous, unscrupulous and malignant seems to me also evident. But to understand him one must do him scrupulous justice. The man is a problem that cannot be solved in mental violence.

I tempted him to agree that the League of Nations was only academically useful. I think he believed I was sincere but he smiled and made an amusing grimace, as if we both must face the inevitable. *"C'est utile, c'est utile."* He credited it with usefulness in Upper Silesia and in the Graeco-Bulgar situation. He did not seem to think that between great powers it could prevent war. But he talked of war in the way that Norman Angell educated us to talk of war. In effect he declared that though he was the most suspect man in Europe today, it still was certain that no great nation which took the aggressive could hope to win a war, and moreover that no great nation at present could afford a war. He said all this in the most moderate and sensible of manners, though of course not a word of it excluded his rock-bottom emotional credulity that imperialism is at the base of the life of every people that desires economic and spiritual expansion. But the man who receded on Fiume, etc., certainly does not shut out the League of Nations from his calculation. He may think of himself as a joyous combatant by nature, he may publicly denounce the flaccid mentality of Reformism, but he is not going to do anything international which, as a hard-headed man, he believes will risk prematurely his Italian authority and the prestige of the new Italy which he frankly proclaims he is building.

He betrays this easily. At the moment, in this hour of multiple treaty-seeking and treaty-making, you do not get a ripple from him on the weakness of Italy as an international power. Cinderella has been asked to the party. Italy has a stake in Europe. Italy counts. The air of calmness that envelopes him must therefore, one supposes, be attributed to something besides the shaky lira, the artificial syndicates, the sycophant press. It is probably the child of his formal success in external relations. He feels sure.

But when you touch on Salvemini, or on the liberals, you get a throb. The man who said that if there be rebellious and seditious minorities, they must be inexorably stamped out, is still in the mood of the heresy-hunter, and simply will not tolerate the idea of "liberalism."

When you reach this nerve, he promptly becomes the man with a mission. His view of the mission is very simple: Italy has been a ship without a rudder. He is the captain, and objection to him is treason. The virtues he recommends are the virtues one recommends to children — discipline, obedience, honor thy father and thy *Duce,* be laborious, and when the time comes be fecund.

"I am raising a building," he asserted earnestly, "and in the midst of it they come in and say to me: 'that ornament is too heavy!' "

Yet when I put to this surprising man the following question, he was not angry. I said to him, "I want to ask you a question which is purely psychological: Where would you have been in your own career if anyone had imposed on you 'discipline,' 'obedience,' 'loyalty'?" He pondered his answer a moment, and then he said that a new epoch—the after-the-war epoch—called for new behavior. The thing struck me, and the thing I admired, was not the feeble answer. It was the simplicity with which he met a question which his own sense of reality told him was just. If he were a small egoist, he would have huffed or blustered. He did neither. And he did neither because for himself he has a definite integrity, the integrity of a fearless, hot, passionate nature unfortunately trying almost insanely to realize itself on terms of tremendous egoism.

You detect this egoism is the whole apparatus of Fascism. Mussolini is the hero of one of those terrific dramas of upstart genius which in England lead to Parliament Hill and in Italy to Vesuvius. Mussolini is Vesuvian. He is capable of a violence which would be impossible to the cloud-capped and beer-fed Englishman. He is capable of a rush of blood to the head, a tower of rage, a surge of demonic wilfulness, that may end in smoke, lava, destruction. Corfu was an eruption of this sort. Corfu was symptomatic.

In general this volcanic nature is conciously controlled. Mussolini sits with himself ironically and good-humoredly, completely aware of the wild horses inside him, entranced by the storm he is riding. He can say by way of joke, that he will leave his head to the criminal anthropologists. He accepts himself calmly when he is not antagonized.

He is not theatrical in essence. Nothing is more natural for a man of his type, for example, than to go to the Park to play with those lion cubs whom popular infatuation christened Bébé, Nini and Toto — (Benito). Those lion cubs are real symbols of the something definite inside himself which does not exactly make for righteousness.

Think of him with his stocky figure, his hard hat, his set jaw, his set eye. Is he not the conventional picture of the lion tamer? Put a whip in his hand and a revolver-holster around his waist, you could imagine the quick pounce with which he would enter the worst cage of lions in the world. What chance had old Giolitti, bleary from a hundred political circusses, his mane rubbed bare in the course of eighty-four years of continuous performances, against this young master of the arena? Nitti, Orlando, Salandra, all the established performers who had roared or purred or pussyfooted for years in the intervals of their enormous yawns, had nothing in them to pit against this young glinting tamer with the revolver. Even a surly customer, a Farinacci, could not escape the sting of this whip and the laughing snarl of this voice. The low-browed, black panther goes back on to his soap-box. Mussolini can cow them. So far as these enemies outside himself are concerned, he has the whip hand.

But what does he think of himself, whom I unfairly represent as a man among animals when, in point of fact, he is so often an animal among men?

In talking to him you can see that at bottom his drama must have begun as the drama of the outcast. He could not have been born in humbler circumstances than Abraham Lincoln, but he saw light in a country of defeat and humiliation, and his father, the village blacksmith, was one of those hot rationalists whose words were as fire. Mussolini was born eating fire, and it became a habit. Even now, in the superb Palazzo, the man is not essentially changed. You say "socialism" to him, and his eye kindles. He says, "I believe my socialism was a benefit to me." It did not possess him, you perceive. He possessed it.

You detect he is self-centred. His real knowledge of himself must have come to him first of all in the mad difference between this highly conscious sense of his own capacity and his sense of the opposition around him. He was ravenously ambitious, as some men are hungry, but he was also the child of frustration, of humiliation, of exasperation. The legends of Christianity were not real to him in Forli. He was not even baptized until he became Premier. One can well believe that when he was a young man in Switzerland and gave his startling discourse on God, it was his favorite stunt to lay his watch on the table, and put it up to God to strike him dead in the next five minutes. Bernard Shaw frightened old ladies in his boarding house by some such challenge, just as Sinclair Lewis galvanized the Fundamentalists by it. With Mussolini the protest was not less passionate than crude. To serve himself in those days of struggle he did not hesitate to feed himself on any version of the universe which accorded with his pride, his impatience and his petulance. He was a revolutionary for psychological reasons, reasons springing out of the division of his life, the contrast between his needs and his opportunities. Thus he revolted at one and the same time in the name of Tolstoy who lashed the non-Christians and Nietzsche who lashed the Christians. Just as later he could invoke Mazzini and Francesco Crispi, so from the beginning he could fill his arsenal from the magazines of "justice" and "humanity," from the magazines of hatred, contumely and scorn.

It is not therefore simple insincerity which makes so self-centred a man say, "My spirit is deeply religious. Religion is a formidable force which must be respected and defended." This merely means that the day of his being a religious outcast is over. If he lives, he may yet be photographed in the centre of a group of the best liberals, saying, "I am a liberal. I shall not swerve in this principle, which is of divine origin."

It is, in a word, a tremendous ego. Yet as I talked to him in those forty minutes I felt it could be a tremendously valuable ego. Split and unreconciled, it is capable of finding its satisfaction at the cost of reality, but welded and reconciled to fact, it is the sort of ego out of which great careers alone are made.

So far he is in the balance. He looked to me like a healthy man. His daily fencing and horseback riding have not kept him from beginning to curve a little. The fourth button of his waistcoat slants outward. But his color is a clear olive, his eyes are bright, his face is elastic. Sometimes he uses his eyes as if an electric light had been turned on inside, but this ocular phenomenon, usual among small boys, did not impress me. It only occurred once. I could see no sign of the wound that Miss Gibson had given him. His hands, white and well cared-for, were not nervously employed. He gestured with his right hand, but as I was so busy keeping my eyes on his face not to lose his attention for a second, I am not certain how many gestures he perpetrated. The impression of balance and reserve force was helped by his patience. He did not hurry his visitor. He did not exhibit self-importance. He is not the man to tell anecdotes or slap his caller's knee, but he has none of the tricks of bilious magnates, uneasy intellectuals, purposeful or cautious Anglo-Saxons. As a social being I liked him. An idea is to him something credible and almost palpable, worthy of his real attention. He meets one's mind, and he is ready to be understood.

He is capable, I am told, of all sorts of gestures and stunts which, so far as he is concerned, spring out of the situation as he conceives it. He has talked about the "barricades," and practically written editorials with a bayonet dipped in blood, and he has frowned like his fellow-countryman Napoleon, whom he much resembles. But what one feels in a "private talk," as he called it in English, is the sparing use he makes of the "human, all too human." In this narrow sense he is not a demagogue. It is part of his drama in relation to himself that he cannot surrender himself into sympathy. He pulls himself aloof relentlessly. He is impersonal. He lifts the drawbridge to make sure it is working. His ego is eternally vigilant.

It is this sincere drama with himself that inspires many of his acts supposedly demagogic. Take that appearance on the bridge of his ship when he was passing to Libya through the straits of Messina. Two searchlights played on him as he stood there, his face bandaged from the wound he received a few hours earlier, his nose under the bandages a blob of excruciating pain. To do this exalted him. Danger stimulates him. He is far too imaginative, I believe, not to be horribly depressed at times at the thought of being assassinated, and this depression might even find release in vindictive or angry decisions. But the real man is on trial with himself. He is braced by opposition. The word *lâche* is the most contemptuous word in his vocabulary, as the word *disciplina* is perhaps his favorite. The fact that his associates want him to move to the *Palazzo Venezia* where his apartments can be in the same building as his office, is a sign of their solicitude rather than his own. So it seems to the outsider. He owes to the war, I believe, this grip on his personality which comes to a man from conquering his nerves and his imagination. But this conquest is over-exalted by him. The war is therefore a hallowed experience for him, and he has savored his courage with too exclusive satisfaction.

He has humor. When I asked him if Berini might not have to finish the building that Michelangelo had begun, he told me with a smile of the town to whom he had sent a message the day before saying he would deal with its case in 1932. The humor of this date, which was central for him, was utterly wasted on the Fascist editorial writers in the Roman papers. They are so busy interpretating Holy Writ that they haven't laughed for four years. But while Mussolini in private can thoroughly enjoy his own ingenuity, this wine, like most Italian wines, is not for exportation.

Hence the photographic apparatus that faces his desk. Hence the seriousness with which he tells you that the Fascio is now the emblem of the state. His face is an ikon. He permits it. It is displayed by order on certain buildings. When you buy his photograph—and in an hour I bought 48 different poses — the salesman says, *"Lo conserve bene."* He is "the Father of the country, the fountain of grace." The technique of the Vatican is not beneath him.

His sane basis for running Italy as a one-man show can be apologized for by his pride and passion as an Italian, which is fundamental. When I told him I had seen the Italian colony at Agen in France, his face lighted up, he settled back in his chair saying, "Ah, this is interesting!" In regard to Italy he is no more monstrous than any captain of industry, who has never heard of the absurd democratic method of "councils" and "representation." Mussolini grasps Italy as a whole. The vision at moments is specific and workmanlike. He controls it. Then, under the pressure of that tremendous ego of which he is the custodian, it is likely to break away from him, he is likely to mix up the quantitative with the qualitative, to smash the baby on the head so that it can be quiet enough for him to give it supper. I do not see this as cruelty and brutality in the first degree. I see it as one of the tragedies of his perhaps ungovernable nature.

In this struggle that he has undertaken to impose his will, Mussolini has no doubt given to his ego the rights, titles and privileges of creative integrity. To prove to himself that he has integrity, he vacillates between believing "all is permitted" and then, in an explosion when others say to him, "it is not permitted," having his *accés de violence.*

This is why he is malignant. This is why Amendola and Matteotti arise from their graves to accuse him. This is why, if he does not abandon his cold and aggressive formulae, he must push on toward the precipice. In short, he sorely needs conditions of political sanity which it is part of his egoism to deny himself. A man of this inordinate type needs to be surrounded by people who have some respect for the truth. His own shrewdness, which is great, is not enough. He is the sort of man who soars into theory much too easily, and who needs to be reminded by stable and prosaic advisers that statesmanship cannot become a psychological pantomime.

But where are those advisers to be found? The Pope has his cardinals. The President has his cabinet and his Washington correspondents. The more megalomaniac of Americans, such as the late J. P. Morgan, are limited in their czardom. But Mussolini, who has very little back to his head, who needs balance, is too impetuous and imperious a nature to tolerate the criticism that can alone be his safeguard and his rudder.

Every time in our conversation that I brought in the idea of critics and criticism, I saw that solemn look come into his face with which wives are so familiar. He does not like the bit. Being a rather more intelligent man than Roosevelt, he did not impinge on any small challenge to his pride, and I admired immensely his refusal to employ the frock coat as a defence against inquiry. But his mechanism for rejecting criticism has been rationalized to an alarming extent, just as his monopoly of every important cabinet office is a psychological symptom far more than it is an administrative necessity. The man needs critics, and he has not got them. He is beginning to live in the most unreal of all worlds—as unreal as the world in which a poisonous fungus like Rasputin could come to its luxurious perfection. By "unreal" I also mean impatient of humble human process. When you talk to Nansen about transplanting 50,000 Greeks, you realize that Nansen is strictly aware of the roots below the surface. For Mussolini, on the other hand, the transplantation of a million is credible. He thinks in round numbers, like prospectus writers. He has in him that trait which led Lloyd George during the peace treaty to put down his pudgy fingers somewhere on the map of Asia Minor and say, "I must have this!" as if it could be wrapped up and delivered next morning.

This capacity for theory is natural to an Italian who came into his political program in and through the World War. Yet at the mention of Lloyd George, I must confess, a smile hovers on Mussolini's lips, and he breathes *"socialisme denicotinisée" and* a word that sounds remarkably like "Mosley."

It is this kind of proportion and comedy that makes one forget his hot brain, and believe he might be used for Italy. But he understands too well the art of the Black Hundreds, the muzzling of the press, the spy system, the pogrom. Those who hail him as Caesar beckon him onward. There are few signs of positive action on the part of the Church, the Army or the Monarchy against this development. His machine is too powerful. His calculation and audacity are too brilliant. Sane as he sounds when one talks to him, the hero of *Le Rouge et Le Noir* glides out from under those brown eyes and reveals himself, not sly, not weak, not vicious, but eternally constructing in terms of Italy the tragi-comedy of an egoism.

Napoleon's egoism, plus the Napoleonic wars, reduced the stature of the French male by two inches. The Italians are already a very short people. I left Mussolini's presence wishing that he had around him some associates who could talk the truth to him, instead of cameras and portrait-makers, instead of persons who are either licking his boots or waiting for a chance to step into them.

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SAGE CIRCULATING LIBRARY ANNOUNCES NEW BOOKS

Mrs. Daisy C. Sage announces the following new titles in the Sage Circulating Library added in February:

Flying Death	*Balmer*
Doomsday	*Deeping*
Jill	*Delafield*
Why We Behave Like Human Beings	*Dorsey*
Winds of Complication	*Ertz*
Children of the Morning	*George*
Fruit of Desire	*Gerard*
Joyous Conspirator	*Gibbs, George*
Up-Grade	*Gibbs, George*
Deeper Scar	*Gluck*
Dance Magic	*Kelland*
Lord of Himself	*Marks*
Sylvia of the Minute	*Martin*
Mr. Gilhooley	*O'Flaherty*
Rebel Bird	*Patrick*
Brat	*Rath*
Out of the Mist	*Riddell*
Aurelius Smith, Detective	*Scott*
Law of the Talon	*Tracy*
Hula	*von Tempski*
Girl from Scotland Yard	*Wallace*
Penelope Finds Out	*Wynne*

Of these, "Doomsday," by Warwick Deeping, bids fair to rival "Sorrell and Son" in popularity, which up to this time has held first place in the number of requests.

The publishers announce a number of interesting titles for March, but the two outstanding novels will be "Elmer Gantry," by Sinclair Lewis, to appear March 10, and "The Old Countess," by Anne Douglas Sedgwick, author of "The Little French Girl," on March 31.

The aim of the Library is to have the new fiction in circulation on publishing day.

MISS RUTH VIOLA DAVIS
One of the members of the new Music Committee

ACTIVITIES OTHER THAN CLUB

March 3—Players' Guild, "Mary, Mary Quite Contrary"	*Auditorium*	8:15 P. M.
March 4—Republican Women's Club, Study Group	*Assembly Room*	10:00 A. M. to 5:00 P. M.
Players' Guild, "Mary, Mary Quite Contrary"	*Auditorium*	8:15 P. M.
March 5—Players' Guild, "Mary, Mary Quite Contrary"	*Auditorium*	8:15 P. M.
March 6—Unity Temple Services	*Auditorium*	11:00 A. M.
March 7—Lilienthal, Bremer & Co. Lecture on "Investments"	*Assembly Room*	11:00 A. M.
March 8—Puerta del Oro, D. A. R.	*Assembly Room*	2:00 P. M.
March 10—English Speaking Union Tea	*Assembly Room*	2:00 P. M.
March 11—Players' Guild, "Mary, Mary Quite Contrary"	*Auditorium*	8:15 P. M.
March 12—Players' Guild, "Mary, Mary Quite Contrary"	*Auditorium*	8:15 P. M.
March 13—Unity Temple Services	*Auditorium*	11:00 A. M.
March 14—Lilienthal, Bremer & Co. Lecture on "Investments"	*Assembly Room*	11:00 A. M.
March 18—Players' Guild, "Mary, Mary Quite Contrary"	*Auditorium*	8:15 P. M.
March 19—Players' Guild, "Mary, Mary Quite Contrary"	*Auditorium*	8:15 P. M.
March 20—Unity Temple Services	*Auditorium*	11:00 A. M.
March 21—Lilienthal, Bremer & Co. Lecture on "Investments"	*Assembly Room*	11:00 A. M.
March 24—Theatre Arts Club	*Auditorium*	8:15 P. M.
March 27—Unity Temple Services	*Auditorium*	11:00 A. M.
March 28—Lilienthal, Bremer & Co. Lecture on "Investments"	*Assembly Room*	11:00 A. M.
March 31—Players' Guild	*Auditorium*	8:15 P. M.

THOMAS WILFRED

At the console of his wonder instrument, *the Clavilux,* which he will describe and operate at the Women's City Club the evenings of March 16 and 17.

CALENDAR FOR MARCH, 1927

March 1	Paul Harvey Lecture Subject: "Building the Causes of Peace"	*Auditorium*	8:15 P. M.
	Bridge Evening	*Assembly Room*	7:30 P. M.
March 2	Dramatic Reading Group, Mrs. T. L. Stoddard, Leader	*Room* 733 *Room* 230	3:00 P. M. 7:00 P. M.
March 3	Thursday Evening Program, Mrs. A. P. Black, Chairman Speaker: Mr. George Douglas Subject: "Currents of Thought Through Some Recent Books"	*Assembly Room*	8:00 P. M.
March 7	Tea in honor of Mrs. Nina Arkina Mrs. Arkina is one of the foremost Norwegian journalists, and has been sent by the leading papers of Norway, Sweden and Denmark to study and report on conditions in the United States.	*Lounge*	4:00 P. M.
	Tea in honor of Miss Ruth Loring Miss Loring will speak on "The Rhythm in Art as Related to the New Clavilux" (Members and guests)	*Lounge*	3:15 P. M.
	Bridge Evening	*Assembly Room*	7:30 P. M.
	Paul Harvey Lecture Subject: "Europe's Growing Predicament"	*Auditorium*	8:15 P. M.
March 9	Dramatic Reading Group, Mrs. T. L. Stoddard, Leader	*Room* 733 *Room* 230	3:00 P. M. 7:00 P. M.
	Current Events, Mrs. Parker S. Maddux, Leader	*Assembly Room*	11:00 A. M.
March 10	Professor Benjamin H. Lehman Subject:	*Auditorium*	11:00 A. M.
	Thursday Evening Program, Mrs. A. P. Black, Chairman Illustrated Lecture by Mr. Roy A. Murray Subject: "A Trip to the Hawaiian Islands"	*Auditorium*	8:00 P. M.
March 15	Dinner in honor of Mr. Thomas Wilfred (Members and guests) $1.50 per plate		7:00 P. M.
	Bridge Evening	*Assembly Room*	7:30 P. M.
	Paul Harvey Lecture Subject: "Crisis in Mexico"	*Auditorium*	8:15 P. M.

March 16—Dramatic Reading Group, Mrs. Thomas L. Stoddard, Leader	*Room* 733 *Room* 230	3:00 P. M. 7:00 P. M.
Clavilux Recital by Mr. Thomas Wilfred	*Auditorium*	8:15 P. M.
Tickets $1.50 and $1.00, on sale at Sherman Clay & Co. and Women's City Club		
Current Events, Mrs. Parker S. Maddux, Leader	*Assembly Room*	11:00 A. M.
March 17—Clavilux Recital by Mr. Thomas Wilfred	*Auditorium*	8:15 P. M.
March 21—Meeting of Board of Directors	*Board Room*	12:30 P. M.
Current Events, Mrs. Parker S. Maddux, Leader	*Assembly Room*	8:00 P. M.
March 22—Paul Harvey Lecture	*Auditorium*	8:15 P. M.
Subject: "The Great Economic Transition"		
March 23—Dramatic Reading Group, Mrs. T. L. Stoddard, Leader	*Room* 733 *Room* 230	3:00 P. M. 7:00 P. M.
Current Events—Mrs. Parker S. Maddux, Leader	*Assembly Room*	11:00 A. M.
March 24—Thursday Evening Program, Mrs. A. P. Black, Chairman	*Assembly Room*	8:00 P. M.
Speaker: Miss Carlie I. Tomlinson Subject: "Investments for Women"		
March 25—Forum Lecture	*Auditorium*	8:15 P. M.
Speaker to be announced		
March 27—Sunday Evening Musical, Mrs. Leonard A. Woolams, Chairman	*Lounge*	
Program will be contributed by: Mrs. Joel Raas Allen, soprano; Mrs. Kenneth Macdonald, soprano; Miss Julye, harpist; Mrs. Leonard A. Woolams, accompanist.		
March 28—Annual Membership Meeting (preceded by Annual Dinner)	*Auditorium*	8:00 P. M.
(Dinner at 6:30 P. M.)		
March 29—Paul Harvey Lecture	*Auditorium*	8:15 P. M.
Subject: "Adjusting the Far East to a Progressive World"		
March 30—Current Events, Mrs. Parker S. Maddux, Leader	*Assembly Room*	11:00 A. M.
Dramatic Reading Groups		

VOCATIONAL BUREAU ANNUAL REPORT

By MRS. CHARLES MINER COOPER

THE aim of the Vocational Bureau is to supply accurate information to women regarding opportunities in San Francisco, and although not functioning as an equipment bureau it acts as a clearing house by directing callers to the proper sources of employment, and thus, indirectly, is responsible for many successful placements.

The report of the Vocational Bureau of the National League for Woman's Service for 1926 starts May 16, the date on which the Bureau opened its office in the new Club Building. The Bureau was closed during the vacation of the Director in September and for two weeks in December because of work on the fourth floor. My report, therefore, covers a period of eight months' work, the results of which will, I trust, prove both interesting and encouraging.

I find from my contact with many interested in the work that we are carrying on that our Bureau occupies a unique place in the community, and I look forward to widening its activities and usefulness.

Eleven hundred and seventy-five persons have visited the Bureau.

Apart from our membership and private individuals the following organizations have made use of our service:

University of California
Stanford University
Mills College
Lux Training School
Miss Burke's School
Miss Harper's School, Palo Alto
Castilleja School
Vocational Service Bureau, Los Angeles
Pasadena Placement Bureau
Educational Union, Boston
Office of Lillian J. Matrin
Standard Oil Personal Department
Women's Employment Bureau, Oakland
Local and International Y. W. C. A.
Chamber of Commerce
Women's Department, Bank of Italy
Californians, Incorporated
English Speaking Union
British Consulate General
A. R. C.
Associated Charities
Social Service Department, Stanford University Hospital
Conference of Social Work
Hourly Service Bureau
Travelers' Aid
Girls' Friendly Lodge
Emanu-El Sisterhood
San Francisco Protestant Orphanage
San Francisco Ladies Protective Society

PAID AGENCIES

Community Placement Bureau
Andre Employment Agency
California Hotel Employment Agency
Royal Typewriter Company
Underwood Typewriter Company
The State Employment Bureau
Apartment House Association

Every type and age has been represented. Certain months brought the young college girl looking for suggestions as to what she could do. Others brought the trained woman, restless and wishing to change her work. The trained and untrained strangers in San Francisco sent to us for contacts (the bureaus in Los Angeles and Pasadena write, "It is such a comfort and help to us to have a place like this in San Francisco"). Then, too, have come in increasing numbers the women who "want something to do—oh, anything, it does not matter what." Here is a serious problem that will confront the community for some years. Gradually through education and the modern presentation of facts to women this situation will be less frequently met with. I mention last of all the caller who is the most welcome of all, the League member who has brought her problem to the Bureau.

Correspondence has been received and answered from all parts of the country. Our policy has been to represent conditions as they are and as tactfully as possible to discourage women from coming to San Francisco to enter fields already overcrowded. We have also on file many letters of thanks and appreciation.

Surveys have been made of the following: "Opportunities for College Women in Department Stores," "Hospital Social Service," "Personnel Work," Stenography, Banking, Cooking Schools.

The committee has met regularly and to their hearty cooperation is due the success of a new feature of our work, the Institute for Business and Professional Women.

* * *

French class for students who have just finished the first fifteen lessons, was started on Monday evening, March 7, at 6 p. m. Members eligible for this class may register upon payment of the $6.00 fee. Mme. R. Olivier is the instructor.

Fundamental Facts
for Women Investors
(SERIES REPRINTED FROM S. F. CHRONICLE)
by
HAZEL L. ZIMMERMAN
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OF PEARSONS-TAFT COMPANY
315 Standard Oil Building
SAN FRANCISCO

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WOMEN'S CITY CLUB MAGAZINE

*Published
Monthly by the
Women's
City Club of
San Francisco*

SAN FRANCISCO, CALIFORNIA

Volume I, Number 3

APRIL, 1927

The Approach *of* Spring

is always associated with Gardening

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The objects of this club are: to stimulate the knowledge and love of gardening among amateurs; to share the advantages of association, through conference and correspondence in this country and abroad; and to encourage civic planting.

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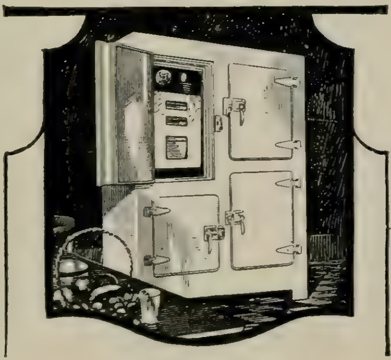

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Thurs. Eve'g, Sorosis Hall, 8 P. M.

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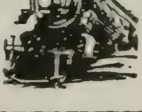

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THE
WOMEN'S CITY CLUB
MAGAZINE
OF
SAN FRANCISCO

VOLUME I APRIL, 1927 NUMBER 3

MEMBERS EXPRESS APPRECIATION OF RECIPROCAL CLUB HOSPITALITY

MEMBERS of the Women's City Club of San Francisco who have been abroad or in other American cities where there are City Clubs return with most enthusiastic reports of the cordial hospitality with which they have been received in clubs with which the Women's City Club of San Francisco has reciprocal relations.

They have invariably found an atmosphere much like that of their own club and have been made to know that their hostess clubs considered it a privilege as well as a pleasure to have them as guests.

Mrs. William Palmer Lucas was graciously entertained at the Boston City Club and in New York on her recent visit East.

Mrs. Cleaveland Forbes, president of the Women's City Club of San Francisco, has this to say of her visit to the Women's City Club of Paris:

"One of the happiest memories of my recent trip to Europe is that of my two visits to the American Women's Club of Paris. The Club is housed in a beautiful building, most artistically and completely furnished.

"In every way the atmosphere of cordiality and friendliness is felt. The Club is a Service Club, maintaining an information bureau free to all in Paris, where information on any subject is freely given.

In addition, reciprocal relations with the City Club of San Francisco enable members of the City Club to enjoy all the privileges of a modern, completely equipped club. The bedrooms, with their private baths and balconies where, on pleasant days, visitors have their breakfasts served, the dining room with its delicious food served in a room of such taste that just to be in it is a pleasure, the garden where tea is served all tend to make the visitor's stay a delight. It would be hard, however, to mention all the privileges of reciprocatory membership in the Club. Foremost of them all in memory is the courtesy and cordiality shown the visitor by staff, officers and members alike."

Mrs. Edward J. Turkington, another member of the Women's City Club of San Francisco who has been abroad recently, has this to say of the manner in which the American Women's Club in Paris saved her from a bad case of nostalgia when Thanksgiving Day found her away from roast turkey and home:

THE BRIDGE OF RECIPROCITY

By Mrs. Edward J. Turkington

"OUT where the Blue begins" had been a challenging call to me for some time, so in September, 1925, I started on the quest and arrived in Paris at the close of the most delightful of all months abroad. So completely occupied were the weeks that followed with the joy of visiting historic places and looking upon famous masterpieces that 'home' had all but vanished, and the blue indeed began to appear upon the horizon when that day, so uniquely American, loomed out of the brightness and cast its shadow of homesickness across my thoughts. Thanksgiving Day! Not all the intriguing beauty of the Luxembourg, the grandeur of Notre Dame, nor the glories of the Louvre could obliterate the joyous family scenes on that day at home.

"We had been visiting noted French restaurants, and revelling in French cooking, but loyalty to American tradition must be upheld, on this special occasion. The 'dirrdou' of the French menu could not take the place of the American turkey in a Thanksgiving feast, and in seeking to surround myself with all the atmosphere of this day's celebration at home, my card of reciprocity from the National League of Woman's Service to the American Women's Club of Paris came to my aid. With the hope that this would prove a power in dispelling the grey mists that emphasized the absence of home ties, I called at the American Women's Club of Paris and presented my card. I was most cordially received by the Secretary and presented to Mrs. Ambler, a Director on the Board, whose courtesy in extending the privilege of the Club to me for a period of two weeks, made me feel I had acquired a temporary American home for that time, and requesting the pleasure of dining at the Club on Thanksgiving Day, I was urgently invited to do so and to bring those friends sojourning in Paris with me.

"Thanksgiving Day dawned brightly, a rare occurrence in November in Paris. After attending a special service for Americans in the Church of the Madeleine where we witnessed the 'Stars and Stripes' borne down the aisle of that beautiful edifice, by men of our Army and Navy, we walked down the Champ Elysees and out the Avenue Kleber to the home of the Club at 61 rue Boissiere in the heart of the fashionable Etoile district. The building, an imposing stone structure, was the former home of a French countess which has been slightly modified to meet the Club's needs but retains all its aristocratic features. We entered a lovely court through a grilled iron gate leading to the main entrance, and mounting a winding marble stairway we reached the spacious second floor. Here in the Grand Salon, for the first time, tables were arranged for 150 guests, and at one o'clock, a real Thanksgiving dinner of true American variety was served with all the trimmings, including cranberry sauce. Before taking the four places reserved for us at table two, Mrs. Ambler, presented to us Mrs. J. Counat, Jr., the Club's President, and other resident Americans. Our pleasure was further enhanced by listening to an interesting talk by Dr. Ford of Harvard University.

"Thanksgiving Day in Paris has passed into my happiest memories and the 'Open Sesame' to this was the magic card that carried me across the bridge of reciprocal relations that spans the distance between the National League for Woman's Service of San Francisco and the American Women's Club of Paris. Over this bridge members of the National League for Woman's Service, forming the Women's City Club, may travel to the certainty of a happy welcome and delightful friendships.

RECIPROCAL RELATIONS

By Marion W. Leale

TWO years ago when the plans of our building had been accepted and the architect's office was busy making the working drawings, I joined the family who were abroad and part of my two months were spent in Scotland, where we toured as far northwest as Portree in the Isle of Skye. One day in Edinburgh I inquired for news of the Women's Club in that conservative Scotch City, and was directed to the Caledonian Club on Charlotte Square. Leaving Princes Street my victoria driver took me into a quiet little square on one side of which, in a row of houses conspicuous by shining brass door nobs and name plates, was the Lady's Club I had come to find.

The secretary was out but the housekeeper gave me a warm welcome and led me upstairs to the cozy library furnished in summer chintz coverings and with magazines and books so invitingly placed that I longed to stop sightseeing immediately and browse. I was reminded, however, by my practical conductor, that the bedrooms were above and up the immaculate stairway into the immaculate bedrooms I went, where the Scotch wardrobes — real antiques — and the wash basins and pitchers of water with their demand for service made me realize once again the quaintness of this Clubhouse and the individuality it possessed.

After half an hour I left my letter of introduction from our President, Mrs. Chapman, with the request that the Board of Directors act favorably upon our request for Reciprocal Relations. I stepped out into the quiet little green square and in half a minute's walk was on Princes Street, the heart of Edinburgh's fashionable shopping district. These little squares of peace and quiet tucked away but a stone's throw from the throbbing life of a nation's capital are typical of many cities of the British Isles and are one of the joys of wandering afoot in London or Edinburgh.

To those members who travel to enjoy differences and who will not continually say to themselves "Our clubhouse is larger and more convenient," but rather "How Scotch and how fascinating!" I would say be sure to remember your reciprocal card for the Caledonian Club in Edinburgh, for it is one of the happy memories of my vacation.

AUTHOR AND EDUCATOR IS FORUM SPEAKER FOR MARCH AT CLUB

CORNELIA Stratton Parker is billed by her advance agents as "Well-Known Author, Educator and Psychologist." She is, without challenge, all of those things. But when she spoke at the Women's City Club on the evening of March 19, she was, in addition, a California girl come home "like those Nycean barks of yore."

Her visit to California was an ovation in every place about the Bay where she spoke, for her friends are legion. Her topic ot the Women's City Club was "Five Years of Europe with Three Young Americans." But she interpolated many of her factory experiences of the years before she went abroad with her two sons and a daughter. She told of the six factory jobs which she held in the course of her observations of the New York factory girls' environment. She went into these places incognito, taking an assumed name, dressing and acting the part and speaking the argot as nearly as she could. "I didn't care so much about the conditions under which they worked," she said, "or whether they had paper napkins or any napkins at all with their lunches. What I wanted to know was their opinions and thoughts and reactions to life, not to their mode of living. I wanted to know how they amused themselves, about their beaus and their hopes and ambitions, if any."

From these experiences in a chocolate candy factory, a laundry, the pantry of a big hotel, a brass foundry and the other places where she found employment, she arrived at her conclusions as to the status of the factory girl. She offered no remedy and suggested no corrections for conditions as she met them.

Alma Whitaker, in the Los Angeles Times, says of Mrs. Parker:

"Interesting to hear the conflicting opinions about the lecture of Cornelia Stratton Parker at the Friday Morning Club. Quite a hot argument at our table at the club luncheon afterward.

"One faction considered her the most interesting thing that had come to town in weeks and loved her intimate, personal talk. Another faction said she talked too much about herself and her own affairs and, outside of that, never told the club women a thing they did not already know.

"I did not hear her talk myself, but any woman who can get paid for talking about herself and prove interesting enough to arouse a heated controversy, must have any amount of attractive personality."

The lecture was given in the cafeteria room, which proved to be an acceptable substitute for the auditorium, where the last performance of "Mary, Mary, Quite Contrary" was being given that night. The big room was comfortably filled and the audience was obviously entertained and amused at the naivete and charm of the young woman who so gallantly locked horns with life when she was widowed with three small children.

A relative who signs herself "E. L. T." has written the accompanying charming biography of Mrs. Parker, who is the daughter of the late Frederick Stratton of Oakland, one-time Collector of the Port at San Francisco.

CORNELIA STRATTON PARKER

By E. L. T.

MUST a biographical sketch begin with when, where, and of whom a person was born? Yet why not, if you happen to believe in the influence of heredity and of environment?

Cornelia Stratton Parker was born on September 1, 1885 in Oakland, California, and at the time of her birth and for some years after, had three great-grandparents, four grandparents, her father and mother, besides eleven uncles and aunts—all of British ancestry. "Relatives enough!" you may say. But she grew up an only child, with even no little cousins to run in and out of the home; nor did the exigencies of the household often allow of young playmates as visitors. Yet there was more, perhaps, than the usual amount of affection and devotion from the able, studious, highstrung, nervous father; from the deeply-loving, wise, and careful, but frail and delicate mother.

There were long walks and rides about Oakland and Berkeley, and up the Berkeley hills; boat-rides on Lake Merritt and on the Bay; swimming in the surf on Alameda beach. There were trips about the State, and, later, into the wilds of southern Oregon—fishing, mountain-climbing, camping-out — all with her father, and her mother, too, when the outings were not too strenuous.

The mother herself had begun her tiny daughter's education at home, not only in the three "Rs," but in the love and appreciation of books, of music, of pictures—of the great round world and is creative arts; and this home education was followed and supplemented by a few years at private schools. And then, the little eleven-year old girl lost her mother, that dear and beautiful spirit, and all her life was changed forevermore.

A year or two she spent with an aunt and a new uncle, first in southern California, then in Honolulu and on the beach at Waikiki; and her love for the out-door world grew only the deeper and stronger amid new scenes and experiences.

The years following, now in Oakland again, brought her a second mother, a little sister and brother, friends and studies and much activity at the high school and at the University of California; more than all else they brought to her at nineteen—her fellow-student, Carleton Parker. Their courtship and marriage, their life together in Seattle, Oakland, Cambridge, in Germany for three years, in Berkeley and again in Seattle; their three devotedly-loved children; their friends; their studies —how can I give the faintest outline of those all-too-brief but wonderful years? She has herself told it all in her own intense, vivid way, in the pages of "An American Idyll."

At the end of those brief ten years, she was alone with three young children, with no adequate income, no profession, but with physical strength, pride of heart, determination, personal charm, and, as it happens, a latent ability unknown to herself, to her friends, to the world.

Mrs. Parker then returned to Berkeley, and assisted at the University of California for a year, giving constant thought and care to her children, feeling her way, planning her future; and night after night, when her University students' papers were corrected, her studies for the morrow finished, she poured forth her heart and soul in writing what her publisher later called "An American Idyll."

And again the course of her life must change. She must go to live in New York City in order to be near the publishers and the world of action, to become a part of the push and urge of the intellectual world and of the work-a-day world about her in the life of that great, busy city. And then came the decision that she must seek new fields of study and experience for herself, in Europe, and the "New Schools" there for her children. Five years she would spend in that older country, studying, traveling, observing, writing, making her way, and the children's, to the beautiful and renowned in nature and art, learning from those who could speak with authority in all Europe's great centers. For those five years she and her children did indeed live "the abundant life."

And when the appointed time had come, back they journeyed to their native land, true-blue Americans, the more so, indeed, for having each of them acquired a world outlook—an international mind. And they now live in quite ecstatic happiness in Cambridge, Massachusetts, with many occasional trips to New York City, as well as elsewhere over this broad continent—Mrs. Parker an author, psychologist, and lecturer, Carleton a Freshman at Harvard, James in the high school preparing for Dartmouth, ten-year-old Alice Lee an enthusiastic sixth-grade pupil in the elementary public school.

Heredity? Environment? Surely, if you have read her books, if you know anything of her life and character, you find in her that pioneer spirit which is really the democratic, the liberal spirit; you find that dependence on herself, that ability to adjust herself to any situation, that sturdy physique, that warm friendliness, and that eager search for the new and untried, that characterized, in a lesser degree, perhaps, each of her four California-pioneer grandparents. Multiply each one of those ancestral characteristics by four to arrive at Cornelia Parker!

And the influence of the out-door world upon her young eyes and ears and mind; and the mother's loving emphasis, by both precept and example, upon the "good, the true, and the beautiful" — can't you see in her through all the years the effect of that early environment? No wonder she climbed the Matterhorn. No wonder she bowed her head in adoration within the walls of Chartres Cathedral.

And add to heredity and environment, her own distinct personality!

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SAN FRANCISCO LAUNDRY

LUNCHEON

Washington Matron Complimented

Miss Carlie I. Tomlinson was hostess at a luncheon March 18 at the City Club in compliment to Mrs. Minnigerode Andrews of Washington, D. C., who has been visiting in California for several weeks.

Mrs. Andrews has been an enthusiastic worker in the national capital in behalf of the preservation of Monticello, Thomas Jefferson's home as a national monument to the great exponent of democracy who also was a signer of the Declaration of Independence.

The guests were Mesdames Cleaveland Forbes, S. G. Chapman, James Ellis Tucker, A. Stuart Baldwin, Charles Miner Cooper, Franklin P. Nutting, Goldsborough Adams, Phoebe Rockwell, Marie Hicks Healy, Claire Wolcott, Willie Tomlinson Wise, Charles W. Cobb, H. H. Beers, Misses Edith Treanor, Irene M. Ferguson and Jeannette Doub.

* * *

Group of Volunteers Take Dues and Issue Cards

There is at this time a piece of work nearing completion in the Women's City Club that is of such proportions that it deserves comment.

The receiving of annual dues and the issuance of receipt therefor and endorsing of membership cards was no mean job. But like many other pieces of volunteer service within the Club it has been encompassed without ado. A desk in the Hammon Gallery has accommodated the members who sat in shifts to take dues payable and issue cards.

Mrs. P. Baumann worked since early in January on this particular piece of service and on the addressing of covers in which the City Club Magazine goes through the mails to members.

Others who have similarly given much time are:

Mrs. Archibald McAllister
Mrs. D. E. Bowman
Mrs. Jesse J. Anderson
Miss Hazel G. McKinnon
Mrs. G. H. Batchelor
Miss M. R. Hurford
Mrs. Alice J. Stauf

All that remains to be done at this date is the taking of delinquent dues. The statements of dues payable were made out by Mrs. Price of Palo Alto, who each year does this one thing as her contribution to "volunteer service."

Mrs. Price comes to San Francisco, takes a room at the Women's City Club and devotes herself exclusively to the writing of statements until the task is done, with every member docketed and ticketed.

One of the Club's punsters paid tribute to Mrs. Price in this wise: "What Price Glory."

* * *

Miss Isabel Letham, expert swimmer and assistant in the swimming pool of the Women's City Club, returned March 24 from a trip to Australia. Miss Letham participated in a number of swimming events in the Antipodes. She made several notable aquaplaning trips in tropical waters and was the center of much attention from swimming "fans" of Australia. She comes home with augmented enthusiasm for her work and will shortly begin arranging a number of events with the City Club Pool as the setting. She suggests that a swimming party is an ideal manner in which to entertain a group of children on vacation days.

MRS. KENNETH R. KINGSBURY

Member of the Hospitality Committee, Women's City Club. Mrs. Kingsbury is planning to spend the summer in Europe.

CALIFORNIA OFFERS WIDE VARIETY OF FARE FOR VACATIONS

Relaxation and Travel for the City Folk and Sophistication for the Suburbanite

NOW is the time when guide books and travel maps and railroad schedules occupy conspicuous place on the family reading table.

Mountain and seashore and inland lakes call and the outdoor sirens sing more sweetly than at any other time of the year. The first acacia and daphne buds were almost irresistible, but their spell was not so overwhelming as that of the wistaria and lilac which followed a few weeks later.

Vacation in California!

Is there any kind of an outing that one may not enjoy? Smooth roads unfold into enchantment of more varieties than in any other place in the world.

Does the East call?

There is Lake Tahoe over there midway between the new goldfields and San Francisco. And the Tioga Road along the summit of the Sierras with its chalets and inns.

Is the south luring you with its fragrance of orange blossoms and Cherokee roses?

Great purring steamships leave port every day to nose into San Pedro the next morning and trains pull out from two stations hourly to that delectable region known as "South of Tehachapi."

Would you wander in meadows of asphodel? There are the lupin and the poppies of the valleys.

Would you fish and whip the streams that gurgle into the Bay? There are the northern countries and their lakes strung on a thread of silver rivulets.

Do the verandas of hotels in out-of-the-way spots intrigue your fancy?

There is the Feather River country and Shasta and Diablo. Would you while away a month "lookin' lazy at the sea?"

A thousand miles of shoreline offers alternate stretches of beach and cliff, with accommodations for motorists all the way. State Highway roads unwind like smooth black ribbon underwheel.

From Klamath and its cratered pools to Coronado there is anything that Europe could offer.

The Riviera? Consider Santa Cruz.

German or Austrian spa? Palm Springs or Agua Caliente are two of the places that instantly come to mind.

Italy and Spain are reproduced in myriads of villas and haciendas up and down the state.

Paris? The answer is San Francisco.

Cafes, theaters, art galleries, museums, churches and cathedrals, boulevards, hotels of sumptuous appointment and shops where fashion is born. Clubs and assemblies, universities and colleges where one may enjoy lectures by world renowned authorities. Concerts and symphonies. All that is urban and cosmopolitan.

* * *

Post cards showing pictures of the Women's City Club, exterior and interior views, are on sale in the League Shop in the corridor on the first floor.

MISS HELEN HOLMAN

Who contributes to this issue of the WOMEN'S CITY CLUB MAGAZINE a fascinating account of her recent trip to South America with her father, Alfred Holman

SOUTH AMERICA AS SEEN BY AN AMERICAN GIRL

Miss Helen Holman Writes of Interesting and Illuminating Trip Which She was Privileged to Make with Her Father on Tour for Carnegie Endowment for International Peace

By HELEN HOLMAN

A YEAR ago last January I sailed from New York for Rio de Janeiro. We were a party of five — my father, two friends, a young man who was to act as secretary and interpreter, and myself. My father was representing the Carnegie Endowment for International Peace and was making the trip to observe and study certain conditions in the principal countries of South America. Like a great many Americans, my knowledge of South America was extremely vague, and I must confess that I had to study a map to get a clear idea of even the location of the various countries. I don't think that this is altogether strange, as until recently South America has been very remote from us. A few years ago the quickest way of going from New York to Rio was to go first to Europe and then sail from there! Now, I know of four passenger lines running direct to South America, and there may be more.

The voyage down to Rio took thirteen days on a fine American boat and passed as voyages usually do. There were deck sports, dancing, and bridge; the usual concert and masquerade; and, most interesting to us, the ceremony of crossing the equator. King Neptune, with flowing hempen beard, and his consort came on board with their exotic looking "court"— the royal doctor, the royal barber, the judge and many others. We soon recognized in these our fellow passengers who had previously crossed the "line" and who were therefore entitled to take part in our initiation. We were all duly hailed before the court and sentenced—I had to drink a small quantity of a mixture in which vinegar figured prominently. The men had a harder fate; they were generously showered with icy water and barbered with eggs and finally forced to plunge into the ship's swimming tank. In the end we were all presented with elaborately engraved diplomas certifying that we were henceforth citizens of Neptune's realm.

On the morning of the fourteenth day we were called at four-thirty and hastened to get up, as we didn't wish to miss the entry into the harbor, famous as one of the most beautiful in the world. We were not disappointed. One enters the bay through a fairly narrow entrance not unlike our own Golden Gate—in fact the situation is not unlike our own if one can picture the surrounding hills as much nearer the water, much higher and extremely precipitous—queer odd shapes of dark grey stone, about the base of which cling shrubs and trees of a vivid tropical green. The city lies at the base of these mountains in the rather narrow space between them and the bay.

Rio is undoubtedly the most beautiful spot in all South America, and it is even more lovely from the shore than from the water. The bay makes a series of curves which are paralleled by broad parked boulevards—one of the city's chief beauties. It is particularly lovely at night when a thousand lights outline these charming contours. From my room in the hotel one caught the whole sweep of the shore, and often when I came in at night, tired and sleepy, I would be so fascinated by the view and the soft air that I couldn't tear myself away from the window. Fine views are also obtained from the surrounding heights. One can climb the famous Corcovado by funicular, or the even more spectacular two thousand feet high Sugar Loaf by a small cage suspended on a cable. In the latter case I found the ascent and the descent almost as thrilling as the view.

It is greatly to be regretted that the Brazilians have for the most part abandoned the simple and dignified architectural style of the early Portuguese settlers, for the present over-elaborate and "ginger-bready" style. Many of the modern buildings seem to combine almost every known type of architecture. However, it is not all bad and some of the houses have very interesting blue tiling, and often rather charming pictures painted on the walls of the porches and porticos. The sidewalks of the principal avenues are paved with black and white marble mosaics, rather pretty but not particularly easy to walk upon.

While there are to be found in Rio all the things that one finds in a large city, it has the picturesqueness and charm of the tropics. We were fortunate in arriving there just in time for the annual Mardi Gras four-day Carnival. Everyone is in costume and drives around the city all day and all night, throwing serpentinas and confetti, or squirting "bombas"—small flasks of perfume and ether with a siphon top. This last requires quite a technique for good marksmanship, but we rapidly developed it. At night the gaiety reached its height, with illuminated parades—some very lovely ones suggestive of the Orient—dancing in the cafes and restaurants, and with elaborate balls in the principal hotels. The revelry lasted until almost daylight, but would begin again by eleven o'clock.

Social life centers largely around the hotels. There are two fine new ones — the "Gloria" at which we stayed, and the "Copacabana" which is further out of town facing the ocean. At these hotels—as indeed at all restaurants and hotels in South America — the cooking was French and extremely good. At the Copacabana there is a fine casino and the roulette tables are generally crowded. The lowest price chips are a millerei —fifteen cents—so with two or three dollars one can have a good deal of fun.

In the warm months, and February is midsummer in Brazil, the President, the diplomatic corps, and most of fashionable Rio moves to Petropolis—a quaint little town in the mountains about fifty miles away. A small river runs down the middle of the principal street, while the tropical forest comes crowding down upon the houses. We were very fortunate in spending some time in this delightful place as the guests of a young American naval officer and his wife. I don't think it is generally known in this country that we have a large Naval Mission in Brazil and another smaller one in Peru. Our officers are down there to assist these countries in the reorganization of their navies. It is a service of friendship and one that may do much to promote understanding between them and ourselves.

We had a delightful time in Petropolis. We explored the surrounding country in a Ford; we rode horseback and picnicked on the banks of a mountain stream; we danced at the Tennis Club; we went to dinner and lunch parties where we met many interesting Brazilians as well as members of the foreign colony; we lunched at the Summer Embassy with our Ambassador, Mr. Morgan, who is greatly beloved in Rio, and who was most kind to us during our stay.

This part of Brazil is charming, and there is only one condition there that we felt to be unfortunate. This is the enormous number of negroes, who, furthermore, intermarry freely with the Portuguese. We were repeatedly told that there were only a handful of old families entirely free from colored blood. That this situation is a considerable problem was proved some two years before our visit when the Southern States of Brazil, peopled largely by whites (prosperous, energetic, who pay eighty per cent of the taxes of the entire country) tried to break away from the tropical, easy-going North and establish an independent country. The revolution was broken quickly, but even during our visit both Rio and Sao Paulo, the chief city of the South, were under martial law.

We left with regret to go to Sao Paulo, twelve hours distant by train. This city owes its great prosperity to the coffee trade, but it is very modern and is lacking in interest to the traveler. We visited the famous snake farm where all kinds of poisonous snakes are bred for the purpose of extracting the poison which is made into serums to counteract the effect of snakebites, which each year kills thousands of persons in Brazil. Then we took to the American movies!

From Sao Paulo we motored down a very beautiful grade to Santos—the famous "coffee port" of Brazil. Brazilian coffee, incidentally, is a good deal of a delusion and a snare. The bean is roasted until it has become almost like charcoal, and the drink is very strong and extremely bitter, but it is greatly liked by the Brazilians who sip it at all hours of the day in the many small cafes. At Santos we were once more in the tropics. The town is very old and is quaint and attractive. I remember standing on the little balcony outside my window in the velvety night air, looking up at the Southern Cross which was particularly brilliant, hearing in the distance some weird native music, and reflecting that it was no wonder that so many people fall under the spell of the tropics.

We sailed from Santos to Montevideo—a journey of two days—on a fine French liner. Montevideo is the capital of Uruguay, the smallest and one of the most prosperous of South American countries. It is very homogeneous, the people being almost all of pure Spanish stock. The city is fairly large and Europeanized. The two or three principal hotels are owned by the municipality and run in connection with casinos from which the city derives large revenues. In the summer months many Argentines come over to enjoy the cool weather and to try their luck at the roulette tables.

It was in Montevideo that I one day had my hair shampooed in the barber shop of the hotel. My father's secretary, who had become our fast

MISS HELEN HOLMAN

On top of the world in South America. In the background are the Andes.
She is shown on a plateau 14,000 feet in altitude

friend, escorted me in, explained what I wanted, and then left me to my fate. When the time came to dry my hair, the hairdresser got a cardboard fan and began to wave it languidly at me. I tried to make her understand that I was in a hurry, but the more I gesticulated the more mystified she looked. In exasperation, for the time was getting short before a dinner engagement, I pointed upstairs and then down and said, "Senor. El Senor." She understood that and went away and soon came back with the "Senor." He took one look at my dripping locks, my annoyed expression and the interested barber and his assistants, and burst into hearty and continued laughter, in which, of course, I joined. Eventually it was explained that the electric dryer had been taken to the other hotel for the summer season, but the thing that perplexed the Uruguayians was how the American Senorita could be so obviously annoyed and yet laugh so heartily!

After several days in Montevideo we took the night boat for Buenos Aires, only about a hundred miles distant across the broad mouth of the Rio Plata. I had often been told that Buenos Aires was a fine modern city, but in the back of my mind I still expected to find a rather slow moving Spanish town; plastered houses with patios; and handsome men in costume tangoing with equally handsome dark-eyed senoritas. The short ride from the boat to the hotel dispelled that idea forever. Buenos Aires is modern, but more than that one senses instantly that it is a great city, not only in size, but in energy, wealth, and ambition. The Argentines are confident of themselves of the future of their country. They know they still need many things—good roads, more railways, a better system of taxation, and above all more people to develop their vast land—but they know that these things will come.

The city itself has been modelled upon Paris and very beautiful it is. The beauty is entirely man made, for it is built on a flat plain by the muddy Rio Plata. Fine tree-shaded avenues have been laid out (like Paris, these avenues often cut through old crowded quarters) broad parks have been added, and many fine statues and monuments have been erected. The architecture is entirely French and nowhere in the world are there more beautiful private houses. The Capitol building is reminiscent of our own at Washington and before it is a park of several blocks. Some years ago this park was covered with buildings and houses of the poorer sort—an ugly and unseemly setting for the Capitol. The Argentines were about to have an Exposition and determined to improve the appearance of their great city. Within six weeks five or six square blocks had been absolutely cleared of buildings and had been turned over to the landscape gardeners. Within two months the grass was growing, trees and shrubs had been planted and not a trace of the old surroundings was left.

I think it is this spirit of energy and accomplishment which makes the North American feel more at home in the Argentine than in any other country in South America. And like the people of the United States the citizens of Argentina are a mixture of many races, though the predominating influence is of course Spanish. One day at a large luncheon given to my father the guests about the table —all citizens of the Argentine except ourselves — told their racial inheritance. Out of the ten men only one was of pure Spanish descent. Many of the others had a little Spanish blood but much more American, Danish, English, German, etc. And of the ten, several disclaimed any touch of Spanish inheritance. One day at tea I met a young bride who spoke very little English. To my surprise she told me that before her marriage her name had been "Livingstone!" There are a great many English in Buenos Aires—a large proportion of whom are citizens and have been for two or three generations.

We stopped at the Plaza Hotel, which is one of the centers of social life in the city. We did not, however, see Buenos Aires in the gayest season. In the fall many of the rich and fashionable people are at seashore or on their "estancias." Nevertheless, there was a great deal to do. The shops are very fine though prices are high. Practically everything comes from Europe—in fact all through South America there is very little to buy that is characteristic of the country. Many of the big Paris establishments have branches in Buenos Aires and there are many small specialty shops for hats and frocks which were very tempting. There are several large department stores, the handsomest of which is Harrods, a branch of the famous English store. One floor is given over to a restaurant, and at lunch or tea time this is one of the fashionable places to go. The women dress beautifully and are exceedingly smart and pretty.

The other two interesting places to lunch are the grill of the Plaza Hotel and the Jockey Club. The Jockey Club is one of the most famous men's clubs in the world. It is enormously rich as it owns the race course and derives large revenues from it. Its principal club house is on the "Florida," the fashionable shopping street in the heart of the city. It is a magnificent building filled with art treasures of all kinds. Much to my surprise I found that women are allowed to dine and lunch in the main dining room. They are not however, permitted to remain in the other rooms though a stranger like myself is allowed to walk through and look at the pictures, carvings, and other things of interest. The men of our party had cards to this club and we used to dine there often, as one gets here the most delicious food in all South America. One evening we went in the dining room and I was rather appalled to find myself the only woman amongst nearly two hundred men. I felt rather like a lone man must feel in a large group of women. In a few moments a man came in with his wife and a small boy of nine or ten, and with this touch of domesticity I felt quite at ease!

In addition to this club house the Jockey Club has another fine building at the race course, and we lunched there one Sunday before the races. Horse racing is the great national sport and corresponds in popularity with our baseball games. There are races every Sunday throughout the year and thousands of people attend regularly. Besides the Jockey Club enclosure there are two others. The "Tribuna Populare" which holds thousands of people, and another smaller and more exclusive grandstand. The Jockey Club is of course open to its members only and one may sit on a terrace and sip tea or coffee or beer or whiskey and soda and watch all that goes on. Enormous sums of money change hands each week. I, naturaly, had to try my luck and greatly to my surprise I came away $16.00 richer than when I went in.

A thing that one hears much of in this country is the gay night life of Buenos Aires, but those whom we met there told us that this has been much exaggerated, particularly as it relates to the upper classes. Social life is largely confined to private parties, entertainments at one or two of the big hotels or the Jockey Club, and of course, the Opera, the theatres, and the races. There is but one cabaret in the city of an elaborate, luxurious kind and into this the Argentine lady is not allowed to set foot. Even the American and Englishwomen who live in Buenos Aires only dare go there once or twice a year if they do not wish to be talked about — even though their escorts be their own husbands. American women resent this very much, as during the summer it was about the only place to dance in town. The music was excellent and the floor of glass, divided into squares and illuminated from beneath. About half the dances were tangos and the rest fox-trots. The tango as the Argentine dances it is very slow and deliberate, and they don't use a great variety of steps. It is interesting to watch them—for the tango is a serious affair, and they rarely speak or smile as they dance. There is in all tango music the same plaintive strain —a note of melancholy which, I was told, is characteristic of the country. They are not as gay and lively a race as latins usually are.

There were several other restaurants that we enjoyed very much. One, "El Traffico," where the tables were laid in a garden which was lovely on warm evenings, and where one could listen to the best tango music in the city, though oddly enough there was no dancing. The tango orchestra always includes several musicians who play small square accordions and much of the haunting rhythm is due to these instruments. Another restaurant we liked was a German one, rather crowded and stuffy but with wonderful beer and a perfectly marvelous Hungarian gypsy orchestra.

Not understanding Spanish we went to the theatre but once, and then to an excellent revue, staged by an American and with a well trained chorus. The theatres of this type start early in the evening and repeat part of the performance. What we would call the "last show" is the fashionable one, and begins at about half past eleven. That is not uncomfortably late as all over South America one rarely dines before nine, and nine-thirty or ten is not unusual.

One of our most interesting experiences was a visit to an estancia, or ranch. This is the characteristic feature of a country which owes most of its wealth to cattle raising. The one we saw was about fifty miles from the city and was not typical, for most of them are far from civilization and rather rough and primitive, while the one we visited was like an English park. It belonged to one of the richest men in the country, who used it as a summer home. It was about ten miles square and was the smallest of his sixteen estancias!

We motored out over the best road in the whole country—though it was narrow and paved with rough blocks of stone. Every few miles a soldier would step out, we would slow up and he would write our number down. This to check up on stolen cars, as this road was the principal outlet to the city. Our guide was a young Argentine who had just embarked upon a new business venture—I've often wondered since our return how it turned out. He had invented a new kind of "hot dog"—the sausage was baked inside the roll! As he only told us about it I can't report whether or not it was as good as the old fashioned kind.

The estancia was quite flat but beautifully planted with fine avenues, long vistas, and charming wooded sections, while roaming around at will was a herd of some two thousand small spotted deer. There was some prize stock in the pastures: horses, sheep and cattle. There was one pure white bull, a perfect beauty who was being driven back to his stable and passed within some fifteen or twenty feet of us—but he didn't deign to glance at us.

There were so many thngs to do and to see in Buenos Aires that it would be impossible to describe them all in detail. There is a fine art gallery. There is a wonderful zoo where one finds many strange birds and beasts that make one feel like the old lady who saw a hippotamus for the first time and remarked, "There aint no such animal." There is the most elaborate newspaper building in the world, the office of "La Prensa." Incidentally there are two daily papers in English. There was an interesting reception at the Capitol for Franco, the Spanish aviator, who had just flown across the Atlantic and was the hero of the hour.

I was much interested in meeting some of the younger women and girls and in discussing with them the contrasts between our countries. The position of women is very different in South America than it is in our own country. They have few property rights, and their lives and interests are narrow and circumscribed by convention. One young married woman told me that there was a young married set who were rather liberal in their ideas. The women danced with men other than their husbands—though she added that she, herself, didn't approve of such things. She told me that it was now permissible for two or three unmarried girls to go shopping together in the morning or to tea at Harrods. For several girls and men to have tea together unchaperoned was never done, and for a girl to have tea alone with a man in a restaurant was simply unthinkable.

A widespread custom in most South American countries is for the married sons to live with their wives and families under the parental roof. The daughters-in-law have almost no freedom as they must conform to the slightest wish of their husband's parents. They sew and gossip, and bring up the children, they spend a great deal of time selecting their clothes, and beautifully dressed and be-jeweled they accompany their husbands to the races and the Opera. They have little life of their own—women's clubs are unheard of and it is only recently they have become interested in charitable or welfare work of a public kind. However, conditions here as elsewhere are rapidly changing and every day women are becoming more alert and more eager to take an active part in the life of their countries.

We left Buenos Aires one rather cloudy Sunday morning on the "Internationale" the train on the famous trans-Andean line, which runs twice a week. The journey from coast to coast takes thirty-six hours if one goes straight through, but we had arranged to break our trip at a small resort high in the mountains, where we could ride horseback in the Andes, an ambition which my father had long cherished. All day long we crossed the "pampa"—the great grass-covered central plain of the Argentine which extends for hundreds of miles as flat as the proverbial billiard table, and which in its very lack of variation has something of the same fascination that has the sea. Occasionally we'd come to a small town or see a herd of cattle, or pass a small band of wild ostriches.

At six the next morning we arrived at Mendoza which lies amongst the foothills. The country surrounding it was lovely—reminiscent of France with rows of poplar trees and vineyards. We had only time to change trains—to the narrow gauge line which crosses the mountains. The ascent begins immediately but is gradual. Soon we had left behind the pretty cultivated country and were in the midst of desolate rocky hills. As approached from the Eastern side the Andes are not impressive—we had an occasional glimpse of distant high mountains but for the most part crawled slowly along, at times by means of a rack and pinion system, deep in a narrow canyon with little to see beyond heaps of rocks. Eight hours of this brought us to our destination, Puenta del Inca, and rather regretfully we got ourselves and our twenty-two pieces of luggage off the train (this didn't include trunks which went straight through), and with sinking hearts saw the only train for three days wind slowly out of sight. Puenta del Inca is 9000 feet above sea level and consists mostly of station and hotel. The latter was quite comfortable except for the lack of a heating system, and the weather was cold! The next day we were to ride up to see the famous statue of Christ which stands on the boundary line between Chili and Argentina. It is made of melted cannons and was erected after a long boundary dispute had been settled by arbitration. It stands solitary and alone at the top of an Andean pass 13,000 feet above the sea. Engraved on a bronze tablet beneath it are the solemn words: "Sooner shall these mountains crumble into dust than shall the peoples of Argentine and Chili break the peace which they have sworn to keep at the feet if Christ the Redeemer."

At the time this figure was erected this now lonely place was the scene of much activity—it being the top of the principal pass across the mountains. It is only within the last few years that the international tunnel 4000 feet below has been completed. Before that time the mountains could only be crossed in the summer for it was necessary to cross this high point by muleback.

The mountain ponies proved delightful mounts and the Argentine saddles—rather clumsy looking affairs—are very comfortable. We left Puenta del Inca at seven o'clock of a cold glowering day. I wore heavy tweed breeches and several sweaters, which I thought would be adequate protection even against the keen mountain wind. For the first ten miles or so the road was gently ascending, and we cantered along enjoying it greatly. Then the steep ascent began. The higher we went the more beautiful it became, but also the colder. A few snowflakes straggled down and the sharp wind blew more and more furiously. By the time we actually reached the summit we were suffering acutely from the cold and I don't know what I should have done had not my father bribed one of the guides to give me his heavy woolen "poncho." We all laughed at my father who dismounted and started to approach the statue, hat in hand, with reverent attitude. Suddenly, however, he was simply overcome by the cold and hastily clapping his hat on his head he turned and ran for a small stone shelter hut, which broke the force of the wind just a little bit.

I am glad though that we made the trip under these circumstances for the stern grey day made the scene—the great statue with the lofty snow covered peaks surrounding it, even more desolate and impressive than it might otherwise have been. The descent was steep and long but about two o'clock we reached a small village—formerly the end of the railroad, where we enjoyed an excellent lunch and warming drinks. By five we reached the hotel again and none of us felt the slightest ill effects from a rather strenuous day.

The next day dawned crisp and clear so we drove by coach to see an Andean lake and to get a fine view of the highest mountain in the western hemisphere—Mt. Aconcagua, which rises to a height of something over 23,000 feet. It is a beautifully symmetrical snow covered peak, though as one sees it from so elevated a point one gets little sense of its great height. I have done less exciting things than driving in an Andean coach. They are high vehicles seating four persons, with an extra driver's seat in front. Four horses are harnessed abreast. Going up hill a man on another horse comes along and hitches himself to the shaft and rides ahead, keeping the other horses in the middle of the road. At the summit he unhitches himself and canters off and the coach careens after him. The horses go at a fast trot or more frequently a canter down the steep winding roads and around the hairpin turns. It seemed to me that whenever we approached a particularly nasty turn the Indian driver would shift his reins carelessly to one hand, get out a cigarette with irritating slowness, and light it. He always finished in time to check the horses and swing them around the curve, but I don't recommend this form of transport to anyone with a weak heart.

The west side of the Andes is beautiful. The descent is abrupt and the long grade a marvel of engineering and exceedingly spectacular. Our train was in two sections and we could see the first section thousands of feet beneath us winding its snakelike way down the side of the mountain. We soon left the high peaks behind and reached a gracious foothill district of grass and trees—very grateful to us after the desolation of the higher regions. At about eight o'clock we again changed trains to a broad-gauge line and before midnight we reached Santiago, the capital of Chili. The west coast is the happy hunting ground of the flashlight photographer. They are always on hand and we had to line up and submit to being flashlighted before we left the station. In the finished photograph all that could be seen of me was a gaily painted hat box. It contained a hat I'd bought in Buenos Aires, and the box was too pretty to leave behind.

People who have traveled in South America always divide it into two parts—East Coast and West Coast. Before we started we had been told that we were making a great mistake in going to the East Coast first; that Rio was the climax of the trip after which the West Coast would be distinctly disappointing. I am glad to say that such predictions were not justified and I think that anyone who makes the trip in somewhat of a thoughtful mood will find quite as much to interest them on the West Coast as on the East. It is true that there is no place as beautiful as Rio, or as cosmopolitan as Buenos Aires, but the very fact that the cities are comparatively small and that life is more primitive for the great mass of the people, makes it more interesting. Even on the East Coast, however, the lower class lives in a primitive way. The great lack of South America is a substantial middle class—one jumps from the very rich to the very poor. On the West Coast, too, one finds a large Indian population who live according to their own customs. A leading physician of Chili told us that an enormous percentage of the babies born in Chili die before they reach the age of one year—this because the great mass of the people know nothing of the principles of health or of modern sanitation.

Santiago is, notwithstanding, a fine city lying in the center of a broad valley surrounded by distant high mountains. Again we found splendid buildings, theatres, an opera house, and a race course which was almost as elaborate as the one in Buenos Aires. There is a fine central avenue, the "Alameda" and a unique park which covers a hill which rises abruptly in the very heart of the city. Santiago needs, however, a good hotel. The one where we stayed was considered the best, but was far from comfortable. The only place to sit in the evening or after lunch was the bar, though on second thought, perhaps this should not be considered as a disadvantage.

There are several good restaurants, one—"The Prince of Wales"—was on the top floor of a new skyscraper, and there was a fine view and an excellent dance orchestra. Our favorite, though, was less modern and had the most delicious food, good music, but no dancing. One evening we finished our dinner and were enjoying coffee and cigarettes in one of the smaller rooms. The orchestra started to play a tango—an unfamiliar one. As our party was quite alone one of the men and myself started to dance. It didn't seem to go very well and after several extremely personal remarks from our "audience" we stopped. But we had curiosity enough to ask the name of the new piece. Imagine our chagrin to find we had been doing the tango to a lullaby!

The American Embassy in Santiago is a very fine building and is the property of our government. We lunched there with Ambassador and Mrs. Collier and met a group of charming Chilians. The Chilian women are supposed to be the most beautiful in South America—but it seemed to us that the women of the upper class were everywhere equally attractive and well dressed.

One of the days we enjoyed very much we spent in the country at "San Francisco," as the guests of an eminent literary man and his wife. They lived in a great old fashioned house surrounded by acres of orchard and a small vineyard. Over the latter a small boy of nine or ten stood guard with a sling-shot—he was paid two cents a day to frighten away the birds. We had a midday dinner and our very charming hostess told us she had planned a typically Chilian meal. The first two or three courses were delicious, and being hungry we ate quite heartily. We did fairly well on the fourth and fifth course. The sixth and seventh were distinctly unnecessary—and as to the eighth and ninth we really suffered. The tenth we all firmly refused at the risk of being considered extremely rude!

The country surrounding Santiago is very pretty and reminiscent of California. The many pepper and eucalptus trees used to make me feel quite homesick. We used to often drive out in the afternoon—the roads weren't very good but the views were lovely and the glimpses we'd have of the life of the country were fascinating. We'd pass great carts drawn by four oxen or see the natives in their rough adobe houses drying corn or about other primitive household tasks.

From Santiago we went down to Valparaiso—only a few hours away. In the matter of tonnage this is the principal port of the West Coast, but it is not a very good harbor. If a big storm comes along the large boats have to put out to sea while the small fishing fleet is generally cast high and dry upon the beach. The business district is the extremely narrow strip of land between the beach and a series of very steep sun baked bluffs. Every few blocks there is an elevator which will take one to the higher levels. A picturesque feature of the town are the many pack animals. Everything from furniture to lumber and from groceries to garbage is carried on mule or horseback. Near Valparaiso is Vina del Mar the fashionable seaside resort, a pretty place, but deserted as it was out of season.

The trip up the coast from Valparaiso is slow, as every day the boat stops at some little town to take on cargo. This stretch of shore is known as the "rainless coast." It literally never rains and a more desolate region would be hard to find. Over much of this area nothing will grow in the soil even when it is watered, and everything to eat has to be brought from a great distance, while water is generally brought from the interior in tank cars. There are no docks—the boat simply anchors in the roadstead and one goes ashore in launches or rowboats. We sometimes went ashore but after you have seen one of these towns you have seen them all, and it is far pleasanter and cooler to remain on the boat and watch the lighters come out and unload. Our cargo was principally cotton, great bars of copper, and nitrates.

On Easter Sunday we reached Arica—which has been the bone of contention for so many years between Chili and Peru. We had just an hour on shore and it was an hour of crowded, if not particularly glorious life. Arica is the most picturesque of the small West Coast towns — the houses are one-story adobies and there are quite a number of trees—while at one side is the great Morro, a rounded rock from which a Peruvian general and his escort of troops once plunged to death rather than be captured by the Chilians. We called on General Lassiter, who had succeeded Pershing as chairman of the Plebescite Commission, and then "saw the town." We were told afterward that had we stayed a week we could literally have found nothing more to do. By far the most interesting sight was the local meat market in the shape of a small donkey upon whose back was festooned choice cuts of beef and mutton—which had attracted every fly for miles.

Of all the countries we visited in South America, Peru is the one which holds more definitely to the Spanish tradition. The romantic, if not bloody career of Pizarro and his "conquistadores" has not been forgotten—nor the days of the Spanish Inquisition. And if one goes even further back the history and legends of the Incas shed their glamor over present day Peru, and give it a more interesting historical background than that of any other country. Combined with this is, curiously enough, a spirit of energy and progressiveness equalled only in the Argentine. If one is taken first to the Cathedral — where in a dim chapel lies the remarkably well preserved body of Pizarro, even to the spear thrust wound in his shoulder—your host will probably entertain you en route by telling you of the many miles of fine new highway near Lima or perhaps of the reorganization of the educational system. This will lead back to the past again for he will certainly tell you, not without pride, that the University of Lima was founded by Charles the Fifth of Spain in 1551.

The spirit of progress is due very largely to the foresight and wisdom of one man, Augusto Leguia, President of Peru, who is easily the outstanding personality in South America. He has been President since 1919 (he also had a term of office some years previous) and he is doing for Peru very largely what Mussolini is doing for Italy. The comparison of these two men comes easily to mind as both work with the same energy and directness and both possess the same highly centralized executive power. The President, who has an extremely gracious personality, is greatly beloved by his people, though there is, of course, an opposing party. In many Latin countries it is the custom for the party in power to exile the leaders of the opposition, and this system is carried out in Peru—though with a certain leniency. President Leguia permits his political exiles to return each year to attend to their business affairs and he has never shown any sort of revengeful spirit. A country such as Peru, with only two per cent of the population of pure Caucasian stock, and with over fifty per cent of pure Indian blood, needs, for the present at any rate, a strong man, and they are fortunate to have one who is so wise and so disinterested.

Callao—the port of Lima—is only a few miles away from the city and one travels over a new concrete highway. By the roadside are some of the great Inca burial mounds—crumbling to pieces now—with bits of human bones in plain sight. One never gets very far away from history in Peru.

The city is low as the buildings are rarely more than two stories high. There is a large central plaza with a fine cathedral, and the houses, principally wooden, are built mostly in the Spanish style with patios. Only a few of the old buildings remain. Of these the Torre Tagle Palace, now the Ministry for Foreign Affairs, is the finest, and I thought it the most interesting building in South America. It is a large two-story plastered house of Spanish-Moorish type. It is ornamented with very fine tiling and wood carving—particularly the elaborately carved wooden balconies from which the ladies of the household could see what was going on in the street without themselves being seen. The furnishings and paintings are either old or reproductions and are very lovely—while one of the interesting features is a large altar, exquisitely carved and entirely covered with gold leaf.

The Peruvians still retain a good deal of their old time picturesqueness. While we were there a commission from Bolivia was making an official visit and they were received with great ceremony. The State carriages of gold and crimson, drawn by four horses, were sent to take the Special Ambassador and his entourage to the President's palace, while before and after rode an escort of splendidly mounted, gorgeously uniformed and helmeted troops, with shining lances and fluttering pennants.

There is a bull ring and every Sunday afternoon in the winter time there is a bull fight. Another widespread custom both in Peru and Chili which makes for picturesqueness is the wearing of mantillas instead of hats.

There are a number of handsome new buildings: a fine modern hotel; the Archbishop's Palace, built in the beautiful old style; a new wing to the Art School; as well as some very beautiful new residences.

There is only one fashionable res-

A PRINCESS AND A PRESIDENT

Her Royal Highness, Louise, Crown Princess of Sweden, and Mrs. S. G. Chapman, on the occasion of her entertainment by the Women's City Club of San Francisco taurant—and that is situated in the Zoological Gardens! We found another little restaurant out near the sea that we liked, and it was near there that we one day saw the only llamas I saw outside of a zoo. They are rather unfriendly beasts and have a habit of sneezing over those whom they don't like—which we were told was extremely unpleasant. They are used as beasts of burden and will carry a hundred pounds and no more —if a few extra pounds are added they simply lie down and nothing can budge them until the burden is lightened. All llama drivers carry a little reed pipe and when the llamas become fractious the driver gets out his pipe and plays some weird little tunes which soon soothe these temperamental animals.

Social life in Lima is particularly delightful and nowhere did we receive a more gracious and friendly welcome. We lunched and teaed and dined until we were quite exhausted. There is a large American and English colony in Lima and its pretty suburb, Miraflores. Also an American Naval Mission which added much to our pleasure.

One Sunday we spent the day as the guests of some charming Peruvians at their summer home in the smart beach resort "Ancon." It is a two-hour train journey from Lima and is a tiny primitive place of a good deal of charm. It was very gay and fascinating on the beach at the bathing hour. The luncheon guests included the daughter of the President, a pretty girl of about twenty-two, who speaks English without a trace of accent, and whom we met a number of times. We met also the President's son and the latter's pretty blonde bobbed Spanish wife, who confessed to me she greatly disliked having to go to the bull-fights. At Ancon is the Naval Aviation Station, organized, built and now under the direction of a young American officer.

The women of the upper class in Lima are taking a great interest in philanthropic work and I think that all Californians will be interested to know that the inspiration for much of this work was given by a California woman, herself a member of one of our old Spanish families, who spent some years in Peru when her husband was the commanding officer of the Naval Mission. Largely because of her interest and enthusiasm, a number of charities were organized: Societies for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals and Children, this latter leading quickly to work amongst the orphanages; a Society for the Prevention of Tuberculosis, and an organization to do welfare work amongst prisoners. All work that is going steadily ahead today.

One of our regrets in Peru was that we did not have time to visit the heart of the Inca country. This necessitates several extra weeks, and as my father's work was looking to the present and the future rather than the past, he felt he could not spare the necessary time. There is a new and fine Inca Museum in Lima. It contains much of interest—particularly, fine old textiles and beautifully worked ornaments of silver and gold. The more modern Peruvian silver is also very lovely and I spent some happy mornings in the antique shops. Doubtless most of the silver one sees for sale is newly made and skillfully "antiqued," but it has the charm and the crude design and workmanship of the old pieces.

We all hated to leave Lima. The night before we left we gave a dinner to try and express to our Peruvian friends a little of our appreciation of the kindness that had been shown us.

This was our last night in South America. The next day we sailed on a Chilian boat for New York, via the Panama Canal.

It was with a good deal of regret that we left South America. In four months we had come to know—at least a little—of a new and interesting world. And in these pages I have tried to give not an authoritative statement, but simply a few of our experiences and impressions.

* * *

Harvey Lecture Series Draws To Close

THE series of lectures on international issues by Paul Harvey, the Women's City Club under the sponsorship of a committee of representative San Franciscans, Tuesday evenings of March have been well attended and enthusiastically received.

Harvey has steered a sane middle course that avoided both extreme conservatism and radicalism. In the fifth lecture, "Adjusting the Far East to a Progressive World," the speaker gave illuminating facts upon the chaos in China, the problems of the Philippines, Japan and India.

"America's New Contribution to Civilization" is the topic of the only lecture which extends into April.

"The United States is leading the way in extending the principle of equality of opportunity into international affairs. This means the avoidance of balances of power and of pledges of power in advance. It means international co-operation on the principle of voluntary agreement. Further, the United States is advocating measures designed to strengthen its greatest competitors, in complete antithesis, to the great power system of the old world," says Harvey in a foreword concerning this lecture.

Princess Louise of Sweden Sings Praise of City Club

When Her Royal Highness, Louise, Crown Princess of Sweden, spoke in Honolulu, where the royal couple visited after leaving San Francisco last July, she emphasized the fact that the thing which elicited her most profound admiration in America was the volunteer service in the Women's City Club of San Francisco.

Princess Louise was entertained at the Women's City Club in San Francisco July 31, last. It was a red letter day for the Club, and to many it will ever typify the triumph of that wonderful spirit born during the World War, the spirit captured and made visible through the completion of this building, a monument to women's work and idealism.

The gracious bearing of the royal guest, the beauty of the decorations, the smooth running of all arrangements, are pleasant to remember. But over and through all this hovered that spirit caught by Louise herself.

"This is what I am going to take back to the women of Sweden," she exclaimed. She, a stranger, sensed it.

* * *

FRENCH COURSES

Mme. R. Olivier is again offering a limited number of private French courses for the summer months at especial prices. These courses were very popular last summer.

For one person the price is $16.00 for 20 lessons or for two persons (only) $12.50 each. These lessons may be taken at odd times to suit the students and the course must be completed between April 1 and August 31. Students may register at the information desk on the fourth floor.

HELEN FORBES SHOWS PAINTINGS

By BEATRICE JUDD RYAN

MISS Helen Forbes is an artist with a background of wide technical training, who sees and paints with a modern viewpoint. If you are interested in picturesque Mexico do not fail to visit her current exhibition at the Beaux Arts Galerie, which continues until April 7th. Most of this exhibit was painted in Guanajuato, a mountain town north of Mexico City, rapidly falling into ruin now its mines are abandoned. But we see in the paintings of the Cathedral "Campanillo" the past magnificence of the city. Many of the canvases were painted from the observatory of the College of Guanajuato, which commands a view of the city and the adobe structures on the mountain side beyond. During the artist's stay in Guanajuato she also conducted classes in painting at the College and her grey eyes flash with enthusiasm when she tells of the talented young people of Mexico and their marvelous sense of color and design. Certainly her sympathy with the Mexican people, whom she found to be gentle and courteous, shows in her rendering of the portrait studies executed with direct simplicity. Some of the highlights of the show are the "Indian Mother and Child," "Organos," the native cactus, and the "Morning Glories," but throughout the entire exhibition one feels the strong decorative sense of the artist.

Few young California artists have had the advantage of so varied an art experience as Helen Forbes. During her school days in San Francisco at Miss Murison's she spent her spare hours at the piano; she planned to be a musician, but Professor Eugen Nauhaus, who conducted classes in art, thought differently. It was due to his encouragement and advice that Miss Forbes entered the Mark Hopkins School, where she studied under Frank Van Sloun. Later she went to live in Monterey and worked with Armin Hansen. In 1921 she left California to study drawing at the Academy in Munich under Prof. Groeber, the only woman in a class of 44 students. Following the Munich period she lived and painted in Holland and there she came under the influence of Ernst Leyden, a modern painter. Leyden was an individualist who had lived in Africa. He had built himself a unique villa and garden fashioned in the spirit of the Orient on an Island in a lake near the North Sea. Perhaps her friendship with the Dutch painter may have led the young artist later, after visiting London, to return to Paris for the purpose of studying with the French modernist, Andre Lhote. Before leaving Europe Miss Forbes went to Morocco and her blue pencil drawings of that country are some of her most charming work of the European period.

Miss Forbes is a member of the Women's City Club, the Vice-President of the Society of Women Artists, a member of the Council of the San Francisco Art Association and an active member of the Beaux Arts Galerie; and at present she is conducting discussions on modern art at her studio, 712 Montgomery Street.

While in Mexico Miss Forbes visited Diego Rivera, who is painting the frescoes for the Calles Government, an example that more conservative peoples should emulate.

MISS HELEN FORBES

Who is showing at the Beaux Arts Galerie a collection of paintings of Mexican scenes

MAKING A GARDEN

By Robert Mitchell
Assistant Treasurer San Francisco Garden Club

THESE few notes were written in an effort to assist a friend to make a garden in the back yard of his house in the near suburbs of San Francisco.

Without laying stress on the improvement to one's health by constant work in a garden, a new interest is created in flowers and continues during one's life time. Little by little one gets to know the names of flowers and their habits. Year by year new varieties are being brought out and there is a great delight in acquiring at first hand experience which can be used and imparted to others and exchanged with their experiences.

The late Dean Hole, the celebrated Rosarian, has stated "He who would have fine Roses must have Roses in his heart," and the same might be said for all garden flowers. The soft spot exists in some corner of nearly all our hearts if we give it a chance to bring it to fulfillment by the cultivation and improvement of our gardens.

Perhaps here might be mentioned that if your back yard is a mere sand dune, it will mean a good deal of hard work to put it in shape. Take note what Kipling writes:

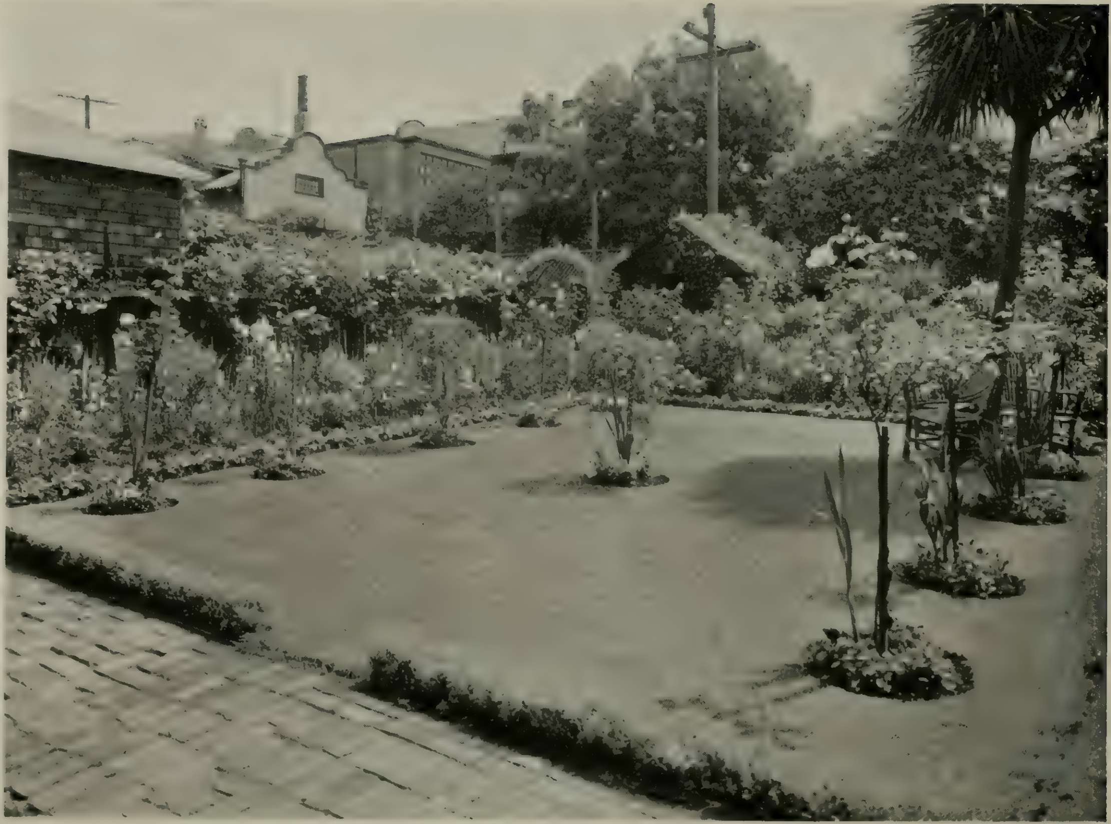
"Gardens are not made
"By singing 'Oh, How Beautiful'
and sitting in the shade
"While better men than we go out
and start their lives
"At grubbing weeds from gravel paths
with broken dinner knives."

The more unpromising the yard appears, the more satisfaction you will have in improving it. Many of us have a back yard and we are aware it is there, but it has not occurred to us that it can be made a spot of beauty. We decorate our living rooms with all sorts of pretty things; color effects are studied and considered of great importance by the Lady of the House. Yet in many cases the yard is overlooked and is not at all beautiful.

There are a few general principles to be observed in laying out a garden. If a garden is long and narrow, in order to give it the appearance of width you will require to divide it up. A hedge either of Privet or Roses planted right across it would have that effect and two arches at each end of the hedge over the paths would be an additional help. If it is square you should endeavor to make it appear less so by long border lines or rows of Standard Roses or perhaps flowering trees or shrubs.

If possible, one should not be able to see everything in a garden at one look, but the eye of course should be greeted with color and lots of it at the first glance. A nice green grass lawn is very attractive and restful to the eye, but there should be something further—a little mystery as to what is beyond (and this is where your hedge comes in.)

For example, while you are taking visitors round the garden, they will be very eager to see what is on the other side of the hedge and if you have vegetables there they will exclaim: "How nice it must be to have your own vegetables. Charlie, come and see the lovely lettuce! I do love a fresh



Garden of Robert Mitchell, 62 Jordan Avenue, Transformed from a Sand Dune salad from the garden"—If you have beds of flowers, the visitors will exclaim: "Gee! How utterly lovely! More flowers. This is a surprise. Come, Charlie, and see the lovely Snapdragons. You have only seen half the garden." Then Charlie and the other friends will come peeping round the hedge and probably see a riot of colour and beauty. It is just as cheap to imagine extravagantly as not. No extra charge.

So you see your visitors will be pleased whether you have vegetables or flowers provided you do not let them see everything at once. You also create in them a new interest in flowers or vegetables which perhaps they have never had before. Your garden and your love for it may be to them the ray of sunshine that lights up a part of their nature that has been previously in shadow and may cause them to go and make a garden themselves.

Presuming the garden runs east from the house:

Taking the various divisions of the garden sketch herewith, which applies to a great many of the ordinary back yards in the suburbs, attention is called to:

1. *Grass Lawn.*

This is a necessity. Besides being a delight to the eye it is the foundation of contrast for the flowers in the beds and might be considered like a white table cloth on a dinner table with floral decorations. The lawn should be put in by a professional gardener, as this is rather beyond the ability of an amateur.

The grass needs lots of water. Lay the hose down and let the water run, changing it from place to place until it is all thoroughly soaked. A good soaking twice a week is better than

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daily sprinklings. This applies also to the whole garden.

2. *Flower Border* (facing lawn). lawn.)

Suggestions for planting:

From back of Border:

(A) *Rose Hedge—Gruss and Teplitz*:

This is a strong grower and is splendid for the purpose of a hedge. The blooms are not very large, scarlet, sweet scented, and continuous. It throws up new canes every year, which should be bent over and "pegged" down, at, say three feet high. In that way the hedge is made; the canes from one bush joining the canes from another bush. Laterals grow from these canes which bear an abundance of roses and make a splendid hedge of roses.

(B) *Delphiniums—Blue Hybrids.*

These can be planted about two feet from the hedge and about three feet apart.

(C) *Canterbury Bells — White* (Campanula Persicifolia) or Lilium Candidum.

The white Canterbury Bells are very beautiful and bloom all the time, and are a nice contrast to the blue Delphiniums. They are very prolific and one gets finer, larger blooms by dividing the plants every year.

The White Lillies are also very pretty against the blue Delphiniums, but it is difficult to get them both blooming at the same time.

(D) *Columbine.*

These can be planted in front or between the Canterbury Bells and are very effective.

(E) *Roses* — five bushes (plant three or four feet apart in a row). Tall, strong growers.

Roses — six bushes, medium high growers. (Plant three or four feet apart in row, four feet in front of other roses alternately.)

In front of this row of roses many kinds of flowers of low height can be grown, such as pansies and violets. Ageratum Snapdragons, Calceolaria Penstemons, Begonias and many annuals, also a ribbon of blue lobelia right in front of the border, or a row of primroses which begin blooming in February and continue till May.

At the foot of the fence with the *southern* exposure, gladioli and Montbretia, dahlias, chrysanthemum, Scotch marigolds, Blue Campanula, Geum, Cornflowers and Coreopsis.

The roses in the centre and next rows can be different, and you can vary the smaller growing flowers to your taste.

The border at the foot of the fence with the *northern* exposure is a fine place to grow fuschias of many kinds, orange lillies, etc., cinerarias in great variety, forget-me-nots, Shasta daisies, etc.

In the four corners of the garden and perhaps against the end fence it would be nice to have, say,

Flowering peach
Flowering plum
Two lilac trees, or
Two Buddleia trees

Room should also be reserved for, say, four broom trees, also one or two hydrangeas or heaths on the shady side of the garden.

If your garden soil is mostly sand, you will require to import a good supply of heavy loam, and it will be necessary that you plant your roses in heavy soil. The cultivation of the rose in the garden will be found to be the most enjoyable and satisfactory of all the flowers.

GHOSTS AT WEEPAH

By MARIE HICKS HEALY

(*In San Francisco "Call"*)

Wan ghosts stalk the buttes that rim the sands,
Dim shadows, weary, grubstaked, picks in hands,
The men whom El Dorado mocked and led
To death, with paydirt ever just ahead.

Down their days with burning eyes they sought
The gold that glinted in their dreams and wrought
Phantasmagoria and mirage, and bound
Their eager souls to treasure never found.

They thirsted, hungered, wandered far and died
On prospect trails beyond horizons wide.
Bonanza beckoned ever and they went,
By barren hope on desperate emprise sent. . . .

Again they see the desert rainbow curve
Above the drifting waste, again they serve
The questing gods, nor know insane despair;
A new stampede is on, and forth they fare . . .

Dim shadows, grubstaked specters, picks in hand
At grips again with cactus, grit and sand.

MISS RUTH LANGDON

Member of the Hospitality Committee, Women's City Club of San Francisco

THE SITUATION IN CHINA TODAY

By Ng Poon Chew, Litt.D.
Editor Chung Sai Yat Po,
Chinese daily

TREMENDOUS events are taking place in China today, events plainly spell a new day for China; events conspiring to bring about a new China. Indications are plentiful throughout that vast land plainly pointing that the old is fast disappearing, and a vigorous young and new China is to take the place vacated by the old. The most unmistakable sign pointing to this transition is the struggle between the north and the south which is going on in China today.

When we read about the north and the south, we must be careful not to form an erroneous opinion. The term south and north does not mean the geographical division of the country whatever. It means only the difference of political ideals. In the camp of the north you will find men from the south, and in the camp of the southerners you will also find men from the north and, in fact, from all parts of China.

In political doctrines, the north stands for the "Stand-patters," the old, reactionaries, and the monarchists, as well as for the interest of the military war-lords. The north wants to prolong the present state of affairs, so that if there be a tangible government established, it wants to have it maintained as a government of the people, by the rascals for the rich, and not "A government of the people by the people and for the people." While the south stands for what is progressive, what is constructive, whatever is for the good of the many. The south represents a new element of the Chinese people, an element vigorous, fiery, impatient, an element totally free from the old traditions and customs of the past, and is willing to set out in an unbeaten path in political cosmogony as far as China is concerned.

In the success of the southern cause, therefore, lies the hope of China's future. The north has been tried and found wanting. The leaders of the north want to govern China as a combination of feudal states, each province by its own feudal military boss. The enlightened portion of the Chinese people has lost all faith in the north.

The south has a definite, constructive program and policy for the rejuvenation of China. To carry out this policy or program, the south aims first at putting the house in order, and second in restoring to China the rights and privileges which have been taken away from her by outside nations at the mouth of the cannon.

In order to put China's house in order, the revolution of 1911 must be carried through. That revolution was hindered and frustrated by the schemes of Yuan Shi-kai, the first President of China, and it has to be resumed and consummated in 1927. In order to put the house in order, the revolutionists are determined to have a thorough house cleaning. All old ideas and useless traditions must be abolished as well as out of date officials must be put aside. When the work in this line is finished it is expected a real brand new nation will appear upon the soil of old Cathay. During the process of this work some of the things so dear to the people of the old school will be torn and destroyed. It will be a long while before the conservative element be adjusted to the new condition of affairs, and some will never be able to reconcile themselves to the changed state of existence.

This time the revolution will be thorough in education, economic, society and religion as well as in politics.

Educational revolution. It is the aim of the revolutionists to bring forth a new race of the Chinese people by a new system of education. So wherever the arm of the revolutionists prevail, a great change is made in the educational system. The old ideas which have been adopted for so many centuries are put aside, brand new ideas, perhaps, inclined toward radicalism, are being instilled into the minds of the young. Under the old Confucian system of education, no politics was taught in the schools, but today throughout the south, the young are carefully taught the ethics of good citizenship as well as the duties of citizenship. Patriotic young citizens are being rapidly produced who place the welfare of the nation above that of the individual or of the family. It is the aim of the revolutionists to have the intelligence and patriotism of the coming generations to rely upon for support in the maintenance of the new government which is being set up.

Economic revolution. The revolutionists are aware that the majority of the people are laborers and farmers, and it has been the lot of these two classes to suffer under the old regime, where the capitalistic ideas prevailed. It is the aim of the new government to raise the standard of living for these people. They are being organized under the guidance and protection of the government so that they may be in a better condition to demand higher pay for their services and a better working condition where they labor. It is realized that without struggle these people cannot get their proper due. So we see the phenomena every day in the districts governed by the southerners where the laborers demand and receive higher pay. Every line of human endeavor is being organized into unions today. The capitalists hate to see this state of affairs but they must realize that the Chinese labor unions will come to stay, and they must grant their demands, whether they regard these demands just or otherwise.

Social revolution: The unjust treatment of the women of China during the past ages has been a stumbling block to the progress of the Chinese nation. Education has been denied to the women, and many of their rights have not been accorded them; they have been kept backward and ignorant, because the customs and laws in China in former days were man-made affairs, the women had never been consulted in these things. The revolutionists understand today the importance of the higher standard of womanhood to the welfare of the nation. They know that by keeping back the women of China, China is only fifty per cent. efficient.

Under the revolutionists, the women are being placed at parity with the men in every line of human endeavor. They are now found in the class room, the lecture hall, legislative council and in the government bureau. They are given a voice in everything.

Special interest is taken in the education of the women, so that they may indeed be freed from the old ideas which had kept them in bondage for so long. They are quick to take advantage of the new privilege now offered them.

Religious revolution: Changes in the religious experience of the people are rapidly taking place. Old superstitions and ignorance go together these days. Whatever is considered to be a hindrance to the mental emancipation of the nation must go, whether it be Confucianism, Taoism, or even Christianity. In this matter, the old forms of faith will ultimately disappear. Christianity will have to undergo many changes, and may have to undergo also a thorough evolution and adapt itself to the new environment brought about by the radical revolution which is going on now.

The other aim of the revolutionists is to restore to China her complete sovereignty in the government of the land. This means the restitution of concessions, ports, special rights and privileges which have been extorted from China by foreign nations. When the arms of the south prevail throughout China, a change in the relation between the foreign nations and China must take place. It will be hard for the foreigners at first to reconcile themselves to the new status in their relation to the new China, but it must come. The days are numbered when foreigners can live according to their will without any reference to Chinese laws and regulations.

The cancellation of concessions does not mean the confiscation of the properties of foreigners, it means that they must live and do business according to Chinese regulations and laws; and that they must pay taxes to the Chinese government, whereas they pay nothing today.

Much propaganda is being done by foreigners in China toward working a false impression in foreign countries concerning the southern movement, for the purpose of getting the foreign nations to take a united front in opposing the demands of the southern government, and to hold on to the ill-gotten rights which they enjoy today.

But the truth will come out sooner or later. The cause of the south must prevail, for the support of the progressive elements are with the south.

* * *

In response to a popular demand, the committee in charge of the Lehman lectures, headed by Mrs. Edward Rainey, announces an extra course of four talks on the same general subject, "Literature, Old and New."

The lectures will be given by Professor Benjamin H. Lehman at the Women's City Club Auditorium on alternate Thursday mornings at 11 o'clock, beginning April 7 and continuing until May 19. The charge for the course of four is two dollars. Single tickets are seventy-five cents. The subject for April 7 will be "Reading the Bible."

* * *

Leo Katz Talks

"Art and the Modern Controversy" was the subject of the lecture given at the Women's City Club the evening of February 28 by Leo Katz, one of the most distinguished exponents of the moderns, according to the opinion of many of the leading artists of the country.

Katz is an Austrian portrait painter who studied in Munich and Vienna. He has a flair for the lecture platform, and his talk at the City Club bristled with epigrams anent art and its relation to human progress.

MRS. CARLO SUTRO MORBIO

Member of the Music Committee of the Women's City Club, which gave its first concert March 27. Mrs. Morbio also is on the committee in charge of the dinner dance program April 29.

WOMEN'S CITY CLUB MAGAZINE

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Volume I APRIL 1927 *Number 3*

EDITORIAL

THERE has been much discussion about the necessity of showing membership cards to the elevator operators in the Women's City Club.

Strange that anyone would resent complying with a rule which is laid down solely for her protection.

The complaints have not been many or general. But the few have been fairly articulate, and have been embarrassing to the operators, who had nothing to do with the enactment of the rule and therefore should not in fairness be called upon to bear the brunt of indictment.

The Women's City Club has a membership of definite number and offers certain privileges and perquisites to those who pay dues to belong. The card which the elevator operator asks to see is a badge membership just as a fraternity or sorority pin is a certification, a password, as it were.

If other than the seven thousand members should desire to invade the Club there is nothing to prevent if everybody is permitted to enter without indicating membership. It may be that at some time in the future a more convenient method of indication may be evolved. To date the card system has been the best suggestion offered.

It were a simple thing to be gracious about it and to comply as a matter of pride. It is to insure you the privacy of your own domain that you are asked to display the bit of pasteboard upon entering the third floor and all above. It is analogous to the key to your own front door. If your door stood wide open there wouldn't be much point to having a domicile.

* * *

The editor invites suggestions and comment upon any activity concerning the Women's City Club. All communications must be signed with name and address and submitted in writing if they are to receive consideration.

DINNER DANCE

Mrs. George M. Pinckard has charge of the table reservations for the dinner dance to be given by the Women's City Club April 29. Mrs. Carlo Sutro Morbio and Mrs. William Kent, Jr., are arranging the program and the decorations will be under the direction of Mrs. Howard Park. Mrs. Harry Staats Moore is chairman of the Women's City Auditorium Committee which is sponsoring the dinner dance.

MISS EVELYN McLAUGHLIN

Member of the Auditorium Committee, Women's City Club

Swimming Pool Champion Tells How To Be Beautiful

A MUTE, inglorious advocate of swimming has sent to the editor the following anonymous admonition. She is most obviously one who has succumbed to the lure of the pool at the Women's City Club and has no inhibitions about stating her case.

She knows how to appeal to every daughter of Eve; her selling points are one hundred per cent. For she dwells upon the three attributes for which every woman strives—beauty, health and slenderness.

Here is her contribution:

Swim for Health and Wealth

"To be healthy, wealthy and wise just swim, and then swim some more. Swim at your club pool where you will enjoy your swim the most. If you want health, and just lots of fun while you are obtaining it, just swim and watch your body enjoy the treat you are giving it. Bring your friends and let them make merry and gain health with you. Swimming will make your cheeks grow pink, your eyes sparkle and put pep into your step.

"For those who desire that boyish slimness just come in and swim daily and watch the pounds disappear into the water. Any good doctor will tell you to swim to reduce. Reducing by swimming is neither painful nor harmful and with a party of friends it can become a pleasure for everybody. Why punish yourself when you can become slim by swimming?

"If you have health, you have wealth and everyone is striving to gain. Fortunes are spent trying to gain this wealth which can be yours for a few cents. Be wise and swim at your club pool and have health and wealth.

"The pool is yours for you and your friends to use in gaining health and happiness. Do you know that your pool is cleaned and freshly filled twice a week? Your pool contains 80,000 gallons of water and is heated to a pleasing and healthful temperature. There is always someone on guard ready to help you, if you need assistance or instruction.

"If you do not know how to swim, come and take lessons. The club has provided a corps of competent instructors to teach you modern strokes by modern methods. Learn how to swim for your own pleasure and safety. Be able to save yourself and others from drowning. The club wants every member a swimmer and every swimmer a lifesaver.

"Start now and get the habit of being healthy, wealthy and wise by swimming. Come for a dip and then to luncheon or dinner in the club dining room."

* * *

At the desk on the fourth floor is a blank form for members who wish to notify the club of change of address. In the interest of efficiency as well as to assure members that they will be notified of interesting activities at the club, please fill out the prescribed form when you move to a new address.

* * *

Mrs. Pearl Baumann, one of the pioneers in the bridge evenings which have interested so many members of the Women's City Club, has made the suggestion that the bridge section will entertain a proposition to promulgate Tuesday afternoon bridge if there is interest in afternoon playing and a sufficient number sign up for games.

TUESDAY NIGHT BRIDGE FASCINATES "FANS"

Devotees of Fashionable Card Game Tell of Growth of the Section Which Draws Scores of Auction Bridge Players Together Every Tuesday Evening at Women's City Club

ABOVE a soft susurrus of desultory conversation comes a crisp voice, "I double two spades." Another bids three hearts.

The game is on. The hour is seven in the evening. The conversation gives way to tense quiet, with the vernacular of Auction Bridge the only words spoken. There is a sibilant sound of shuffling cards and an occasional overtone of two "dummies" quoting Mr. Work.

The hours pass quickly, electrically. Ten, twelve, twenty or forty tables, with four players each, are grouped about the room on this night of every week. Tuesday evenings are held for bridge as strictly as other nights are consecrated to the Forum or other lectures or concerts.

One who has followed the Tuesday Night Bridge Games since the early days at 333 Kearny Street, contributes this reminiscence:

THE BRIDGE SECTION

By Evelyn Larkin

If I were to write the history of the Tuesday Night Bridge Section, I should begin back in 1921, about September, when I first joined the Club.

At that time I am afraid we bridge players were rather spoiled children at 333 Kearny Street, as every Tuesday night a group of about eleven tables would take complete possession of the entire Lounge on the sixth floor, and it seemed perfectly right and proper that bridge should be the order of the evening to the absolute exclusion of everything else. Once in awhile some non-bridge player would wander in and write a letter, or possibly exchange a book, but otherwise it was an understood thing that Tuesday evening was card night.

Here let me mention some of the members who gave so much of their time to the Bridge Section:

Mrs. Baumann was the hostess then, as she has been ever since, and it is hard to imagine this section without her guiding hand at the helm.

Mrs. Guggenhime offered her services as an instructor, and to this day some of us tease her for any mistakes in our playing, telling her that she taught us wrong. When the craze for Mah Jongg struck San Francisco she gave up everything else on Tuesday night and came down to the club to teach the members.

Mrs. Chapman also generously taught us Mah Jongg, and the different members often refer to her instruction.

Miss Blum often used to come to instruct us in Bridge even before she became a member.

Mrs. Metzger joined us a little later, and she has been indefatigable in teaching the beginners, as well as assisting the older players with some little problem they want straightened out.

Every so often in the old days someone would say: "Let's give a party," and many pretty bridge parties were given at Kearny Street, when twenty tables just about taxed the capacity of the Lounge and the adjoining writing room.

Just before we moved we decided to buy a Colonial clock for the American Room in our wonderful new building on Post Street, so we were allowed to give a party on three floors of the old building. I think if some of us knew how much work it was going to be, especially those who tried to separate the borrowed chairs from the National League chairs and generally attempted to clear up after the party, we would have decided to raise the clock funds in some other way.

However, everyone responded so generously that we were repaid for our trouble. Possibly the difficulties we had to overcome in the old building brought us more closely together, as many of the friendships formed there seem to be of a very lasting nature.

In our new quarters we play in the Assembly Room on the second floor, and it is a poor night when we do not have more than twenty tables. Mrs. Baumann is now Chairman of the Tuesday Night Bridge Section, and she is planning to appoint a different hostess each month, to be selected from the regular players.

We have given two very successful parties, a Hallowe'en Party last October, and a St. Valentine's Party in February, at which eighty-four and eighty-five tables were represented respectively, at the last of which Mrs. Baumann was presented with a very pretty wrist watch as a token of appreciation for her long services, which she has given so unselfishly. The club is wonderfully equipped for large entertainments, and Mr. Haack serves such delightful suppers with the greatest ease that these parties are given with very little effort.

We hope more of the members will become interested in the Bridge Section, thereby overflowing the Assembly Room to such an extent that we will have to move into even larger quarters in our new building. We have been promised all sorts of good things to eat in the cafeteria and dining room on Tuesday night, so that those who do play cards can come to their club and enjoy such a lovely dinner that instead of waiting for a special party night, every Tuesday night will be a party night for card players.

The Bridge Section extends a warm welcome to all the members who care to join them in a game of cards, and we would also like to see some of the original group from the old Kearny Street days back at their regular tables.

◆

Aline Barrett Greenwood, whose "Current Reviews" have become an institution throughout California, will give her April Review three times in San Francisco — at the Fairmont Hotel, Monday morning, April 11, at 11:00 o'clock; Thursday morning, April 14, at the St. Francis Hotel at 11:00 o'clock, and in the evening at 8:00 o'clock at Sorosis Club Hall.

Miss Greenwood will cover world events, reviewing some of the worthwhile books of the month and touching upon the latest dramatic and musical news. The Portland *Oregonian* in reviewing her talk last summer said, "Miss Greenwood is a living denial of the popular assumption that only Will Rogers reads the papers and comments on the passing show."

REPORT OF THE HOSPITALITY COMMITTEE FOR 1926

By Mrs. Charles Miner Cooper

ALTHOUGH the new Clubhouse was opened in April, 1926, a Hospitality Committee was not brought into existence until some time later, when Mrs. Chapman appointed me Chairman and the following members were selected to compose the committee: Mrs. Henry J. Crocker, Mrs. A. J. Dibblee, Mrs. Perry Eyre, Mrs. J. D. Grant, Mrs. K. R. Kingsbury, Mrs. Marcus Koshland, Miss Ruth Langdon, Miss Laura McKinstry, Mrs. C. O. G. Miller, Mrs. Louis F. Monteagle, Mrs. Willis Walker and Mrs. C. M. Cooper.

Almost immediately we were called upon to arrange for the entertainment of our first distinguished guest, H. R. H. Louise, Crown Princess of Sweden.

On July 31st the Princess came to tea, accompanied by her Lady-in-Waiting, Mme. Rudebeck, Mrs. Wallerstedt, wife of the Swedish Consul General, Mrs. Gerald Campbell, wife of the British Consul General, and Mrs. W. H. Crocker, who was hostess to the royal party during their stay in California.

The gracious lady won all hearts by her sincere appreciation of the spirit of democratic service which she recognized in our Club, and by a very pretty incident, in connection with Emily, the details of which are included in a fuller report.

During the following seven months the committee was active in providing hospitality in the name of the Club for distinguished and interesting visitors whose activities and achievements covered a wide and varied field. We arranged for the following:

Luncheon in the Defenders Room in honor of Miss Beryl Mills, "Miss Australia," entertained at the request of the San Francisco *Examiner* and the *Guardian,* an important newspaper of Sydney.

Tea in the Lounge in honor of Miss Margaret Anglin. Her time being limited, she requested a small gathering so that she might have the opportunity to hear about our unique organization and be shown through the building.

Luncheon in the Defenders Room in honor of Miss Elsie Janis, the darling of the Buddies, who later greeted the members in the Lounge and delighted them by her dialect stories.

Tea in the Lounge in honor of Lady Denison. She is the wife of Sir Hugh Denison who is in the United States on a special mission for the Australian Government.

Tea in the Lounge in honor of Dr. Vilhjalmar Stefansson, the famous explorer, who was giving one of the lectures of the Forum series that same evening.

A dinner dance in cooperation with the Auditorium Committee.

Luncheon in the Defenders Room in honor of the young Prince and Princess Achille Murat who were here on a lecture tour.

Tea in the Lounge in honor of Mme. Bertha Kalich and her daughter. Mme. Kalich addressed the members informally on the subject of her work.

Tea in the Lounge in honor of Mrs. Maurice Hewlett, widow of the famous novelist, and distinguished herself for her active interest in aviation.

Tea in the Lounge in honor of Dr.

Fred Field Goodsell and his daughter. Both of them spoke informally on the Women of the Near East and their personal experiences in Turkey.

Reception and tea in the Auditorium in honor of Miss Hildreth Meiere who was here on a visit from New York. The Club felt itself honored indeed in honoring her.

Luncheon in the Defenders Room for delightful Mr. Hugh Walpole who was lecturing in San Francisco.

In addition to these strictly Club affairs, several visitors have been entertained by individual members of the committee. I am including these in my report inasmuch as the members of the Board of Directors and the Hospitality Committee were invited to be present. The charming Countess Holmbach of Belgium was entertained at tea. Miss Florence Macbeth, one of the stars of the Opera Company, was given a luncheon in the Defenders Room, and another luncheon was arranged for the Comtesse de Roubillant who was interested in the Italy-America movement.

Shortly before Dr. Adelaide Brown sailed away for a trip around the world, the San Francisco Center gave a farewell luncheon in her honor. Several members of the Board of Directors and the Hospitality Committee of the Women's City Club took a special table and sent a box of flowers to Dr. Brown in order to show our appreciation of this devoted friend's years of service and to wish her Godspeed on her well-earned vacation.

When the United States Fleet paid a visit to San Francisco Bay, the Hospitality Committee sent guest cards with a cordial note of welcome to the wives of the Admirals, and to Mrs. Curtis D. Wilbur, wife of the Secretary of the Navy.

Earnest endeavors were made to reach other distinguished visitors whom we wolud have been glad to entertain, but who, on account of their arduous work or their limited stay in San Francisco, were unable to accept our invitations. Among these were Miss Grace Abbott, Chief of the United States Children's Bureau at Washington, D. C., Major Julia C. Stimson, the only woman Major in the United States Army, Mr. and Mrs. George Arliss, Lady Diana Manners, Miss Iris Tree, Mme. Louise Schirmer, Miss Elinor Patterson, Baroness Wrangel, wife of the famous Russian General, and Lady McCormick of Australia. We also sent an invitation to Queen Marie of Rumania, and have the satisfaction of knowing that had she come to San Francisco we would have been on the official list of hostesses.

Among minor things the Hospitality Committee has found to do, I might mention messages of welcome, and often flowers, or an informal call, or a cup of tea, offered to those who come to stay at the Club.

We are indebted to Miss Leale and the house staff for suggestions and information leading to these little attentions, which we are sure help to make strangers feel at home. We also wish to express our sincere appreciation for the cordial cooperation of Mrs. Mabel Johnston, in charge of hospitality for the Chamber of Commerce, and Miss Dorey of the English-Speaking Union. The attitude of both is always most thoughtful and friendly.

In nearly every instance we find it necessary to arrange these social affairs very hurriedly, therefore we once more urge the members to watch for announcements on the bulletin board and in the daily papers. It has been suggested that a bulletin board might be placed on the third floor near the elevators. Members rushing upstairs for lunch often do not stop to read the one on the first floor. It is our sincere desire to utilize every possible means to create a general interest in these activities. We believe that the expression of hospitality should not be confined to a favored few, but should be the privilege, pride and pleasure of the entire membership.

In presenting this report, I have honestly recorded our failures as well as our successes, reminding myself of the fisherman who always laments the "big fish" that got away! However, we sometimes learn more by failure than success, and at least we tried earnestly even when we failed. Perhaps our mistakes may prove of value to our successors!

In closing, I wish to thank all the members of the committee for their active interest and cooperation in this delightful pioneer work of only eight months. May I add that in my mind the committee has a two-fold function—first, to assist in making the Club a recognized hospitality center, by being alert to invite distinguished and interesting visitors, and second, to bring these guests into the heart of our Club family, where they will feel and carry away with them the glow of a warm welcome and the homelike atmosphere of which we are so justly proud. Hospitality should not be a perfunctory matter, but the spontaneous expression of something real and vital which becomes a joy both to the recipient and to the giver.

* * *

Lost and found articles may be retrieved or left at the checking window on the fourth floor.

BROTHER LEO

Brother Leo of the English Department of St. Mary's College, Oakland, has been engaged to give a series of six lectures at the Women's City Club Auditorium, the first to be April 21. The lectures will be given Thursday afternoons at three o'clock. The price of the course is three dollars. Single tickets will be sold for seventy-five cents.

Brother Leo characterizes the series as "Six World Writers," and will give them in this order:

April 21—Homer and the Homeric Spirit.

April 28 — Horace, the Roman Man of the World.

May 5—Dante, the Voice of Silent Centuries.

May 12—Cervantes, First of the Moderns.

May 19—Shakespeare, the Master Dramatist.

May 26—Goethe and the Quest of Happiness.

* * *

The restaurant committee has this request to make: "Please do not ask bus boy for service. Cafeteria guests, except cripples, wait on themselves. A la carte orders, steaks, chops, etc., will be served, but each must get potatoes, vegetables and dessert."

CLAVILUX RECITAL ENTERTAINS LARGE AUDIENCE

THE two Clavilux recitals at which Thomas Wilfred gave demonstrations of the marvels which may be wrought in mobile light and plastic color were red letter evenings in the entertainment offered members of the Women's City Club in the month just closed.

It has been said that the Clavilux as nearly approximates an exposition of the fourth dimension as any invention yet known to art or science.

All theories end at the point that art becomes perfect when it has reached perfect abstraction. If this be true, Thomas Wilfred's Clavilux, as the father of an eighth art of light, towers in its amazing possibilities above the accepted seven.

The recitals were given on the evenings of March 16 and 17.

"Moving forms of color, at one moment as fleeting and evanescent as pastel-shaded phantoms playing hide-and-seek in a twilight mirage and in the next as gorgeously brilliant as the hues of a giant peacock peering down into the crater of Vesuvius, were poured with a lavish hand over a huge white screen in the auditorium," said the San Francisco Chronicle of March 17.

"The new, perfected Clavilux is an instrument which plays etudes and symphonies in color harmonies and figures just as an orchestra or pipe organ produces tonal combinations to delight the ear.

"The performance, as given by Thomas Wilfred, inventor of the instrument and a supreme artist at its strange, zither-like keyboard, left a capacity audience gasping in surprise and murmuring in pleasure," continues the Chronicle.

"A man who was slowly going blind, not long ago, dictated a magazine article describing his impressions and sensations of his misfortune. In this he emphasized the 'wonderful, intensely beautiful colors,' which frequently cast a film over his fading vision.

"They are so beautiful that they almost compensate me for the ordeal I am undergoing," he said.

Some persons with defective vision at times have seen touches of the color he described—fleeting and changing hues appearing for a few moments on closing one's eyes suddenly after looking steadily at an incandescent light.

Magnified in far greater illumination and with a far greater, more subtle variety of shades and blendings—such were the colors poured over the great white screen by this marvelous new instrument, which its inventor claims briefly "has made possible the use of light as a fine art through the control of form, color and motion."

The constantly moving forms used to express the themes and motifs of this new and startling "light recital," ranging from a "triangular etude" to a "visual syncopation," were always symmetrical and intelligible.

Great black bars and pinions, flung in rhythmic helter-skelter across an ever-changing blue-gray background through which a blood-red disc barely was able to penetrate, left small doubt that one theme—"Chicago Nocturne"—was that of an early evening trip among the rising steel skeletons of skyscrapers in that smoky city.

MRS. EDNAH AIKEN

A suburban member of the Women's City Club, who finds the Club a signal convenience when she comes to town from Palo Alto for an overnight stay or a longer visit

And then, in abrupt contrast, enormous pagodas, in fantastic arabesque designs, rising to turquoise skies amid a filmy, golden incense and the slow winging of genii—here, indeed, was a "Fairy Tale of the Orient," as described on the program.

Thomas Wilfred began his research work with the use of Light as a fine Art in 1905. In 1908 he gave the independent Art of Light its first comprehensible form in his theory that Form, Color and Motion are the three basic and necessary factors, corresponding to melody, harmony and rhythm in the use of Sound as a fine Art (Music).

In 1922, Wilfred played his first public recital of silent visual compositions. For the first time in history an artist gave a message of beauty to his audience solely through the medium of Light—Form, Color and Motion played from a keyboard on a large white screen, thus broadly establishing a new independent Art form.

Since then Thomas Wilfred has devoted every summer to creative work in his laboratory and every winter to recital tours through America and Europe. The tremendous success he has achieved is a matter of common knowledge.

New wonders are constantly growing under his hands in the Clavilux Laboratory.

Thomas Wilfred's work has been enthusiastically received, not only in America but also in London and Paris and a short while ago the Danish government placed the Royal Opera House in Copenhagen at his disposal for a recital. But it is as impossible to describe the strange power of this visual music to one who has not seen it as it would be to explain light and color to a person born blind. The National League for Woman's Service was the first organization in San Francisco to recognize Wilfred's work.

* * *

Vocational Bureau Sponsors Two Interesting Meetings

A public meeting will be held at 7:45 o'clock on the evening of April 6 in the Assembly Room under the auspices of the Vocational Information Bureau when there will be a symposium on the subject, "Insurance as a Profession for Women." Miss Florence Calderwood will lead the discussion, in which other women well known in the insurance field will also participate.

On May 11 Francis T. Letchfield of the Industrial Department, Wells Fargo Bank, will speak on "Women in the Business World."

This meeting will end the present series. Plans are being made for resuming these meetings in the fall when the first subject will be: "Social Service as a Vocation—Its Requirements and Opportunities." Miss Katherine Felton and Miss Anite Eldredge have both promised to speak.

Dates will be announced in later bulletins.

* * *

The board of directors of the Women's City Club will take under consideration any activity or new department upon suggestion of a number of members sufficiently large to indicate that there is a demand or need for such innovation.

CALENDAR FOR APRIL, 1927

April 4—Current Events, Mrs. Parker S. Maddux, Leader	*Assembly Room*	7:30 P. M.
April 5—League Bridge Evening	*Assembly Room*	7:30 P. M.
Paul Harvey Lecture "America's Contribution to Civilization"	*Auditorium*	8:15 P. M.
April 6—Current Events	*American Room*	11:00 A. M.
Vocational Guidance Bureau—Open Meeting Chairman: Miss C. I. Tomlinson Leader: Miss F. Calderwood Subject: "Insurance: A Profession for Women" (Members and guests)	*Assembly Room*	7:45 P. M.
April 6—Dramatic Reading Group, Mrs. Thomas A. Stoddard, Chairman	*Room* 733 *Room* 230	3:00 P. M. 7:00 P. M.
April 7—Thursday Evening Program	*Assembly Room*	8:00 P. M.
April 7—Lecture—Professor Benjamin H. Lehman Subject: "Reading the Bible"	*Auditorium*	11:00 A. M.
April 10—Sunday Evening Musical, Mrs. Winfield Scott Davis, Chairman (Members and guests)	*Lounge*	8:15 P. M.
April 12—League Bridge Evening	*Assembly Room*	7:30 P. M.
April 13—Dramatic Reading Club, Mrs. Thomas A. Stoddard, Chairman	*Room* 733 *Room* 230	3:00 P. M. 7:00 P. M.
April 13—Current Events	*Assembly Room*	11:00 A. M.
April 14—Thursday Evening Program	*Assembly Room*	8:00 P. M.
April 17—Sunday Evening Musical, Mrs. Alfred Hurtgen, Chairman	*Lounge*	8:15 P. M.
April 18—Current Events	*Assembly Room*	7:30 P. M.
April 19—League Bridge Evening	*Assembly Room*	7:30 P. M.
April 20—Current Events	*Assembly Room*	11:00 A. M.
April 20—Dramatic Reading Club, Mrs. Thomas A. Stoddard, Chairman	*Room* 733 *Room* 230	3:00 P. M. 7:00 P. M.
April 21—Brother Leo Lecture "Homer and the Homeric Spirit"	*Auditorium*	3:00 P. M.
Thursday Evening Program	*Assembly Room*	8:00 P. M.
April 21—Lecture—Professor Benjamin H. Lehman	*Auditorium*	11:00 A. M.
April 24—Sunday Evening Musical, Mrs. Carlo S. Morbio, Chairman	*Lounge*	8:15 P. M.
April 25—Forum: Speaker, Dr. Mary Robert Coolidge	*Auditorium*	8:15 P. M.
April 26—League Bridge Evening	*Assembly Room*	7:30 P. M.
April 27—Current Events	*Assembly Room*	11:00 A. M.
April 27—Dramatic Reading Club, Mrs. Thomas A. Stoddard, Chairman	*Room* 733 *Room* 230	3:00 P. M. 7:00 P. M.
April 28—Brother Leo Lecture "Horace, the Roman Man of the World"	*Auditorium*	3:00 P. M.
Thursday Evening Program	*Assembly Room*	8:00 P. M.
April 29—Women's City Club Dinner Dance	*Auditorium*	8:00 P. M.

ACTIVITIES OTHER THAN CLUB

April 1	Agnes Hunt Lecture, "Body Rebuilding for Youth and Beauty"	*Assembly Room*	8:00 P. M.
April 3	Unity Temple Services	*Auditorium*	11:00 A. M.
April 4	Lilienthal, Bremer & Co. Lecture on "Investments"	*Assembly Room*	11:00 A. M.
	Metaphysical Culture—Agnes Hunt	*Room* 208	8:00 P. M.
April 5	Metaphysical Culture—Agnes Hunt	*Room* 208	8:00 P. M.
April 6	Women's Republican Club Study Group	*Room* 208	2:00 P. M.
	Pacific Coast Conference of Unitarian Churches—Luncheon	*Assembly Room*	12:00 M.
	Metaphysical Culture—Agnes Hunt	*Room* 208	8:00 P. M.
April 7	Pacific Coast Conference of Unitarian Churches—Dinner	*Auditorium*	6:00 P. M.
	Metaphysical Culture—Agnes Hunt	*Room* 208	8:00 P. M.
April 10	Unity Temple Services	*Auditorium*	11:00 A. M.
April 11	Lilienthal, Bremer & Co. Lecture on "Investments"	*Assembly Room*	11:00 A. M.
	St. Mary's College Production of "Everyman"	*Auditorium*	3:00 P. M.
	St. Mary's College Production of "Everyman"	*Auditorium*	8:15 P. M.
April 12	Puerta del Oro Chapter, D. A. R.	*Assembly Room*	2:00 P. M.
	Annual Meeting of Bankitaly Club	*Auditorium*	8:00 P. M.
April 13	St. Mary's College Production of "Everyman"	*Auditorium*	3:00 P. M.
	St. Mary's College Production of "Everyman"	*Auditorium*	8:15 P. M.
April 14	English Speaking Union Tea	*Assembly Room*	3:00 P. M.
April 17	Unity Temple Services	*Auditorium*	11:00 A. M.
April 18	Lilienthal, Bremer & Co. Lecture on "Investments"	*Assembly Room*	11:00 A. M.
	Booker T. Washington Community Service Center Concert	*Auditorium*	8:00 P. M.
April 19	Players' Guild	*Auditorium*	8:15 P. M.
April 20	Players' Guild	*Auditorium*	8:15 P. M.
April 21	Players' Guild	*Auditorium*	8:15 P. M.
April 22	Players' Guild	*Auditorium*	8:15 P. M.
April 23	Players' Guild	*Auditorium*	8:15 P. M.
April 24	Unity Temple Services	*Auditorium*	11:00 A. M.
April 25	Lilienthal, Bremer & Co. Lecture on "Investments"	*Assembly Room*	11:00 A. M.
April 28	Theatre Arts Club	*Auditorium*	8:15 P. M.

THE MEMBERS AND FRIENDS OF THE
WOMEN'S CITY CLUB
ARE INVITED
TO A SERIES OF LECTURES ON

Investments

being given by MR. MILTON H. EPSTEIN, Lecturer in Economics, University of California, in the ASSEMBLY ROOM, each Monday from 11 a. m. to 12 noon

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"O FOR A BOOKE"

"O for a Booke and a shady nooke
eyther in-a-doore or out,
With the grene leaves whispering overhead
or the Streete cryes all about.
Where I maie Reade all at my ease
both of the Newe and Olde,
For a jollie goode Booke whereon to looke
is better to me than Golde."

From "Come Hither"
Edited by Walter de la Mare

Doomsday, by Warwick Deeping, is still "the most popular book of the month," though Sinclair Lewis' Elmer Gantry is in great demand, and may take its place at the head of the list.

March has had more than the usual number of popular authors represented by new novels.

The names of Robert Keable, Anne Douglas Sedgwick, Gene Stratton Porter, Kathleen Norris and Sinclair Lewis are dear to the hearts of lovers of good novels.

Following is a list of recent titles added to the Library:

Ace of Blades	*Stilson, Charles B.*
Ann Decides	*Keable, Robert*
Aurelius Smith, Detective	*Scott, Reginald Thomas M.*

"A collection of unique detective stories."

Beadle, The	*Smith, Pauline*
Belated Reckoning	*Bottome, Phyllis*
Brat, The	*Rath, E. J.*

"Here is humor and pathos. It is like no other Rath novel, but every whit as good as the best of them."

Captive, The (Play)	*Bourdet, Edovard*
Cathra Mystery	*MacLeod, Adam Gordon*
Children of the Morning	*George, W. L.*

"The development of fifty-nine children cast away on a desert island and the amazing civilization they evolve."

Children of Divorce	*Johnson, Owen*
Congai	*Hervey, Harry*

"The story of a beautiful half-caste Asiatic woman who rose from her mysterious jungle home to fame among the hysterically gay French Colonials."

East Side, West Side	*Reisenberg, Felix*
Elmer Gantry	*Lewis, Sinclair*
Empress Might-have-been	*Aubry, Octave*

"The love story of Marie Valeska and Napoleon."

Famous Poison Mysteries	*Smith, E. H.*
Flying Death	*Balmer, Edwin*
Fruit of Eden	*Gerard, Louise*

"A powerful novel of regeneration."

Free Soul	*St. John, Adela*
Girl from Scotland Yard	*Wallace, Edgar*
Green Forest, The	*Colby, Nathalie Sedgwick*

The New York *Times* says: "One blesses the coming of Mrs. Colby into fiction. Critical hats must come off to her."

Hard-Boiled Virgin	*Newman, Frances*
Hula	*Von Tempski, Armine*
Jill	*Delafield, E. M.*

"A provocative and absorbing novel of post-war London."

Joyous Conspirator	*Gibbs, George*
Magic Garden	*Porter, Gene Stratton*
Ninth Avenue	*Bodenheim, Maxwell*
Old Countess, The	*Sedgwick, Anne Douglas*

Fundamental Facts for Women Investors

(SERIES REPRINTED FROM S. F. CHRONICLE)

by

HAZEL L. ZIMMERMAN

Women's Investment Counselor

OF PEARSONS-TAFT COMPANY

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Rebel Bird, The	*Patrick, Diana*
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An amazing story of a man who finds himself at the age of thirty suddenly possessed of a new personality—virtually a new life."

Sea Gull, The	*Norris, Kathleen*
Speak to the Earth	*Comstock, Harriet*
Sylvia of the Minute	*Martin, Helen*

"A charming Pennsylvania Dutch story of a snobbish man and an ingenuous and mysterious Dutch girl."

Unquenchable Fire, The	*Sutherland, Joan*
Up-Grade, The	*Gibbs, George*
Victory Murders, The	*Johns, F.*
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Miss Isabel Letham, the Director of the Pool, who has just returned from Sydney, has brought back some new ideas on swimming from the Australian National Championships.

* * *

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It closes at 7 p. m. Wednesdays and 6 p. m. Saturdays.

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WOMEN'S CITY CLUB MAGAZINE

Published
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City Club of
San Francisco

SAN FRANCISCO, CALIFORNIA

Volume I, Number 4

MAY, 1927

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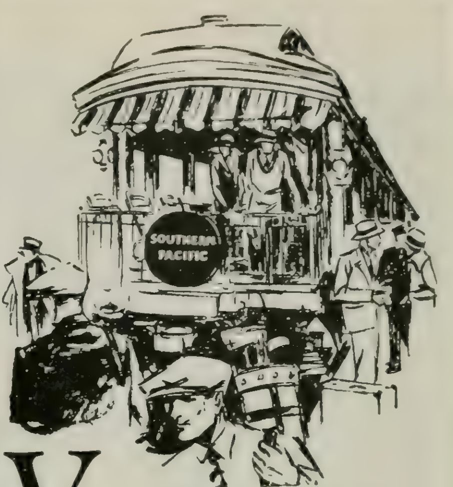

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Note these examples: from San Francisco to Del Monte and back—$6.00; to Lake Tahoe and back, $13.25; to Los Angeles and back, $25.00 (limit 21 days.) Similar fares between other Pacific coast points from San Diego to Vancouver, B. C.

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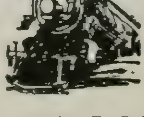

GROUP OF VOLUNTEER WORKERS

In League Shop on first floor of the Women's City Club. Left to right, Mrs. William W. Phillips, *Chairman;* Mrs. Peter Breen, (*on stairs*) and Mrs. Paul Von Ettner.

THE
WOMEN'S CITY CLUB
MAGAZINE
OF
SAN FRANCISCO

VOLUME I MAY, 1927 NUMBER 4

SAN FRANCISCO SUGGESTED A SPLENDID LOCALE FOR WOMAN'S MAGAZINE

Charles Caldwell Dobie, novelist, essayist and commentator, holds a brief for the possibilities of a woman's magazine in the West. Dean of western moderns warns against community snobbishness.

By CHARLES CALDWELL DOBIE

I DO not think that a paper *for* western women is nearly so important as a paper *by* western women. A paper for a particular group means a restricted paper—restricted in its interests. A paper by a restricted group need not be so.

I think that the failure of most western magazines either for men, women or children has been that they have been restricted in their choice of material. A western magazine need not put its emphasis on prunes, cowpunchers and alfalfa. In fact, the West is pretty well fed up on this sort of thing. And when it buys a magazine it buys it with the hope of escape from such an immediate foreground.

Personally, I have never been able to sell a story to a western magazine. My locale is west enough but it is not the traditional west of pony-express men, and cattle-branding, and Sunbonnet Sues. In the days when I was struggling upward, not a magazine on the Pacific Coast bought a line of mine, saving the old Argonaut's presence. The editors, sitting on their swivel chairs, decided that the great open spaces were to rule. And rule they did even if it was at the expense of the circulation department.

Since no males have been strong enough to cut loose from this papier mache past it occurs to me that it would be a mighty good job for women to make the west safe for aspiring writers with a new viewpoint. A western magazine should be, above everything else, a proving ground for talent. It should have a pride in discovering the craftsman in its midst. And it should have a particular pride in laying the foundations of a real and vital present.

Once upon a time, a San Francisco yearner toward literary honors was acclaimed a writer if he mentioned Lotta's fountain, Fisherman's wharf, and the joss houses of Chinatown. I have a feeling that in some quarters, notably local publishing quarters, that this is still the rule. Lotta's fountain, Fisherman's wharf and the joss houses of Chinatown are still with us but bobbed haired women and the golf links at Lincoln Park have been added to the mise-en-scene.

But so strongly does the vision of the past still persist that it hynotized no less distinguished a visitor than Corra Harris into writing some gibberish about a mayor of San Francisco who rode a prancing steed through the streets and in plumed cap waved swords and whatnots in the air. Of course Mrs. Harris never saw such a creature. She merely materialized him out of a literary ether surcharged with picaroon apparitions.

Therefore when someone asks me if I think there is a field in the west for a woman's magazine I answer emphatically: "Yes!" Providing it goes to the task with a clear vision unclouded by the past. A past is a fine thing to have provided you are not always raking it up. We always think a person snobbish who drags in the family tree on every occasion. And so is a community that does the same thing.

A western woman's magazine can rescue the west from community snobbishness.

It can rescue the west from dry rot. It can be a stepping stone to writers with a future.

It can speak for its women and at them.

It can open its doors to anything that is worthy, from Iceland to Timbuctoo.

It can speak to *all* women and incidentally men.

But will it?

On this answer hangs its fate.

* * *

Mrs. William Randolph Hearst, who was given a tea by Miss Ethel Whitmire at the Women's City Club early this month, was most enthusiastic in her admiration of the institution, the beauty of the building and the charm of its furnishing. But most of all was she impressed with the volunteer service which is the pulse of the organization.

Mrs. Hearst has visited many women's clubs in many parts of the world and is qualified to judge. By comparison with others, she said that the Women's City Club of San Francisco is unique in its system of utilizing the spirit of service, war-born, which has persisted and grown in quality until it is one of the strongest supports in the structure which sustains the Club.

* * *

The last four of the Brother Leo lectures will be held May 5, 12, 19 and 26, and tickets for the four may be had for two dollars, announces Mrs. S. Hasket Derby, chairman of the committee which sponsored the series.

The subjects will be, in their order, "Dante, the Voice of Silent Centuries," "Cervantes, First of the Moderns," "Shakespeare, Master Dramatist," and "Goethe and the Quest of Happiness."

The general theme of the series is "Six World Writers." Brother Leo, who is head of the English Department of St. Mary's College, gives the lectures Thursday afternoons at three o'clock.

MRS. WILLIAM RANDOLPH HEARST

Who was entertained at a tea given at the Women's City Club during her recent visit to San Francisco.

THE CHARM OF THE OLD PRINT

By H. J. Brothers

San Francisco Etcher

OF all the things termed antique, attracting such widespread attention at the present time, probably nothing has greater charm and greater value for decorative purposes than the old print or engraving, particularly those in colors.

In these works of art executed by hand on copper plates we have a faithful and intimate rendering of romantic and charming periods of history. And inasmuch as the majority of these plates were made from the original paintings and drawings of great masters, frequently under their supervision, we are brought into close contact with both painter and engraver.

The practice of engraving on metal plates for the purpose of making impressions on paper seems to have originated with gold and silversmiths who, when engraving ornamental designs on armor, silverware and other metal objects, filled their engraved lines with some black paste-like substance in order to better observe the progress of their work. It was discovered that damp paper laid upon the work and pressure applied it would be forced into the engraved lines and upon being taken off would bring the black paste-like substance with it giving a perfect picture of the design on the paper. In time flat burnished copper plates were produced and presses developed for more even distribution of the pressure and the great art of reproducing pictures from engraved plates was born.

It is not within the scope of this article to explain in detail the various methods of engraving plates that were developed through the fifteenth, sixteenth, seventeenth and eighteenth centuries, but the following description will give a fairly clear idea of them.

First "Line Engraving" the picture or design produced in lines of varying depth and width.

"Etching," which grew out of line engraving. A line process but the work being bitten into the metal by acids instead of cut with a tool.

"Stipple Engraving," the work done in irregular shaped dots of varying strength.

"Mezzotint," a process of scraping or sculpturing the picture on a previously roughened plate.

"Aquatint," a process of etching in tones a broken, reticulated surface rather than lines.

And many plates were combinations of two or more of these methods.

It may be as well to say here that "Steel Engraving" was introduced in the middle of the nineteenth century and is more in the nature of a manufacturing process than an art. Steel was used to the end that an unlimited number of impressions could be taken from the plate and the line work was executed by a machine. For these reasons steel engravings are of no interest to the connoisseur or collector and have no merit from the artistic or decorative standpoint.

The purpose of engraving on copper was to make a limited number of identical copies as faithfully as possible of the works of famous and popular painters. At first the engraver was of little importance as compared with the painter. Gradually, however, as the quality of engraving improved it began to be appreciated for itself. In many cases artists became engravers as well as painters. In other cases the engravers were greater artists than the men whose work they reproduced. The result being that some prints are identified more particularly with the painter and some with the engraver.

Today many of the old prints are worth much more than the original pictures they were made from.

Down to the Victorian period prints had been popular and of general interest and particularly so to those of discriminating tastes, but during the dark age of art the greater part of the people lost sight of their merits as with many other things of great excellence of earlier times. It is true that during this time there were discriminating collectors of old prints but they had the customary desire of the collector for rarity and uniqueness and did not stimulate general interest from the artistic standpoint.

The beginning of the twentieth century, however, saw a great revival of appreciation on the part of people of refinement and taste who saw in the old print the charm and beauty which it possesses, an object for home decoration. This was particularly true in England where most by far of the fine prints had been produced.

Since then an ever increasing interest has developed until now good specimens are more and more difficult to find and more eagerly sought for than ever before.

First in general interest are sporting prints with their lively colorings, depicting the sport interests of different periods, such as fox hunting, fishing, racing, steeple chasing, hare hunting, etcetra. These are generally in aquatint by such men as Pollard, Hunt, Alken, Sutherland, Earlon, Woolstenholme, Hewitt and many others.

The romantic, rustic life of the cottagers and gypsies, traders, street vendors, children playing games and the homes and lives of the gentry; enthralling in their ability to give us clearly a picture of the lives of these people a century and more ago. Fine examples of this type of print were executed in stipple and mezzotint by W. Ward, J. Ward, Bartolozzi and his pupils Knight, Tompkins, Metter, Schiovanetti, Venchaminie and others after the paintings by Morland, Wheatly, Bigg, Reynold, J. R. Smith, Romney and other great portrait painters.

Merchant marine, yachting, naval and military subjects are also much sought for, for their decorative value.

Perhaps the most attractive thing after subject, in old prints is color.

SAN FRANCISCO LAUNDRY

This Laundry does its work with all the care and nicety of the best French laundries. Both use the same machinery and equipment, and this laundry has better paid operatives. Thru membership in the Laundryowners' National Association, and its connection with the Mellon Institute of Pittsburgh and the American Institute of Laundering, this laundry is in touch with the latest improvements and refinements in laundering processes as nonmembers are not.

TELEPHONE WEST 793

Time, in its effects upon the old hand-made paper, is responsible very largely for the soft yet clear mellow tints that make them so agreeable to live with.

It must be borne in mind that most of the fine prints were produced before the invention of photography and its application to mechanical engraving. When this happened boys were no longer trained in the old methods; the art declined. It has been revived from time to time as a medium of expression by individual artists and at present there is a revival of mezzotint engraving, but lacking in sincerity and beauty as it simply seeks to reproduce the old subjects because of their popularity. The old engravers were interpreting, in an original manner, their own times. This the modern mezzotinter in the main does not do and either overdoes the technique of mezzotint or misses its proper use entirely.

Prices have advanced rapidly with the increase of interest in old prints, and because of the now very apparent scarcity of the geninue specimens, will continue to do so. Old prints are not a passing fad and are destined to disappear almost entirely from the market.

Because of the great increase in values, some of them spectacular, naturally the faker has been and will continue to be busy flooding the market with the spurious. Fortunately these can usually be easily detected. They are overdone in color and the paper is not hand-made and in many cases the method used is one of the modern photo engraving processes which should fool no one.

Reliable dealers state frankly whether their prints are reproductions or from the original plates.

REPORT OF SEWING COMMITTEE

By Ethel H. Porter

(Mrs. F. C. Porter)

IN making a resume of the work done by the sewing committee we must go back to 333 Kearny Street, before we moved to our present quarters. During February and March of last year a busy group met there four days a week in the effort to complete the task they had undertaken, and when the new building was opened the ninety spreads and one hundred eighty pillow slips with snaps and snaps and more snaps were finished and on the beds, while five hundred shower sheets were hemmed and piled up ready for use in the pool.

In the new building we use a room upstairs as our work shop where we meet every Monday at eleven o'clock. The linen covers for the card tables, the squares that protect the pillows in the rest room, the table cloths and pads for the dinner dances and scores of tea towels, are all issued from this upstairs work shop and we are now replenishing the supply of maids' aprons for the dining room.

At Christmas time we work for the shop and this year made a number of shoe bags and packages of many colored dusters that were sold almost faster than we could get them out.

Although Monday is our regular sewing day, this group willingly serves another day a week when the work on hand presses too closely and during the last four weeks our hours of service have passed the two hundred mark.

THE ANNUAL MEETING

City Club Has its First Birthday Party

By BEATRICE SNOW STODDARD
(Mrs. T. A. Stoddard)

> *"All on this pleasant evening, together come are we,*
> *For the summer springs so fresh, green and gay;*
> *We tell you of a blossoming and buds on every tree."*
> Old Song.

THE words of this quaint old English Song hummed themselves to me as I entered the Auditorium, on the evening of our Annual Meeting—"All on this pleasant evening, together come are we"—the occasion of this first-year birthday party of the Women's City Club; "We tell you of a blossoming, and buds on every tree."

Surely do we all know that there has been an abundant blossoming within the fields of our new sightly home.

And now since a birthday is a day of wonder and joy, let us survey all its happenings that were brought to a close by this happy evening. There were the morning and the afternoon with hundreds of members admiring the flowers, the unique and decorative culinary display on the third floor, the evening with the annual dinner, the annual meeting, the reception following, and finally the rejoicing in the presentation of the beautiful gift of the Volunteer Workers to Miss Marion Leale.

Rain flashed upon the pavements in a swift staccato, and March was still blowing at the time on the twenty-eighth day of that month. In spite of this, our Club Building was gay with flowers and greens. The third floor, the floor of the dining rooms and cafeteria, was especially festive. As one stepped from the elevator into the lofty gallery on the long Italian table gleamed a single white candle in a silver candlestick—a symbol of our first year. On each side of the candlestick was an especially ornamented cake made by our famous Emily, our cook, who has been with us in faithful, efficient service since the days on Kearny Street.

One cake represented the former Club House at 333 Kearny Street. A small photograph of Volunteer Workers in the uniform of the National League for Woman's Service was set into the frosting, and Uncle Sam, in colored sugar suit, stood guard—a sign of the days when the League was in his service. The other cake was the special Women's City Club cake. On its broad, round top shone the gold sugar outline of our Coat of Arms, surrounded by red and white roses.

Suspended over all was a large, white plaque representing the insignia of the League—a spread golden eagle hovering over the Stars and Stripes, encircled by the words, outlined in green;—"The National League for Woman's Service." This Coat of Arms was made by the restaurant staff. To the right on a table was a fully rigged white vessel—The Good

Ship "Women's City Club." It was three feet long, made of rice by our chef, Oscar Parmentier. Big Irish potatoes were the anchors, sugary brown doughnut life-boats were raised by green asparagus davits. The cargo was not—

"A cargo of ivory
And apes and peacocks
Sandalwood, cedarwood and sweet
white wine"

as our friend, John Masefield sings, but fresh fruits and vegetables, pale green artichokes, bright green peas, long cool cucumbers, fat purple egg plant, straight carroty carrots, mild red beets, and the gleam of oranges and lemons. These are samples, if you please, of the delights of our menu the twelve months around. Glittering beside the ship was another tall wax candle in a silver candlestick, casting its bright beam on our first year's voyage on the great sea of service to the Community.

Thirteen hundred meals were served on this Monday, March 28, 1927, at the annual dinner. The Day and Night Cafeteria Crews of Volunteer Service, dressed in our beloved uniform, made the Cafeteria a lovely picture as they all dined together. The Mural Room, the National Defenders' Room and the Main Dining Room were also filled to capacity. All told, five hundred members broke bread with friendly chats on this memorable evening. A special menu card—white with a pale green outline of our Coat of Arms, dimly stamped upon it, tempted the palates with a special menu. From a canepe in red, white and blue, a symbol of the early national service of the League, on through the "Women's City Club" special salad, a delicious combination of alligator pear and grape fruit on to the "National League Volunteer Service" pudding of orange flavor, the annual dinner menu was a surprise and a delight.

For these contributions from the Third Floor to the success of the day, for the designs and supervision, thanks and credit are due to Mr. John Haack, who is in charge of the Restaurant Department.

"The flowering of a jonquil or the drooping of a lilac guides us to the running of the year," once said a friend of mine. So it was with me, as I sat in my seat in the Auditorium, on this evening of the Annual Meeting. The running of the year was good. My marks of proof! You ask. The balcony and main floor were filled to standing room with happy chatting women. There were five hundred members present in the Auditorium. Capacity House!

My eyes then became engaged by the full rich glow of our beautiful drop curtain. Drawn across the stage it became an enchanting background. A flood of light radiated upward from the footlights. Just below, on the main floor, was the speakers' platform. On a nearby table, a great brass bowl of purple and red tulips, yellow tulips and all shades of purple cineraria caught the spotlight. My heart glowed to this tasteful blending of light and color, and I knew Miss Murphy's hand had touched it all with magic.

Mrs. Cleaveland Forbes, the President, took her place on the platform. The hum of voices stopped. With a few cordial remarks Mrs. Forbes opened the meeting and called upon Mrs. S. G. Chapman, the retiring President, to address the members. With gracious smiles, Mrs. Chapman gave a general survey of the trials and accomplishments, the ideals and responsibilities of her Board of Directors and herself, and closed with an expression of heartiest thanks and deepest appreciation to all who helped her with their work, and trust and confidence. Her closing words were: "To have served as your President during these difficult and strenuous times I count as one of the richest experiences of my life—an inspiring privilege."

Miss Jeanette Daub next read the Treasurer's report, duly audited and signed by the certified public accountants. A comparison of the Balance Sheet with that of last year disclosed the fact that the Net Income of $42,511.93 is represented by an increase of approximately $12,000 in cash and $30,500 in the Interim Certificates and other securities held.

Reports of Standing Committees were next in order. The report of the Finance Committee was presented by the chairman, Miss Mabel Pierce, and read by Miss Marion Leale. This report may be briefly summarized: Before moving into the new building, an estimated budget was accepted. The chief work of the Finance Committee has been the checking up of all estimates for all contracts, and for all estimates from the Furnishing Committee, and finally, the compiling of a new Budget based upon actual experience. The report closed with the encouraging words that the Club has balanced its accounts, and met all its obligations, but also reminds each member that the income of the Club is her responsibility, "either directly through her use of the Club, or through a good word and through good will to all concerned."

The retiring Executive Secretary and Manager of the Building Project, Miss Marion Leale, followed with her report. This report dealt with the achievements accomplished on each floor of the building in working out the first problem, i. e., to build for a million dollars, "a building which would earn itself, and carry its fixed charges, and would give to the Club

THE BRIAR STRAP
Main Spring Arch Shoes
Combine Smartness with Ease

We extend a hearty invitation (with no obligations) to anyone who experiences foot discomfort to visit our store and examine, as well as "try on" a Main Spring Arch Shoe.

Patent and Black Kid... $10 } *Marsala and Blonde Kid...* $12

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Readers!—

- Have you made a mental note to patronize our advertisers?
- Their advertising makes your Magazine possible. Each shop or service is reliable — and worthy of your patronage.
- Please say, "*I have read and appreciate your advertising in the Women's City Club Magazine.*"

equipment to earn its rent." To summarize by floors: The use of the Auditorium, the financial success of the League Shop, the accommodations of the Sage Circulating Library, the one hundred per cent quality of the Swimming Pool, the showing of their membership cards, in the elevators, by the members, the satisfactory reorganization of the third floor, the furnishings of comfort and beauty on the fourth floor, the reputation for cordiality toward the house guests—all these important things have been set in motion, fostered and brought to great success, in this first year, by the first manager of the Building Project.

Mrs. A. P. Black, chairman, read a pleasing report of the committee on Thursday Evening Programs. The report stated that it was a great satisfaction that the Committee could always count upon fair and often capacity audiences, with an enthusiastic reception of the program, each Thursday evening. The Club may feel great satisfaction in the growth of this work and the great pleasure afforded to our membership.

The chairman of the Library Committee, Mrs. William B. Hamilton, submitted an interesting report. There are eighteen hundred and ninety-eight registered users of the library privilege. Eighteen hundred and fourteen books were donated during the year. The Library serves an average of eighty people each day. There is a balance of monies on hand of just over eighty-one dollars. Mrs. Hamilton called the Library "our one year old infant prodigy." She paused just a minute with these appreciative words: "And with memories that bless and burn we acknowledge an endowment of twenty-five hundred dollars from Mrs. Sarah Rosenstock, as a memorial to her daughter, Mrs. Hilda Nuttall, who was our loved co-worker, and the first chairman of the Library Committee in those pioneering days at 333 Kearny Street."

The report of the Committee on Reciprocal Relations was read by Mrs. Edward Rainey, the chairman. The Women's City Club of Kansas City, Missouri, has been added to the present list. Mrs. Rainey read: "On August 10, 1926, two questionnaires were sent to every club on the list, one giving complete information in regard to our club and its activities, and the other blank to be filled out and returned to us so that we might answer any inquiries of our members." One hundred and twenty-five women presented reciprocal cards to the club. Reciprocal cards were issued to eight hundred and sixty of our own members.

Next followed the reading of a detailed report of the Training and Education Committee, by the chairman, Mrs. Parker S. Maddux. Quoting in part from Mrs. Maddux's report: "The aim of the Education Department is to offer classes, courses, and single lectures in response to the wishes and needs of the membership. We do not force activities unless there is a definite appeal. All requests from the seven thousand are taken under courteous consideration."

The three sub-divisions of the Standing Committee, the approximate yearly attendance of each, and the sub-division chairmen are as follows:

1—Free Activities
  1—Thursday Evening Program
    —Mrs. A. P. Black................4500
  2—The Current Events Courses
    —Mrs. Parker S. Maddux..6305
  3—The Play Reading Groups
    —Mrs. T. A. Stoddard......... 483

4—Sunday Evening Concerts—Mrs. Zoe Peterson	275
5—Investments for Women—Miss Carlie Tomlinson	(In preparation)
6—Social Service Course—(No chairman selected)	(In preparation)
2—Classes for which Fee is charged	
1—French—Mme. R. Olivier	920
2—German—Mrs. H. Durbrow	30
3—Parliamentary Law — Mrs. G. L. Leonard	144
4—The Orient — Mrs. Bertha Cole	480
5—Professor Lehman's Lectures—Mrs. Edward Rainey	
6—Brother Leo Lectures — Mrs. Harkett Derby	(In preparation)
3—The Forum Course — Mrs. Parker S. Maddux	1100

The Volunteer Service Annual Report appears in full in the March number of our magazine. Mrs. Louis J. Carl, the chairman, spoke a few impressive words to the effect that the Volunteer service of the Club stands to serve, not only the Club members, but the entire community.

Mrs. Edward Rainey read the Membership Committee report presented by the chairman, Mrs. H. L. Terwilliger. In comparison with the membership report of last March, we find set over against the words: March, 1926, "Membership almost to the goal." March, 1927, 7000 members; waiting list, 1407. In December the Board of Directors adopted the motion of Mrs. Forbes that Article III of the constitution be changed to read: "The membership of the League shall be 7000." The number of guest cards issued last year was 268 as against 1464 this year.

Mrs. Harry Staats Moore, chairman, gave the report on the Auditorium Committee. The rent of the Auditorium has been equal to expectations for the first year. Its adaptability for lectures, plays, and dances has been proven. The acoustics are fast being made to suit the most critical ears, by the hanging of velvet curtains on the rear wall and the placing of sound-absorbing material across the ceiling of the stage. The spring calendar shows three enterprises fostered by this committee, the first the play, "The Bad Man"—given by the Carmel Players. The second, the series of six lectures by Mr. Paul Harvey on "Our International Relations." The third, the dinner dance on April 29. On that night this committee hopes to acquit itself in a blaze of glory.

The Chairman of the House Committee, Mrs. Perry Eyre, submitted her report, which was read by Mrs. William B. Hamilton. Immediately after the last annual meeting, this committee busied itself with moving and settling in the new club building, and worked in conjunction with the Furnishing and Building Committee. This year, regular meetings have been held with Miss Murphy, in which tours of inspection of the entire club building have been made, and needs noted and supplied.

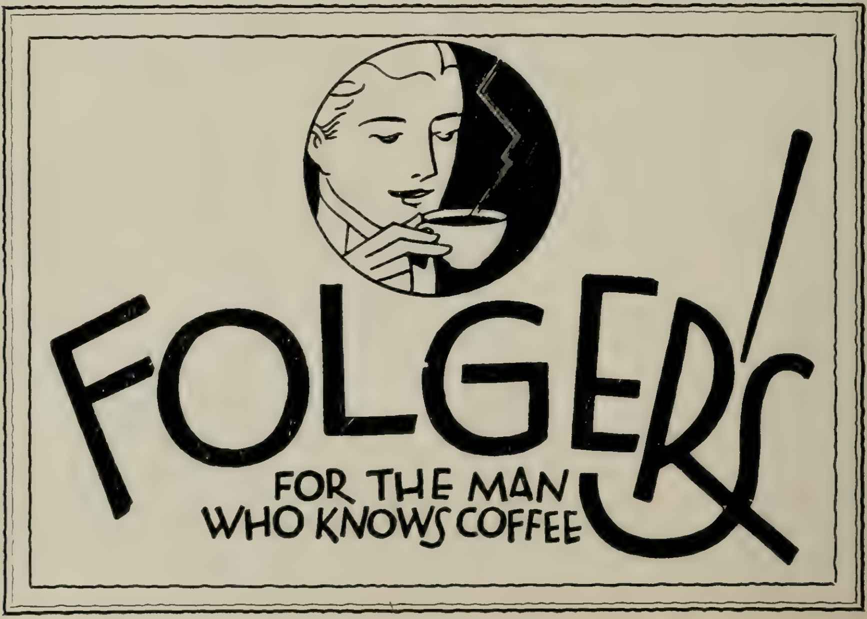
The report of the Hospitality Committee was submitted by Mrs. Charles Miner Cooper. This report, in full, appeared in the April edition of the magazine.

Mrs. Pearl Bauman, the chairman, reported on the Tuesday Evening Bridge Committee. On each Tuesday evening, an average of twenty tables of bridge has been enjoyed. Two large parties, an All Hallowe'en party, and St. Valentine's party made the club gay with their charming decorative motifs. The proceeds from these parties go to benefit the club.

Mrs. Howard Park, the chairman of the Decorations Committee, read her report. Mrs. Park expressed great pleasure in serving on this Committee and regretted that with the oncoming of winter, she and her associates were unable to keep the supply of decorations as abundant as in the summer months. During the Christmas season, due to the special aid and combined efforts of volunteers and employees the club was particularly beautiful. Mrs. Park paid tribute of thanks to Miss Murphy for her artistic assistance. A call herewith goes forth for greens and cut flowers, and especially potted plants for the roof garden. The Decorations Committee is very well organized and is inspired with its lovely service of beautifying our club.

The next order of business was the reports of Departments. Mrs. Milton Esberg submitted the Restaurant Report; Miss Ferguson read the report. "If the charge for rental was excluded, as is the practice followed in most clubs, the restaurant would have shown a profit of $2500, but our restaurant, the same as other departments of the club, is charged with rent and the financial plan was based upon a self supporting dining room and cafeteria. While the restaurant department is being used more and more by members, it is not used up to capacity seven days in the week. Members can render a real service to the club by patronizing the dining room and the cafeteria and by entertaining at the club. The department is equipped to serve elaborately or simply as the member desires. The number of functions given by individual members is steadily increasing. They include bridge luncheons and teas, luncheons and dinners.

One important feature of the service is afternoon tea in the dining room. There is a wide choice in the menus. Members are requested to cooperate by bringing the dining room tea service to the attention of members who may not know about this feature of the dining room service.



The preliminary figures for the month of March show an improvement over those for the preceding months and with the cooperation of the members the restaurant can be made one of the most successful, from the financial standpoint, departments of the Club."

The report of the League Shop was read by Miss Willard. All the twelve months of the year have been filled to the brim for the Shop Committee and the Executive. First, in 1926 came the forming of new policies, and regulations upon the opening in our new club house, then the rummage sale of dead stock, the returning of consigned merchandise, the search for suitable new merchandise. From the opening in April, the sales have increased. A better type of consignors have sought to place their goods. Trade relations have been established with some of the highest class firms throughout the country. A comparison of the figures of the year 1925 with 1926 shows an increase of 84% in gross receipts; 62% in net profits; 54% in rental increase. December peak: number of sales, 2,239; cash intake, $4,073.91. Whatever success the shop has had has been due to the cooperation of the many faithful and loyal volunteers. If the same loyalty and love of service continues for the shop and its many handicaps are removed, the shop will be a very material asset of the Club.

The Annual Swimming Pool report was read by the chairman, Mrs. H. A. Stephenson. The popularity of the pool is increasing. One swimming meet and two parties have been greatly enjoyed. Passes may be obtained for the meets by groups interested in seeing good swimming and diving. Every effort is being made to attract adult swimmers, either expert or beginners, to arrange for meets and to encourage great activity in our glorious pool. Total attendance was 12,649.

The Vocational Bureau Annual Report appears in the March magazine, so Mrs. Charles Miner Cooper, the chairman, added these vital words: "We wish all to realize that the club maintains the Vocational Bureau not only for the benefit of club members, but for service to all the women in the community."

The meeting was then declared adjourned, but all the members did not depart. There were secret and strange whisperings in the air. Mystery was afoot! The sound of the klink of glasses floated in from the main lobby. On a long table, all in the gentle glow of yellow shaded lights, cool, delicious golden fruit punch was being served with slim round rice cakes and tasty home-made cookies made by Emily, who can turn a cunning hand to cookery. Friend greeted friend, and the din of happy voices grew apace. Mrs. Chapman was cutting the birthday cake. The reception was on!

But back to our mysterious whisperings in the Auditorium again. We entered and saw Mrs. Louis J. Carl advance with a charming basket of yellow roses, tulips and renunculi. Suspended by a gold cord from the arch of the basket handle was a small blue box. Groups of volunteers pressed forward. A handsome topaz pin set with pearls was presented with love and appreciation, by the volunteers, to Miss Marion Leale. Miss Elsa Garret, chairman of the day restaurant crews, assisted by Mrs. H. K. Shaw, a member of the Restaurant Committee, selected this choice gift. Miss Leale with the sweet natural charm that is hers, made a bright little speech of acknowledgment. Then lo and behold! A fat little confectionery pig, with a saucy snout was popped into her hands, a gift from the staff of the third floor, for good luck! May good luck and love be ever her companions.

The birthday party was over. Hand clasped hand in cheery "good night," and the five hundred members filled with zeal and enterprise, and good punch and cake started homeward.

The next day the postman brought this gracious card to Mrs. Carl:

"Dear Mrs. Carl—For fear all the volunteers who gave me my beautiful pin last evening were not present at the time, I want to send this line to you today and ask you to express for me the appreciation which overwhelms me as I realize what this gift means. To me, the volunteer service is the very spirit of our association together and so I shall cherish always this gift —beautiful in itself—but far lovelier in its significance. Please say "thank you" for me to each one of these generous donors and accept my loving appreciation of it all—flowers, pin, and greeting card."

Cordially yours,

Signed: Marion Whitfield Leale.

And so the "Old Song" hummed on for me:

"And now comes we must leave you
here,
For the summer springs so fresh and
gay,
We shall not sing you March again
until another year."

* * *

FLOWERS WANTED FOR CLUB

MRS. Howard Park, chairman of the flower committee of the Women's City Club, solicits garden blooms for decoration of Clubrooms.

"To all members with gardens, this appeal is to each individual of you.

"Dear Garden Lover: We are most anxious to enhance the beauty of the roof garden by banking the walls, pool and fountain with innumerable plants, both evergreen and flowering.

Have you, personally, any old potted plants left over from your spring planting that you do not need, but that would be invaluable to the Club?

We are anxious to interest you all in this field and urge you to pot certain plants during the summer and fall for the Clubrooms. The winter gardens are too bare to strip any further and if we depend on cut flowers, the Club is bare too.

Berry plants, poinsettas, geraniums, heather, cinerarias, hyacinths, tulips, lilies, cyclamen, begonias and hanging ivy have all been suggested, and there are many more.

In the spring your pots could be returned to you for replanting.

Be sure, if you can, to let us have plants for the roof garden immediately. Warm summer days are at hand and we are anxious to develop it into a charming, gay patio where the members may chat over their tea and enjoy the balmy outdoor air.

With deepest appreciation for any co-operation or interest you may show in the decoration of the Club.

HELEN C. PARK."

San Francisco Art School, Jones and Chestnut Streets.

ARTISTS CELEBRATE PARILIA

Setting resembles great spring festival of Pagan Rome when the Eternal City celebrated its birthday by giving a feast to Cybele, mother of the gods.

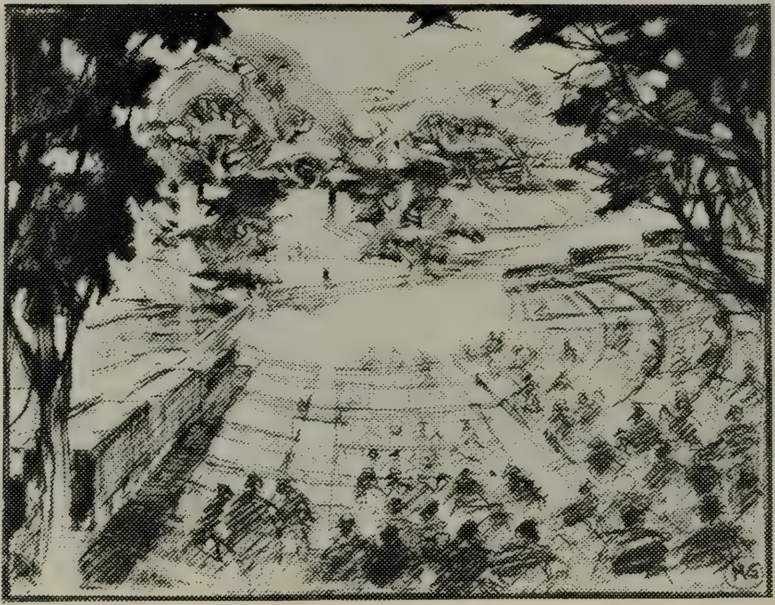
By ANITA DAY HUBBARD

THERE is in San Francisco a permanent quality of youth. When age cavorts a sorry spectacle results, and some cities make merry with all the spontaneity of a hired toastmaster at a trade banquet.

San Francisco has never lost her delightful and youthful capacity to frolic without self consciousness. And that is why a fancy dress party in San Francisco is a thing of whimsical delight. Which brings us by easy steps to the Parilia, the Roman revel, marking the first step in the return of that beloved tradition, for a half century a yearly event, of the annual artists' ball.

The new building of the San Francisco Art Association, at Chestnut and Jones Streets, is a fit place for the building of a whole new set of historical occasions.

The Association, in the ornate old Mark Hopkins mansion that housed it after the nineties, makes social tradition with its annual frolics. Long before that, when the Association was still merely a sturdy infant, back in the early seventies, the balls began. Travellers who happened to attend



WOODLAND THEATRE

Where eight Philharmonic Symphony Concerts are to be given this summer beginning Sunday afternoon, June 5.

them made much, in their memoirs, of the beauty and ingenuity and artistry that the decorations and costumes showed, even in those simple days. In later years Paris had some need to look to the rivals of her Q'uatz Arts Balls in the new city by the Golden Gate. The last of the series, the Egyptian revel, had no end of notice all over the world. And now again, the old spirit, and the old skill, with a splendid new place to work in has functioned, and the Parilia, the San Francisco replica of the ancient spring festival of pagan Rome, is a gay and spirited page to put in the portfolio.

On April 22, all of the smart Bohemia of the city, with art students, and practising artists, and everyone else who could manage to secure one of the wisely limited number of tickets, celebrated anew the birth of spring in a Roman and pagan manner, stylized to meet modern ideas. Rome in the height of the power of the Caesars, was the setting, and the decorations, designed by Stafford Duncan, and executed by the student body of the California School of Fine Arts, surpassed anything seen here in many a long day.

In the big gallery, a huge female figure, one hundred and twenty-five feet high, in sombre black in a field of vivid scarlet, with huge black braziers throwing red flame to light it, and with one concentrated ray of brilliant green light from the centre of the ceiling making a weird effect, made a spectacular and starling decoration.

In contrast the cool greens and lavenders of the Egyptian oasis, with a myriad of palm trees stretching apparently up to the heavens, and the roof a tangle of palm branches delighted the guests. The Graeco-Roman temple, with Ralph Stackpole's 12-foot figure of the goddess of the spring, was done in yellow green and red purple with a frieze of black and orange.

The barbarian den, a small room opening from the oasis, had just that degree of the macabre grewsomeness that a festooning of horribly realistic papier mache heads, hung by matted locks of ravelled tow, would give to any party. A weird green light illumined this room.

The Persian Room in daring panels of stylized trees and flowers, with rose colored panels between and a blue ceiling, was delightfully sentimental, and the patio, roofed over for the night with canvas awning, looked very like some fabulous tent, perhaps of a Roman general, and the balconies, hung with banners in scarlet and purple, made a splendid setting for the tableaux and for the pageant which used five hundred people, and all of the characters from the Classic myths to the beginning of the Christian era.

From the first poster design by Maynard Dixon, to the last costume designed by Lucien Labaudt, who had that phase in charge, the ball was a masterpiece of artistic beauty. As to the "stunts" put on by the inimitable Judson Starr, ask the folks who saw them. In cold print they would not seem nearly so funny as they looked against that lovely and somewhat pompous background of classic antiquity. The chariot race, the pursuit of the nymph and the satyr, the tragic episode of the gladiator, the Christian

"The Avocado Plant," by C. Stafford Duncan, First Prize Painting at this year's exhibit of San Francisco Art Association.

* * *

"Drawing," by Ralph Stackpole.

maiden and the fierce but impressionable lion, and all the rest will bear telling and retelling.

It was a wonderful party. Much credit is due the ball committee, headed by Edgar Walter, and his able aides, Arthur Brown, Jr., Templeton Crocker, Lucien Labaudt, Stafford Duncan, Lee Randolph and E. Spencer Macky.

The forty-ninth Annual exhibit of the San Francisco Art Association showed definitely that the artistic spirit of San Francisco, which has furnished painters and sculptors to the world for the past half century, is still very much alive. The awards were made after all the work of the one hundred and twenty-two artists represented had been selected from a very large number of pieces submitted for the show.

Lucien Labaudt is the winner of the first prize in the Anne Bremer awards. His nude in oils, called "Composition" is the victorious piece, and Guittardo Piazzoni has the second prize for his over mantel decoration, a charming landscape in mural quality. In the painting class, Stafford Duncan carried off first medal with his still life, "The Avocado Plant," and Mathew Barnes had honorable mention for a very modern composition in blue, called "Flood."

Ruth Cravath and Piazzoni shared equal honors in the sculpture groups, each being awarded a first medal of award for a head cut in stone direct. Piazzoni made a portrait bust of his young daughter, Merille, also an exhibitor in the show, and Ruth Cravath calls her sandstone sculpture merely "Head." A special medal of first award went to H. Nelson Poole for his fresco "The Dancers." Jacques Schnier won honorable mention with his kneeling nude, called "Mt. Whitney," a cast concrete figure about half life size. In the water color and pastel group, Forrest Brissey took a first medal with his "Nude," and Edward Hagedorn also a first medal with his group of pastels. Geneve Rixford Sargent won the first place in the drawings with a seated nude figure, and Marian Simpson's "On the Campus" received honorable mention.

The show, one of the most representative in many years was the first annual to be held in the new building of the Art Association and the California School of Fine Arts at Chestnut and Jones Streets.

"White Winter," by Oliver Albright, shown at the annual exhibit of the San Francisco Art Exhibition.

MISS MARIE CLOVITA RUIZ

Who gave gypsy and Spanish dances at the Sunday evening program of March 28 at the Women's City Club under the direction of the Music Committee, of which Mrs. Leonard Woolams is chairman.

BOOKS OF THE SPRING

Inglis Fletcher reviews Philip Guedalla's "Palmerston" and Kathleen Norris' "Sea Gull."

By Inglis Fletcher

"HE had a positive genius for survival," writes Philip Guedalla of that remarkable man, Lord Palmerston, whose career in England covered the last sixteen years of the eighteenth century and extended for sixty-five years into the nineteenth. His political life started with diplomatic duels fought with Talleyrand and ended with Mr. Lincoln and Prince Bismarck.

Mr. Guedalla attacks history and biography with a brilliant enthusaism that has not been witnessed since the days of Thomas Carlyle and the great Macaulay. Under his finished touch the whole procession of England's great become alive, proving that Mr. Guedalla has a genius for resuscitation.

In reading his Palmerston one might think this ability to recreate, a gift Mr. Guedalla was born with, as another man might be born with an eye for color or a gift of voice. But according to the historian himself this is not the case. His ability to bring people back to us out of that clouded and murky Victorian age, is something that any writer can do if he follows this simple recipe in the making of history. This fact was brought to light by Mr. Guedalla in a recent lecture in San Francisco, in answer to a comment made in her introduction to his lecture by Aline Barret Greenwood. Miss Greenwood spoke of Mr. Guedallas' remarkable facility for making his characters live. The historian replied that it was very simple and no mystery at all. You simply "wrote of dead people as though they were alive and all the events rolling like a great panorama before their eyes." In other words you did not write of 1818 from the standpoint of 1927 looking back on 1818, but write as if you were living in the year 1818 and the events were happenings at that very moment. It sounds very simple to hear Mr. Guedalla tell it. But in order to sink oneself into the period, the historian must not only know his facts but he must have done an enormous amount of reading of memoirs and journals of the people who lived at that time. As Mr. Guedalla puts it, "fortunately there was usually some inquisitive and malicious diarist that will give you just the touch of realism that you need to revitalize the historic characters of whom you are writing.

MAYTIME

Never yet was a Springtime
Late though lingered the snow,
That the sap stirred not at the
whisper
Of the south wind, sweet and low;
Never yet was a Springtime
When the buds forgot to blow.

Ever the wings of the summer
Are folded under the mould;
Life, that has known no dying,
Is Love's, to have and to hold,
Till, sudden, the burgeoning
Easter!
The song! the green and the gold!

Margaret E. Sangster

He also thinks that you write much better history outside of your own times. A man who writes a history of someone he knows, clouds his vision with the inevitable "I." The great character will be approached in this way: "The day 'I' met the great man —and what the great man said to 'Me'." The history then becomes too much of the writer, and his personal opinion. Dispassionate history is the only kind of history that should be written. But events must be surrounded by atmosphere, color, and the things that give life to present happenings.

Among critics Mr. Guedalla is spoken of as one of the most brilliant young Englishmen writing today. From the standpoint of style he might be a first rank novelist if he decided to choose that medium.

Another of his ideas in writing history is to make it as interesting as fiction without ever deviating from facts. How well he succeeds can be seen in his Second Empire and in his Palmerston.

If one wants a complete view of England under Victoria, reading Guedalla's brilliant biography, Palmerston, and Galsworthy's splendid novel, The Forsythe Saga, will give a real understanding of the history, morals and ideals of the British people.

Two of the lectures being given by Professor Benjamin Lehman of the University of California on "Literature, Old and New" remain for the month of May.

The lectures are given alternate Thursday mornings at 11 o'clock in the City Club Auditorium, single tickets for which are seventy-five cents. The two remaining dates are May 5 and May 19. Mrs. Edward Rainey has charge of the series.

* * *

The hostesses for May of the Sunday evening concerts in the Women's City Club lounge will be Mrs. Alfred Hurtgen on May 8, Miss Ruth Viola Davis, May 15; Mrs. Carlo Sutro Morbio for May 22, and Mrs. Marie Hicks Healy for May 29.

Volunteers Play Bridge

A group of volunteer workers of the Women's City Club go each week to the Presidio and play bridge with the disabled men in the Red Cross House. In February nine volunteers each gave twenty-seven hours, reporting to the recreational director of the Red Cross and being assigned to the patients wanting to play.

Sarah H. Rees, recreational worker, writes of this service to Mrs. Louis J. Carl, chairman of Volunteer Workers of the Women's City Club:

"In connection with the bridge lessons which have been given in the Red Cross House, we have had some interesting results. Some time ago a patient from the general medical section was discharged with maximum improvement. Not being able to resume hard work, he capitalized his knowledge of bridge, which he gained while here, and secured a position as teacher in one of the best tea rooms in the city. While it was not just what he wanted to do, it will tide him over until more normal health returns."

* * *

Creed of the West

To Learn and to Love—
The Life of the Great Outdoors
The Nobility of Courage
The Essence of Beauty
The Blessedness of Plenty
The Glory of Service
The Power of Kindness
The Excellence of Peace of Mind
The Scorn of Death
FROM AN OLD INDIAN CREED

* * *

Summer addresses of members may be left with the secretary and mail received at the Women's City Club will be forwarded.

"THE SEA GULL"

Kathleen Norris uses Carmel and San Francisco as the background for her latest novel.

By Inglis Fletcher

SAN FRANCISCO is still so young in years that the memory of the first generation is strong with us. Too strong, in many instances, for the early financial buccaneers who built old San Francisco sometimes failed to draw the proverbial red herring across their trails; and many of their lusty excursions outside the pale, (which have always been considered the prerogative of pioneers), crop up in this generation in the form of scandal to the confusion of their more effete descendants. The door of skeleton cupboards out here are still half open and the rattling of the skeletons can be plainly heard. It sometimes takes four or five generations to smother the noise a good skeleton makes. Witness the recent example of Gladstone and George Sand. These cases show that a rusty rock is easily picked.

COLORS

Coral flush in dawn-kissed sky,
Opal, orchid, rose—
Green of emerald from hills
Where the first grass shows—
Sapphire of deepest blue,
Dipped from ocean's breast —
Golden glint of sunset glow,
In the ruddy West—
White of drifting cloud, like snow,
Veiling mountain's peak--
From little corner flowerstands,
Harmonic voices speak.

Edith Bristol

Kathleen Norris plays with this idea in her latest novel *The Sea Gull.* An old San Mateo millionaire—his socially ambitious young wife—the supposed daughter of an old Spanish-California family—a good-sized family skeleton—and things begin to happen.

Juanita Espinosa, *the Sea Gull,* is the storm center of plot and counterplot. She, like a true storm center, is quiet and does nothing at all. She is one of those persons to whom things happen through no effort of their own. Many people go out into the world seeking adventure, determined to drag it home by the hair of the head if necessary; others sit calmly at home and drama and adventure seeks them out. Juanita is like that. She never at any time does a thing to make drama, but it stalks her constantly. Tragedy hovers about her also but she is spared that finally. According to years and position in the book, this young Spanish California girl should be the heroine. As a matter of fact Jane Chatterton, the selfish socially ambitious wife of the millionaire is the most interesting character in the novel.

Born "south of Market" this supreme eogist dominates the story in the same way she dominates her husband, her son and her social group. Mrs. Norris gives a chapter to Jane's arrival home after a visit in the East. The placid household bursts into flaming activity at the news of her arrival and into a complete conflagration when she finally appears. The very house becomes alive and takes on the personality of this ruthless, arrogant woman who has developed a perfect social mask of poise and suaveness to hide her overwhelming ambitions. Mrs. Norris has drawn this woman with skill and subtlety. In spite of Jane's obvious weaknesses you can understand why she is just what she is. In the end, in an extraordinarily unusual situation she keeps on her mask, retains her absolute poise, refusing to accept defeat. She passes out of the picture with something like real distinction.

There is her clumsy but likeable son Billy, and Kent Ferguson, hero, who does the real work of untangling the mystery of the heroine's birth.

The book is filled with the California we love. No one knows better than Kathleen Norris how to use those little touches and descriptions that give reality to her locale. Carmel, under the name of Solita, the Monterey Peninsula, the blue bay and the old Spanish rancho with its languid, removed life pass through the pages. The Fairmont Hotel, Market Street, the spires of old St. Mary's all give solidity to the fictional part of the story. San Francisco of the girl who works for a living is particularly well done.

It would be impossible to pass by without comment, one of the minor characters who is in point of characterization, a major figure in the story. Miss Lily Wilson, forewoman of the mail order department of a wholesale stationery house, where Juanita works for a time.

Lily Wilson is one of those vigorously drawn characters that leap out of the pages of a book and become alive.

Mrs. Norris has shown her understanding of human nature and her ability to sketch swiftly and clearly a Dickenesque character.

Some readers of *The Sea Gull* will imagine they can trace, in the plot, a likeness to some one or another of the famous California families and their affairs. But authors have a way of picking up a bit of real life here and there; out of newspapers, court records and by word of mouth, and by piecing them together make a finished mosaic which the public professed to recognize. This is a compliment to the writer's art even though it has no truth back of it.

Kathleen Norris' thousands of readers all over the world will like *The Sea Gull,* and her California public will read into the story an interpretation of their own as to the author's inspiration for the plot.

* * *

MANZANITA

Careless of grace, she sprawls upon
the canyon's rim,
Stretching out indolent arms,
smooth-muscled, pink and bare.
She flaunts herself the scarlet queen
of all the trees,
The Carmen of the woods, luring
the amorous air.

Alice Prescott Smith.
(Mrs. Clarence M. Smith.)

ART EXHIBIT SENT TO SAN FRANCISCO BY THE ITALIAN GOVERNMENT

By BEATRICE JUDD RYAN

SINCE we are beginning to reach forward to more complete International unstanding, asthetic reciprocity between peoples become an important factor. This makes the recent exhibit of black and white by contemporary Italian Artists, which opened at the Beaux Arts Galerie on April 8th, important to San Francisco, aside from its artistic merit. It is the first exhibit since 1915 to be sent to our city by the Italian Government and, as in the case with all expressions of National Art going to another country, was assembled by the Italian Department of Fine Arts under the personal supervision of Gr. Uff. Arduino Colasanti, for the purpose of presenting to the American public work of contemporary Italian Artists who have attained distinction in the field of artistic endeavor, in which Italy has an old and glorious tradition. Mr. Colasanti will be remembered by San Francisco, as he was in charge of the Art Exhibition that came to the Exposition in 1915.

The present exhibit is sponsored here by the San Francisco branch of the Italy America Society, of which Francis B. Loomis is President; Milton S. Esberg, Vice-President, and Wm. H. Crocker, Treasurer. Miss Frances Ames worked with Mr. Olivieri, Secretary of the Executive Committee, in making arrangements for the exhibit, and the list of patrons and patronesses is headed by Mrs. Wm. Mayo Newhall as Chairman.

One wonders on viewing the work of our friends from over the sea that the modernistic spirit which has swept the country has left no mark. It is as though from the lofty serenity of their glorious tradition they had viewed impressionism, post-impressionism, Cezzanist and Cubist alike, and remained imperturbably nationalistic. "Bianco e Nero" is very popular in Italy and each year there is a showing of prints in Rome and always a special section at the International Art Exhibit in Venice. The current exhibition is composed of original drawings, etchings, engravings, wood cuts and "aquatinta" so popular in Italy and so little used by American Artists. The size and detail of many of the plates is the first outstanding impression and in these the influence of Branguywn and Piranesi is immediately felt.

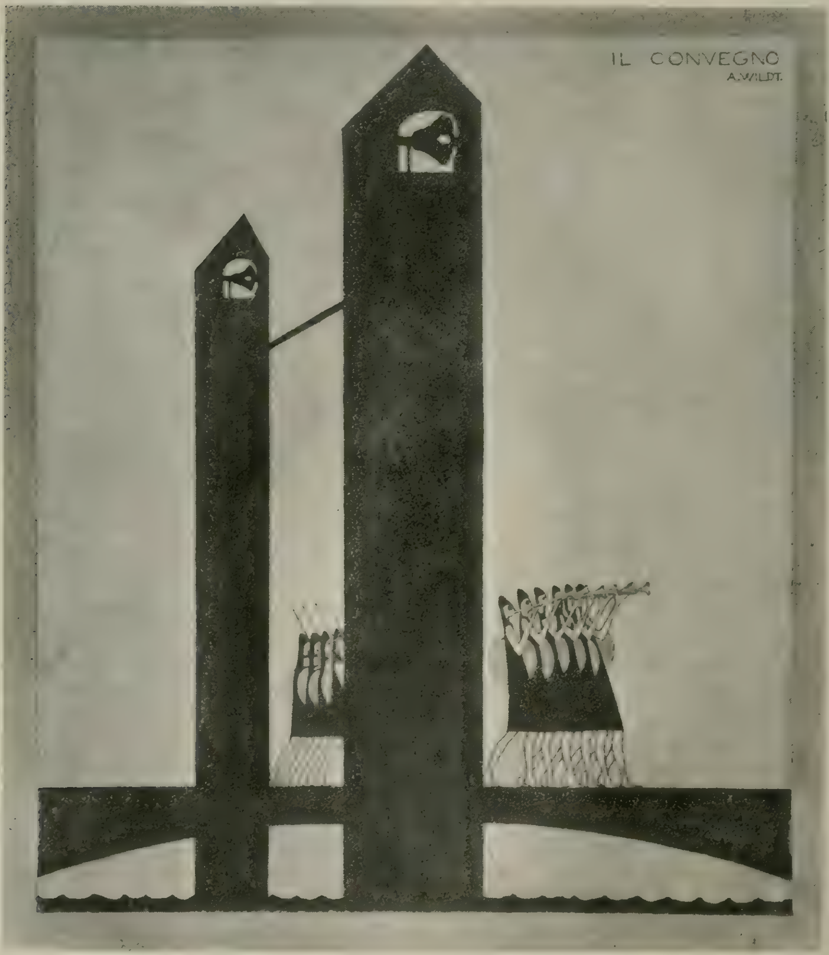
Leo Lentelli, an old San Francisco favorite, has one print of "New York." One Silverpoint by Joseph Stella of his earlier period, shows the marvelous technical skill of an artist who has since become altogether modern. "Titon" by Adolfo De Carolis, a wood cut, is somewhat reminiscent of Michael Angelo. Carolis

SPRING SONGS

Rain . . . and rhythm; the shimmering rains
Of April's weeping in greening lanes;
Rhythm of racing winds that beat
Their constant ripples on young wheat.
Rhythm . . . and song: the laughter of Spring
And the sudden flame of a cardinal's wing.

Whitelaw Saunders

is known in America best through his illustrations in many of the books by Gabriele D'Annunzio. Benvenuto Disertori, one of the best known etchers in Italy, has six prints in the exhibit, and in his "Monte Magnanapoli" he shows his consummate art in depicting light and sunshine in black and white. The son of a well known Italian sculptor, Romano Dazzi, has one original drawing on exhibition. As a young boy of thirteen years he showed first in London and Rome and sold out his entire exhibit. Adolfo Wildt, probably Italy's best known sculptor, whose busts of Mussolini and the Pope created quite a sensation, is represented by four line drawings on parchment. Born in Milan, of German parentage, his Nordic temperament is apparent in the strange symbolism of his work.



"Il Convegno," shown at the Italian Art Exhibit at Galerie Beaux Arts.

ART IN DRESS

By Evelyn Mendessolle

A WOMAN'S individuality should be expressed and maintained in the clothes she wears — whether she chooses the clothes herself or has them chosen for her. A woman should wear the color that is most becoming, not just because it is the mode.

The first thing on which a woman must decide is color, then the lines, because with these two is developed her type. A woman must remember that the color she chooses in her youth is not the color she should maintain always. From year to year, a woman changes. Her hair changes color, — her eyes, her being, her personality: all change. This must all be studied for color.

So, too, she must be studied for line: as her face becomes fuller, the neck line must change. The bodice line and the skirt, too, change.

Material and workmanship are inseparable in the success of dress because without fine material, we have not quality, and no matter how fine the material, if it is not deftly dealt with in the making, it, too, is lost.

These are but fundamentals in dress. The details go into wide variation.

In response to your query as to what is the question women most frequently ask me, you will be surprised to learn that it is not a definite, pointed question as to their figure or type, color or some costume but this: "I am going to Europe. What shall I wear?" I would answer, suggesting first of all: that it is not the size of the wardrobe, nor how varied, but how well it is chosen. Each article of dress must be right. I will, therefore, mention the minimum to be correctly dressed at all times, during a brief trip to Europe.

The attire for train, steamer and continental travel consists of a traveling suit, first of all. You are best attired in a navy blue suit, and the hat, too, must be of navy. Some shade of blue is generally most becoming and brings out a woman's best points.

Going aboard the boat, at this time of the year, a woman is more attractive in a lighter outfit. Providing beige is one of your becoming colors, nothing could be more appropriate—beige coat and dress, with the hat matching. There is a subtle distinction to beige—a certain patrician air, that is not possible in any other color. In fact, nothing could be in better taste than a beige ensemble.

A MENDOCINO FIELD

With graceful flight the lark wings low,
Where buttercups in meadows grow.
The columbine and daffodil —
All things of beauty — and God's will
While spring with glory mile on mile,
Proclaims the Lord's eternal smile.
On low coast hills where spring winds sigh,
From sunlit heights, the sea gulls cry.
With answering call – through hours long,
The day is gay with wild bird's song.
That sings a message sweet and clear,
God's all abiding peace is here.

Lucile McPherson
Member Women's City Club

Now, for steamer wear, it would be absolutely necessary to have two distinctive sport costumes. White is so generally becoming, I suggest one of white jersey, to be worn with a white felt hat, and possibly one of those new Reboux scarves in many colors, which add much to making the outfit complete and attractive. It would be well to have the coat lined with the same white jersey, to afford a little extra warmth, because, at this season of the year, there are chilly days on board, as well as the humid days, when passing through the Gulf Stream. I would suggest that the other outfit also be made of jersey, just because it is so very smart this season, and let it be in your most becoming color. I emphasize the importance of the right color, because nowhere is color more trying than aboard ship. You are in the glare and full light of day, and the water does not help the situation. Then, too, we do not always look our best aboard ship—so choose well the color.

In addition to these two sport outfits, you need a tweed coat, preferably English tweed, simple in line, to be worn with or without a separate two-fox scarf—blue or beige, or something in dyed foxes that lend themselves to the sport ensemble. Under this tweed coat, a slip-on sweater, worn with a pleated skirt to match, will be found very useful. The hat of felt must be in keeping with the tweed coat.

Two dinner dresses are essential. I would suggest one of lace and one of chiffon. Chanel is very clever in achieving youthful lines in lace. Therefore, I would suggest a Chanel model for the lace dress in beige, or a light color, or black. A chiffon dress, in black, is extremely smart and is always practical.

In addition to the two dinner dresses, it is well to have two evening gowns. One should be quite brilliant, as one must take into consideration the brilliancy of Paris and the gay watering places abroad, and not be drab in contrast.

If one has an ermine wrap, it is always useful summer or winter, and with this is needed a simpler wrap, made of an embroidered metal brocade, with a flattering fur collar, always bearing in mind that the color must blend to make complete the ensemble effect.

Last but not least, is the charming ensemble which will serve for tea, and the loveliest for this season that I can think of would be either a printed crepe or a printed chiffon. Over this I would like a lovely silk coat, lined with a print to match the frock, and, with these, one of the new French hats, made of Visca straw, in the predominating color of the print.

A most important adjunct to your wardrobe is the list of accessories, a fine string of pearls, whether real or a beautiful replica. This is a vital accessory, for pearls do much for a woman; and for sports wear, the semi-precious colored beads in tones to bring out the colors of the costumes.

The bag is most important, for it should always match or be in harmony with the costume.

Remember, it is not the multiplicity of clothes you have, but the good taste expressed in each garment you wear. and in the details worked out with accessories, that tell the world whether or not you are well dressed. Simplicity is the keynote.

Let me stress again workmanship and quality. Let me emphasize color. No matter how many gowns you may have in your wardrobe, you are judged by the one you are wearing.

Volunteer Service

The spirit of The National League for Woman's Service, which founded The Women's City Club, has its fullest expression in the volunteer service. All members are invited to participate in some activity, and to indicate their preference by filling out and returning the blank enclosed in the April issue of the magazine. We will appreciate having members who are at present giving service fill out these blanks also, so that our files of addresses and telephone numbers may be accurate.

New League Shop Head

Mrs. Helen Brothers, who has taken over the work of directing the League Shop, has an extensive knowledge of antiques, modern handicrafts and art work generally, acquired during a period of years spent forming her own collection of antiques and old prints and later in conducting a studio shop for the sale of modern and old objects of art: Mrs. Brothers, was at one time a member of the Lyceum Club of London and the Women's International Suffrage Club of London.

Fundamental Facts for Women Investors

(SERIES REPRINTED FROM S. F. CHRONICLE)

by

HAZEL L. ZIMMERMAN

Women's Investment Counselor

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THE LEAGUE SHOP

By ETHEL A. YOUNG

OUR gift shop, The League Shop, had its beginning in 1920 in a little room on the sixth floor at 333 Kearny Street. When the National League for Woman's Service felt the need of an all day hostess in their Lounge, the idea of a shop was suggested as a means of defraying that expense. A chairman was chosen and the shop, or Member's Exchange as it was then called, was organized with three committees, two of whose members were to serve daily as saleswomen; a substitute committee to serve in the absence of any member of the regular committee, and an efficient committee to secure used clothing or other salable articles. Calls were sent out to the membership for both donations and consignments. The little room off the lounge was fitted up as best it could be with the furnishings available at that time. So generous were the donations and so efficient the committee that secured them that the sales not only maintained the Shop, paid the hostess's salary but gave the Club a varied surplus. In addition to that it was a real service because it offered a sales outlet for the handiwork of many of the members who wished to place articles for sale upon a consignment basis and it further offered an opportunity to the woman of small means to purchase articles of both clothing and household ornaments of a better quality than she could have otherwise afforded.

For four years under the capable guidance of Mrs. William Warren as chairman this little Member's Exchange continued, always maintaining every expense and contributing a varied surplus to the organization itself. A prolonged absence from the city caused her resignation.

In January, 1924, I was asked to take over the management of the Shop with the idea of broadening its scope and laying the foundation for a shop of the better type, which would be worthy of our new Club Building, which at that date was more than a fancied dream. With no experience in trade whatsoever, but filled with enthusiasm and a great desire to be of service and to see the Shop grow and a profit accrue from the investment, however small, I undertook the problem.

An inventory taken at the time showed that the stock actually owned by the Shop, exclusive of donations, had a value of $22.75. At that time no definite sum was set aside for the purchase of merchandise, the only funds available being one-half of the net profit of the previous month. Of necessity the purchases had to be inexpensive and from firms that would allow a small initial order. It was a year of decided experimentation, a feeling out as to what our members would purchase in the way of new merchandise, because due to our location on the sixth floor of a building away from the main shopping district, our patronage, with a few exceptions, was entirely drawn from our own membership. As so little cash was available at one time we sought consignment of new merchandise from firms and other shops. Although our profits were small under these circumstances our sales accounts gave us worth-while records upon which to base our purchases when we had the money to invest. These records were especially valuable to us when we made our first investment in Christmas cards.

A sample line of Italian baskets, which I had purchased while abroad the previous year, sold so rapidly and with such a good margin of profit that our first big investment, $50, was made in them. The results were beyond our expectations and since that day the baskets have been carried as a staple article in the Shop. In seeking firms to place goods upon a consignment basis a connection was made with the Near East Relief, and for the past three years we have always carried a plentiful supply of their beautiful and colorful linens.

In planning for the holiday season a new committee was formed to take charge of the sales; donations of new and salable articles were called for; a sewing committee and a knitting and crocheting committee were organized to make attractive and salable articles for the Shop. It was during this Christmas sale held in the Lounge during the month of December, 1924, that the Shop had its first opportunity to spread out and show its new merchandise to advantage.

Due to the co-operation of the various members of the Shop and sewing committees and their chairmen with the many volunteers who took charge of the Christmas tables our results were over expectations and because of the success of this Shop committee it was decided to make it an all-year-round committee with bimonthly meetings to discuss Shop problems and formulate policies.

Early in 1925, because of the gratifying results of the previous year, the Shop having made a net profit of $1200, the Board of Directors accepted the recommendation of the Executive Committee to allow the Shop the sum of $1000 with which to purchase new merchandise during the ensuing year. This money was gradually invested both abroad and in the Eastern markets in merchandise which our previous sample investments had shown us were salable. Our stock was enhanced by articles from Italy, France and The Channel Islands, and with the larger sum available we were able to make trade connections with some of the highest class firms throughout the country.

It was during this period that the name was changed from The Members' Exchange to The League Shop, the latter name having been decided upon not only for trade purposes but to prevent our original identity and origin from being lost sight of after our removal to our new quarters in our own Club Building. Thus amidst a background of slightly used clothing and the treasures of bygone days, the nucleus of our little gift Shop was born.

The early months of 1926 were busy ones for both the members of the Shop committee and the executive. Meetings were held weekly for the forming of new policies, new consignment receipt blanks, daily sales records and the establishing of new shop regulations—all of which became effective upon opening in our new Clubhouse. A rummage sale was held to dispose of all dead stock and all consigned stock was returned to the owners. In the midst of all this, time had to be given to the selection of Christmas cards and weeks of tireless effort were devoted to it; then there was the search for new merchandise so that a display might be made worthy of our new quarters. As no additional funds were available at that time, it was no easy task, for the space assigned to the Shop was considerably larger than that formerly occupied by it. The Shop was ready, however, and from the day of its opening in April, 1926, the number of individual sales steadily increased until it reached the December peak of 2,239, with a cash intake of $4,073.91 for the month.

When we moved to our new location our various types of stock were segregated, that is all new merchandise, whether purchased or consigned, together with any genuine antiques, were placed in the Shop proper and all used articles such as clothing and bric-a-brac, whether donated or consigned, were placed on the mezzanine floor above the Shop and designated The Economy Department.

From the day of our opening, new consignors with the better class of merchandise sought us, not a few of whom consigned hundreds of dollars worth of merchandise. From October the gross receipts more than doubled, the sale of Christmas cards alone for this month almost equalling the entire sale of them for the previous year; then by leaps and bounds the sales increased until they more than doubled the 1925 record.

A comparison of the figures for the year 1925 with those of 1926 shows an increase of 84% in the gross receipts and 62% in the net profits with a rental increase of 540%. Two-thirds of the gross receipts were from the sale of our own merchandise. Whatever success the League Shop has attained it would not have been possible without the co-operation of the many faithful and loyal volunteers, volunteers in the Shop itself, on the Shop Committee, on the Sewing Committee and among our traveling members, some of whom contributed in no small way by their selection of merchandise in foreign countries. If the same loyalty and love of service which has so contributed to the success of the Shop in the first continues, there is no doubt but that in the future with a more substantial investment the profits of our Shop will be a very material asset of the Club, and if every member, whether she serves in the Shop or not, feels the responsibility of making The League Shop a success, an immense advantage will be gained and there will be no limit to what may be attained, for the field is a broad one and embraces many lines.

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A DAY IN MARSEILLES

By MRS. DENNIS O'SULLIVAN

"YOU couldn't stay at a shabby little hotel like that!" said the American consul, whom Calista and Elisabeth, just arrived in Marseilles, were consulting on the subject of a doctor for one of their party.

And Calista, who was gentle, murmured "Of course not!" but Elisabeth, who was known to be masterful, said nothing.

They had left the others at a café outside the Marseilles station, drinking chocolate after a long journey from lovely Avignon, while they hurried, in a bumping cab, through dark streets, to the Consulate. Here a broad stairway and big handsome offices, with a little polyglot clerk at a tidy desk, prepared them for a delightful visit with their consul. Gone are the days when our consular service abroad was a disgrace to us, when the typical official, eaten up with self-importance, was either rude or ignorant, or both, and a gentleman in that office was so rare a bird as to leave you grateful for life.

This particular consul gave them encouragement and advice, and the address of a doctor who spoke English. But he did raise his eyebrows a little when asked what he knew of 15 Quai des Belges.

"There are such good hotels in Marseilles!" he expostulated. "I don't believe you would be comfortable down there."

But having secured the doctor's telephone number, they descended into the dark "Place" by the Consulate and, finding another rattling vehicle, gave the despised address, 15 Quai des Belges.

"It is useless to explain that one really likes shabby hotels," meditated Elisabeth. (She spells it with an *s*, and is therefore in quite a different class from the Elizabeths with a *z*.)

"In a grand hotel you might as well be home at the Fairmont and traveling on a Powell Street car. Its only in out-of-the-way hotels that you get the real thing. Our countrymen who come abroad and demand elevators and ice water and movies, whose idea of Europe is confined to the gilt and gingerbread splurge of regulation hotel lobbies, flaring electric lights and a thousand servants to tip, . . . what do they ever find out about the real Europe? No, it's 15 Quai des Belges for us, Calista."

"Just as you say, Elisabeth." (Calista always agrees that it is to be just as Elisabeth says.)

15 Quai des Belges is the little Hotel Mediterranée. It is up a long flight of stairs. At the top, at a desk, a friendly-faced woman, speaking no English, tells you the astonishingly cheap terms. For a double room on a top floor, about a dollar. You may have a bath, "but a hot bath, Madame, if the machine will only march!" for eighteen cents, and *petit dejeuner,* when you ring for it, for another eighteen cents. To all this you will add ten per cent for service. The hotel provides no meals beyond "little breakfast."

So two stumpy smiling Provençal waiters, who have been hovering about, carry up your luggage to the cleanest, whitest rooms, with electric light and hot and cold water . . . but, O bliss! with such an outlook over the harbor, ships and piers . . .

the bay, to your left, full of trembling reflections, and to your right the curve of brilliant waterfront restaurants jumbled amongst fish counters, pavement cafés and sailor men's shops.

You are too tired tonight to investigate the alluring restaurants you see from the window, but descend to a more conventional place next door, for a dinner out of a dream . . . which costs about sixty cents, with ten per cent tip, and an excellent bottle of *vin ordinaire,* red or white, which will run you to perhaps thirty-five cents more.

But this is the extravagance of a late arrival. Next day you go farther afield, namely, to one of the restaurants you studied the night before from your entrancing window. Marseilles being the home of *bouillebaisse,* you speed hot foot to that restaurant that announces it as "*specialite de la maison.*" It is now late October, but not too cold to eat outside. The five of you bunch up at a small table and grandly order *dejeuner à prix fixe—prix fixe* working out at about thirty-five cents, with perhaps twenty-five cents extra for that *bouillebaisse*—or for lobster if you prefer.

A screen of small trees is between you and the pavement, the coarse white cloth is spotless, the wine as good as you can ask. The pleasant-faced woman waiter hurries to bring you long cuts from the crisp French loaf, and a bowl of peasant soup, *croute au pot* or the *potage du jour.* After it your *bouillebaisse,* good but not the *bouillebaisse* of your dreams. Then a delicious veal cutlet with vegetables cooked as none of us can get them cooked out of France! and then a thin little ice or a fat little cheese, to end with coffee that you wouldn't drink with patience elsewhere, but that tastes good here.

After this satisfying meal you stroll up the Cannebière, that long, straight, wide street that all the races of the civilized world have trod — Greeks, Romans, Levantines, Spaniards of Hannibal's time, early Italians, and now all modern peoples; stepping on the same stones down the same incline; turning off at the same corners; gazing at the same squat hills, or out to the same blue sea. Marseilles is not a melting pot in the sense that America is, but 'tis surely a cooking pot. People don't fuse here, but they simmer all together in the same stew. And if you love your kind, as Elisabeth and Calista do, you will regard with eager enthusiasm each separate ingredient as you see it tossed into this world pie.

Sightseeing for Calista and the girls. There is the Musee, there is the Park; an excursion must be made up to funny little Notre Dame de la Garde, watching over her wild Marseilles. Tiny steamers run out in the Bay to the islands If, Riou, and the others. Big trams career on tracks out of the city in all directions; if you're ambitious you may follow the dirty small river to Saint Marcel, or up in the hills to that other Saint, Barthélemy. Best of all, if you have time, to Cassis—by train east and south.

But Elisabeth is too old a traveler bird to be caught with even such entertaining chaff. She has learned that the real understanding of a town lies not in galleries or church interiors, but in long lazy hours leaning on the window sill of your hotel, or strolling aimlessly along the waterfront, or sitting dreamily at a table in front of a quiet café, the *demi tasse* growing cold or the *groseille* warm while you take in the passing crowd.

So she and another of the party find the secluded corner of a Cannebière café, outside of course, with the human spectacle not a yard away. A sheltering bay tree in a tub plays screen, and a cigarette . . . (when Elisabeth was young well-conducted females didn't smoke in public) . . . a cigarette, a *Maryland* naturally, puts the final touch of comfort to the moment.

Marseilles is curiously neglected by the tourist. People dash from Paris through Switzerland into Italy. If they stray as far southwest as Carcassonne, they cover Avignon, Arles and Nimes on their way to the Riviera. But they don't go out of those stereotyped ways to Marseilles. To be sure, they must take ship there when they are bound for Malta, Egypt or India. And those who winter in Hyères change trains of necessity at Marseilles. Otherwise the vast population that shifts its quarters nightly is of those who go down to the sea in ships, or of those who do the trading of the earth.

At any rate, to Elisabeth, who has been lucky enough to walk in divers and pleasant paths these thirty years, Marseilles is real treasure trove. The air is as light and vivid as it is in San Francisco. There is as lively a gayety as in Paris; more picturesqueness than in most Italian towns; business is as keen as it is in New York. But all this on a blessedly small scale, so that you enwrap it, as it were, in a compact delighted consciousness.

Here, too, Conrad and that clever youngster Donn Byrne have found an occasional setting; the poets of the Mistral have loved their Marseilles, and some French novelists (not many) have come here with their characters. But it is more than all that. It is the spirit of the place that responds to you. Is it not true that every city in the world has as definite a personality as a human being?

We all know how San Francisco answers to you when the ferry brings you majestically into the slip after your wandering in other places. How the skyline salutes your return, how efficiently you are passed on to dry land and into your car or taxi or street car, how friendly every slangy voice that answers a question! Most of all, how the beauty of the town, its incomparable vistas of bay and ocean and park and presidio satisfy mind and eye . . . all this pervaded by the tangible spirit differentiating San Francisco from Boston or Chicago or Los Angeles.

Well, Marseilles has its spirit too. Older than ours, not so friendly perhaps, but equally alert and gay and bracing. As to the human spectacle, far more exciting.

The buzz of talk on the pavement intrigues our Americans as much as the human types. Two Italian officers, flaunting by in their splendid grey capes, deign a swift glance at the café, but tell each other that *colazione* will be more tempting farther on. A stolid fat woman in black, with the everlasting apron and paunchy basket, discourses volubly to a lean little boy in another apron. An English woman and her bored husband ask a *gens d'arme,* in as execrable French as Elisabeth's own, the way to the Westminster Bank. Several spectacled German students with knapsacks protest gutturally that they are Czecho-Slovak—(all Germans in certain parts of Europe are now Czecho-Slovak) — and always the Marseilles natives, too mixed to be of any special type, but talking one tongue, the *langue d'oc* of Provence, mingled with Italian words or whole phrases. You remind yourself with amusement that this part of France is farther south than much of Italy, farther south than Milan or Turin, and was, once, more Italian than either. And Marseilles has the charm of both France and Italy—a gayety, a breeziness that belongs to neither; withal a suggestion of old time that is not heavy as in Rome, nor thin as in Paris; but modern as New York, and ancient as Athens.

By this time her companion is weary, and Elisabeth pays for the coffee, adding ten per cent of its cost—the one safe rule in Europe—*pour boire*—chats with the amiable waiter, an Italian, by the way—and threads through the crowd toward the hotel. They pass a *coiffeur* and are tempted in, it looks reasonably clean. A shampoo is the matter of a restful half hour, though some time is lost in explaining that American ladies don't care for a *"friction"*—a final rubbing of the head with your favorite perfume, which would cost you only the price of the perfume, and is considered the finishing elegance of any shampoo. But you compromise by buying various attractive and dazzlingly cheap toilet articles. It's in small purchases that you get the real good of the exchange. In large matters prices have been raised to correspond.

The sun is setting when the hotel is reached. You give renewed thanks to the luck that brought you to the water front instead of up town to a more conventional outlook. The broad window sill of your room, three stories up, invites. Almost at your feet the ships and sailors and piles of merchandise turn gold and then crimson. Boats jostle each other at the curving Quai. The smoke of a coasting steamer putting out to sea goes up in a gorgeous purple feather. An English yacht, white and ship-shape, comes to a mooring. Some barges, loaded with oranges, are shoved along by shouting and gesticulating Italians to make a place for even more voluble Provencals, who are bringing in crabs. The thousand windows of the packed houses around the port shine like a box of opals up-ended in the sun. No tourists in this part of the town, glory be! and the foreignness of it all! like the experience you've never known, and yet have dreamed all your American life.

Sunset turns to twilight. Twilight to a dark even more beautiful than sunset. Red and green lanterns decorate the ships, the Phare burns brilliantly at sea, the wooded hills around the town melt into the half tropic sky, the streets lamps work into patterns as they light up. Close at hand it has grown fairly quiet along the water side, but opposite, in the semicircle of cafés and restaurants, all is glitter and movement.

Calista and the girls come in, radiant with their afternoon's sightseeing, and laden with parcels. They are advised to rest before going out to dinner, but the windows draw them too. Nothing in a month of Sundays has been so lovely as this sparkling night scene.

"Talk of your smart hotels up town!" sniffs Elisabeth. "Where can you find the equal of this panorama? Shabby little 15 Quai des Belges indeed!"

"It's all you say, Elisabeth," agrees Calista.

HANDIWORK

Mrs. Florence G. Longland, a graduate of University College, London, and for some time on the staff of Professor Sir John Adams, is offering instructions in handiwork.

Classes will be formed or individual instruction given in all sorts of decorative stitches suitable for clothing, hats and household articles. Lessons may also be arranged for in the making of simple embroidered and smocked frocks for children, real pillow lace, leather and raffia work, embroidered coats, or house frocks.

Arrangements to consult with Mrs. Longland may be made through Mrs. Helen Brothers, who is in charge of the League Shop on the main floor.

Copy of letter attached to returned questionnaire, sent by Women's City Club of San Francisco to American Women's Club of London.

The American Women's Club
46 Grosvenor Street, W, 1
March 26, 1927.

Dear Mrs. Chapman:

Do forgive us for being so long in answering the questionnaire which you were good enough to send a second time and which we have pleasure in enclosing now.

I am so glad you enjoy our Club Magazine and I shall be delighted to see your first number when you publish.

Possibly you can draw to the attention of your members the advertisements in our Magazine. We can recommend them very cordially and when your members come to London it would be doing us a favour if they would patronize our advertisers. Perhaps, too, they would be good enough to mention it when making their purchases? We pride ourselves on having among our advertisers only those whom we can recommend to traveling Americans.

Very sincerely yours,

Hazel Hunkins

For the President
Mrs. Curtis Brown.

Mrs. S. G. Chapman
The National League for Woman's Service
465 Post Street
San Francisco, U. S. A.

RE-PRESENTING GERTRUDE ATHERTON

Miss Hallie Keating, daughter of Mrs. John A. Keating, member of the Women's City Club, writes her impressions of the author of "Immortal Marriage"

By HALLIE KEATING

THE only way I could explain to myself my good fortune in obtaining an interview with Gertrude Atherton was that it had come about through the direct intervention of the gods. More—not only was I to have this opportunity, but I was to visit her at her own apartment. Mrs. Atherton is, of course, a conspicuous and interesting figure, because she is the outstanding author of the Coast, because her new book "The Immortal Marriage" has just been issued by Boni and Liveright, but more because she is one of the most vital personalities of our contemporary world.

I rang the bell with a tremendous feeling of inadequacy and humbleness, and also a good deal of stage fright. Mrs. Atherton received me in a delightful room, and blew my self-consciousness away before I was aware of it. She was hospitable and charming. I was even more impressed by the fact that here was a personality.

We talked of "The Immortal Marriage," and she told me of her trip to Greece. "The book is really a disguised biography of Pericles and Aspasia. My aim has been to give an accurate description of the Periclean Age — how they ate, drank, and talked."

She spoke of the remarkable similarity she had found between the Periclean Age and our contemporary world, and the presence of the same restless intellectual activity. It is rather an extraordinary feat to write a novel of a period so far removed from our own day, and Mrs. Atherton must have encountered some real difficulties. She spoke of a few of them, as though they were the most trivial things in the world — I, of course, reserved a mental note that any other person would have been at once discouraged by them.

"In the Periclean Age, there was no time scheme such as ours," she explained. "In my research work I had trouble finding events of the same period. Then in the writing of the book I found myself constantly having to delete words that have acquired our modern associations—as 'heart,' for instance. The ancient Greeks had none of the sentimental and poetical meaning we attach to it."

Her next book will continue with the same period, with the life story of Alcibiades, the ward of Pericles. "Alcibiades was the naughty boy of ancient history. In 'The Immortal Marriage' I bring him up from the age of five to nineteen.' She showed me the nucleus of the library of reference books she used, in her work room adjoining the living room.

It is an efficient and workmanlike room, with stern files, and business-like typewriter, but nevertheless with a spirit that is unmistakably Mrs. Atherton's own. It takes quite a per-

GERTRUDE ATHERTON
Whose "Immortal Marriage" is just off the press.

son to stamp a personality on a typewriter!

Mrs. Atherton leads a nearly ideal life for the professional writer. When she is working upon a book, she lives on a very strict program. To bed early, then the next morning at seven-thirty, after a bath and a cup of tea, she begins intensive work. She writes her first drafts in longhand, then typing them. When her work for the morning is over, she has the rest of the day open for recreation.

Mrs. Atherton's first novel was published when a career for a woman was regarded as an impertinence by the species masculine. "But then I always like a fight," she admitted. "Perhaps if it had been easy, I should have done something else!"

I asked her my greatest question, "Mrs. Atherton, *what* should young writers do to get started?"

"Go on a newspaper for a year! The editor's blue pencil disposes of a good deal of nonsense, and it is not too long for a journalistic style to become a lifelong habit. Besides—for the young sheltered woman of today there are only three ways of gaining experience: through matrimony, the stage, or on a newspaper."

"What is going to happen to us, this younger generation?" I asked, having a personal interest in the matter.

"It is going to very interesting to watch the modern girl through the next ten years. There are so many opportunities for them." She laughed. "They may swing back to romanticism. There is generally a reaction to romance from a period of war-realism. I think the growing popularity of historical novels is a symptom of this."

I went away from the delightful apartment on California street, with an indelible impression of a charming hostess in a blue dress, a very vital and alive person—with one of the keenest and clearest visions it is possible to have in one human body!

* * *

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DR. GILBRETH TO SPEAK

THE speaker for the last of the Forum course under the direction of Mrs. Parker Maddux will be Dr. Lillian Moller Gilbreth, who will talk on "The Psychology of Management" at 8:15 o'clock Monday evening, May 9, at the Women's City Club.

Dr. Gilbreth's coming is of especial interest to the people of Oakland and the bay region, because she was born in Oakland, and graduated from the University of California, where she won high honors and membership in the honor society of Phi Beta Kappa. Later she received the degree of Ph.D. from Brown University. In 1904, she married Frank B. Gilbreth of New York, pioneer in the subject of scientific management. She collaborated with him in writing many books, which have made their practice known throughout the country and in Europe, among them the well-known motion study and fatigue study. Dr. Gilbreth herself is the author of the "Psychology of Management," now a text-book wherever scientific management is practiced.

On the death of her husband in 1924, Mrs. Gilbreth became president of the Gilbreth organization, and since that time has carried on the work herself. It consists, chiefly, of consulting service and installation in industry, and includes a four months course in motion study, given twice a year at the Gilbreth Laboratories at Montclair, New Jersey. The chief object of the course is, in Mrs. Gilbreth's words, to find the one best way to do work. Dr. Gilbreth is probably the foremost woman in the engineering profession, and is the only one ever to have been honored by membership in the American Association of Engineers. A year ago, when the American Women's Association invited each state to select its most distinguished woman, Dr. Gilbreth was the one thus honored by her own state.

DR. LILLIAN GILBRETH

Last of Forum Course Speakers for this season.

* * *

Be sure to give your summer address to City Club secretary before leaving on your vacation.

DISHES DONE IN DITTY

Mrs. Charles M. Reynolds of City Club Submits Famous Recipes in Rhyme

THERE are all kinds of fads. Some women collect odd jewels, others first editions and innumerable things, according to individual taste.

Mrs. Charles M. Reynolds, member of the Women's City Club, collects recipes and puts them into rhyme.

Mrs. Reynolds has been all over the world. In every place visited she has often, with infinite trouble, discovered the secret of preparing the dish for which the town is best known.

From Calcutta to Maine, from Italy, France and England to the cities of the South, Charleston, New Orleans and Galveston, she has learned the famous dishes of the locality. The soft-shell crabs of the Gulf, the dishes of Mexico and Spain are simple to her. Even the famous recipes of Copenhagen and the fish dishes of Norway and Sweden have been secured during visits in those countries.

South America—the famous cafes of Rio Janerio and Buenos Aires—have contributed their share to her collection.

San Francisco chefs, whose resorts have been closed by the advent of the eighteenth amendment, gave her the secret of dishes that made San Francisco known years ago as the city of good cuisine.

The result of these years of travel and questing has been collated by Mrs. Reynolds, put into engaging rhyme and set forth in a manner which makes them interesting reading as well as the framework of interesting eating. They will appear from time to time in the WOMEN'S CITY CLUB MAGAZINE. Several are herewith given.

FAMOUS RECIPES IN RHYME

These recipes were gathered
From Vancouver to New York,
Some of them from India,
Hawaii and from Cork.

Where'er I ate or heard about
A very special dish,
I begged the "know-how" from the chef,
From soup and nuts to fish.

A few of them, I frankly own,
Are from my pantry shelf,
When unexpected guests arrived,
Concocted by myself.

Woman, so the creed runs,
Should cater to the man.
Martha Jane will help her,
Every way she can.

Upon this page, she hopes you'll find
A daily inspiration.
These recipes in rhyme may be
An epicure's temptation.

SPANISH SOLE

In California, years ago,
In famous Monterey,
My father found this recipe
And kept it to this day.

Contents: Tenderloin of sole, dipped in cornmeal, fried in hot oil. Sauce made of 2 onions, 2 chili peppers, chopped fine, ½ can tomatoes, ½ lb. salt pork cut in little pieces, salt and cornstarch.

The oil is out in pan that's hot,
The fish in this is fried,
Then while the sauce is being made
The fish is set aside.

The salt pork cut up fine and fried,
Sliced onions fried till brown,
Tomatoes, chilis add and boil,
This sauce of some renown.

It should be boiled till contents are
Quite soft, then thicken slightly,
With cornstarch, pouring o'er the sole,
Which must be handled lightly.

CURRANT SQUABS

(Teal Duck may be used)
(From the Chef of the old Cosmos Club)

If you've not eaten currant squab,
You've missed a treat most rare.
To palate 'tis inspiring,
To eyes it is most fair.

Contents: 4 squab or teal duck, 1 green pepper chopped fine, 1 tablespoon thick gravy for each bird, 1 teaspoon Worcestershire sauce, salt, paprika and 1 glass currant jelly.

Half roast your squab,
Dredge, butter and baste.
Then mix, in a skillet, the rest.
With gravy and condiments
Nothing you'll waste,
Add Worcestershire, jelly and test.

When bubbles the sauce,
Then put in the birds,
And baste until juicy and brown,
When serving, you'll find
The results beyond words,
None other to equal in town.

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If men from *his* club,
Are dining with you,
Men keen for a chef's work of art,
Prepare currant squab,
That's what I would do,
As a very sure road to the heart.

ONION SOUP

(From one of the famous old French restaurants of San Francisco)

Each Wednesday noon, at old Pierre's,
We sat us in accustomed chairs.
And onion soup with fragrance rare,
Was served with true Parisian air.

Contents: Stock made of 6 lbs. of soup bone, cracked ham bone, and stock meat. 8 qts. water, 6 onions, 2 tablespoons butter, salt, pepper, celery salt, parmesan cheese grated.

Within a big soup kettle,
Put water, bones and meat.
Until it comes up to a boil,
Just very slowly heat.

Six hours then let it simmer,
Strain into pan that's flat.
For that will make it easier
To skim off all the fat.

Next slice the onions very thin,
In butter fry till soft.
And so the onions will not burn,
Stir carefully and oft.

Add onions pepper and the salt,
To six cups stock that's boiling.
If anything is added cold,
The whole thing will be spoiling.

Put grated cheese on slice of toast,
In soup plate piping hot.
Pour over this, the soup at once
And serve it on the spot.

INSPIRATION

(A famous Bohemian Club appetizer)

There were famous "little breakfasts"
There were little dinners, too.
When Harry's "inspirations"
Were the best things handed you.

Contents: Spiced Monterey sardines, mustard, cayenne, salt, lemon juice, chutney, rounds of crisp toast.

Cut rounds of bread and crisp them,
Don't toast them hard and dry.
And have the following prepared
Before your toast supply.

A mortar and a pestle are,
I think, the very best.
But, lacking them, an earthen bowl,
Is what I would suggest.

A tin of Monterey sardines
Rubbed smooth into a paste,
Then add the mustard, lemon juice,
And cayenne just a taste.

A teaspoonful of chutney,
(I'd try for Major Gray's)
In making "Inspirations,"
You'll find it always pays.

When all is smooth, then spread it
On toast quite crisp and hot.
Will any guest refuse it?
They certainly will not.

Beauty Talk

Of general interest to all, but of particular interest to business and professional women who care to be well groomed, is the coming visit of Madame Hudson, well-known authority on beauty culture. Madame Hudson will speak in the Blue Room of the Palace Hotel at 8:00 P. M., May 27.

SUMMER SYMPHONIES

ENCOURAGED by the success of the concerts last year, the Summer Symphony Association announces that arrangements have been made for a series of ten concerts by the San Francisco Symphony Orchestra at the Exposition Auditorium, beginning June 14, under the direction of world famous conductors.

Emil Oberhoffer will direct the first three concerts and the others will be directed successively by Bruno Walter of Berlin, Ossip Gabrilowitsch, Willem Van Hoogstraten of the Portland Symphony, Alfred Hertz and Vladimir Scavitch, with Tina Lerner, Russian pianist, as soloist.

Ten dates have been definitely set for these concerts and the subscription books will be placed on sale in a few days. The price will be the same as last year, ten dollars per book. If, as it seems likely, sufficient books are sold to meet expenses, two additional concerts will be given under the direction of Nikolai Sokoloff and Eugene Goosens.

The Philharmonic Society of San Mateo County also announces a summer series of symphony concerts. They will be held in the Woodland theatre, an outdoor setting, at Hillsborough, the first on June 5 and to continue every Sunday afternoon thereafter until July 24. The Philharmonic Society is composed of representative people of the peninsula, headed by Mrs. George N. Armsby, with Mrs. John B. Casserly as first vice-president and Mrs. Thomas A. Driscoll the secretary. Nikolai Sokoloff will lead the first three concerts of the eight, and Ossip Gabrilowitsch the last three.

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CLUB CALENDAR FROM MAY 1 TO JUNE 10

May 1—Sunday Evening Concert, Mrs. Richard tum Suden, Chairman	*Lounge*	8:15 P. M.
May 2—Salesmanship Talk by Miss Elizabeth Venard Subject: "Steps in a Sale" (Members welcome)	*Board Room*	2:00 P. M.
Current Events, Mrs. Parker S. Maddux, Leader	*Assembly Room*	7:30 P. M.
May 3—League Bridge	*Assembly Room*	7:30 P. M.
May 4—Current Events, Mrs. Parker S. Maddux, Leader	*Assembly Room*	11:00 A. M.
Dramatic Reading Group, Mrs. Thomas A. Stoddard, Chairman	*Committee Room*	3:00 P. M.
Dramatic Reading Group, Mrs. Thomas A. Stoddard, Chairman	*Room* 230	7:00 P. M.
May 5—Lecture by Prof. Benj. H. Lehman	*Auditorium*	11:00 A. M.
Lecture by Brother Leo Subject: "Dante, the Voice of Silent Centuries"	*Auditorium*	3:00 P. M.
Thursday Evening Program, Mrs. A. P. Black, Chairman	*Auditorium*	8:00 P. M.
May 8—Sunday Evening Concert, Mrs. Alfred Hurtgen, Chairman	*Lounge*	8:15 P. M.
May 9—Salesmanship Talk by Miss Elizabeth Venard Subject: "Methods of Studying Customers"	*Board Room*	2:00 P. M.
Forum Lecture Speaker: Mrs. Frank Gilbraith, of New York City Subject: "The Psychology of Management"	*Auditorium*	8:15 P. M.
May 10—League Bridge	*Assembly Room*	7:30 P. M.
May 11—Current Events, Mrs. Parker S. Maddux, Leader	*Assembly Room*	11:00 A. M.
Vocational Guidance Bureau—Open Meeting Speaker: Mr. Francis T. Letchfield, of the Industrial Department of Wells Fargo Bank Subject: "Women in the Business World" Presiding: Miss Esther Phillips	*Assembly Room*	7:45 P. M.
Dramatic Reading Group, Mrs. Thomas A. Stoddard, Chairman	*Committee Room*	3:00 P. M.
Dramatic Reading Group, Mrs. Thomas A. Stoddard, Chairman	*Room* 230	7:00 P. M.
May 12—Lecture by Brother Leo Subject: "Cervantes, First of the Moderns"	*Auditorium*	3:00 P. M.
Thursday Evening Program, Mrs. A. P. Black, Chairman	*Assembly Room*	8:00 P. M.
May 15—Sunday Evening Concert, Miss Ruth Viola Davis, Chairman	*Lounge*	8:15 P. M.

May 16	Salesmanship Talk by Miss Elizabeth Venard Subject: "Methods of Studying Merchandise"	*Board Room*	2:00 P. M.
	Current Events, Mrs. Parker S. Maddux, Leader	*Assembly Room*	7:30 P. M.
May 17	League Bridge	*Assembly Room*	7:30 P. M.
May 18	Current Events, Mrs. Parker S. Maddux, Leader	*Assembly Room*	11:00 A. M.
	Dramatic Reading Group, Mrs. Thomas A. Stoddard, Chairman	*Committee Room*	3:00 P. M.
	Dramatic Reading Group, Mrs. Thomas A. Stoddard, Chairman	*Room* 230	7:00 P. M.
May 19	Lecture by Prof. Benj. H. Lehman	*Auditorium*	11:00 A. M.
	Lecture by Brother Leo Subject: "Shakespeare, the Master Dramatist"	*Auditorium*	3:00 P. M.
	Thursday Evening Program, Mrs. A. P. Black, Chairman	*Assembly Room*	8:00 P. M.
May 22	Sunday Evening Concert, Mrs. Frank Howard Allen, Chairman	*Lounge*	8:15 P. M.
May 24	League Bridge	*Assembly Room*	7:30 P. M.
May 25	Current Events, Mrs. Parker S. Maddux, Leader	*Assembly Room*	11:00 A. M.
	Dramatic Reading Group, Mrs. Thomas A. Stoddard, Chairman	*Committee Room*	3:00 P. M.
	Dramatic Reading Group, Mrs. Thomas A. Stoddard, Chairman	*Room* 230	7:00 P. M.
May 26	Lecture by Brother Leo Subject: "Goethe, and the Quest for Happiness"	*Auditorium*	3:00 P. M.
	Thursday Evening Program, Mrs. A. P. Black, Chairman	*Assembly Room*	8:00 P. M.
May 29	Sunday Evening Concert, Mrs. William Kent, Jr., Chairman	*Lounge*	8:15 P. M.
May 31	League Bridge	*Assembly Room*	7:30 P. M.
June 1	Current Events, Mrs. Parker S. Maddux,	*Assembly Room*	11:00 A. M.
	Dramatic Reading Group, Mrs. Thomas A. Stoddard, Chairman	*Committee Room*	3:00 P. M.
	Dramatic Reading Group, Mrs. Thomas A. Stoddard, Chairman	*Room* 230	7:00 P. M.
June 2	Thursday Evening Program, Mrs. A. P. Black, Chairman	*Assembly Room*	8:00 P. M.
June 6	Current Events, Mrs. Parker S. Maddux, Leader	*Assembly Room*	7:30 P. M.
June 7	League Bridge	*Assembly Room*	7:30 P. M.
June 8	Current Events, Mrs. Parker S. Maddux, Leader	*Assembly Room*	11:00 A. M.
	Dramatic Reading Group, Mrs. Thomas A. Stoddard, Chairman	*Committee Room*	3:00 P. M.
	Dramatic Reading Group, Mrs. Thomas A. Stoddard, Chairman	*Room* 230	7:00 P. M.
June 9	Thursday Evening Program, Mrs. A. P. Black, Chairman	*Assembly Room*	8:00 P. M.

ACTIVITIES OTHER THAN CLUB

May 2—Lilienthal, Bremer & Co. Lecture on "Investments"	*Assembly Room*	11:00 A. M.
Nell Owens Club	*Room* 208	8:00 P. M.
May 3—Women's Republican Club Study Group	*Assembly Room*	2:00 P. M.
May 4—Dr. B. L. Corley, Talk to his Radio Fans on "Diet and Health"	*Assembly Room*	8:00 P. M.
May 9—Lilienthal, Bremer & Co. Lecture on "Investments"	*Assembly Room*	11:00 A. M.
May 10—Puerta del Oro Chapter, D. A. R.	*Assembly Room*	2:00 P. M.
May 12—English Speaking Union Tea	*Assembly Room*	3:00 P. M.
May 16—Lilienthal, Bremer & Co. Lecture on "Investments"	*Assembly Room*	11:00 A. M.
May 21—Child Players' Theatre	*Auditorium*	2:15 P. M.
May 26—Theatre Arts Club	*Auditorium*	8:15 P. M.
June 1—Republican Women's Club Study Group	*Assembly Room*	2:00 P. M.
June 6—Nell Owens Club	*Assembly Room*	8:00 P. M.

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Elmer Gantry is now the most talked of book published this spring. Whether it will hold its own as the "best seller" through the summer into the fall remains to be seen. The nation-wide discussion evoked on its appearance has no doubt added to the enormous demand in bookstores and libraries.

The five most popular books for April were as follows:

Elmer Gantry	*Sinclair Lewis*
Hula	*Armine von Tempski*
Doomsday	*Warwick Deeping*
Sorrel and Son	*Warwick Deeping*
Old Countess	*Anne Sedgwick*

Following is a list of recent titles added to the library:

"The Allinghams"	*Sinclair, May*

"Miss Sinclair has done a very big thing in 'The Allinghams' and she has done it supremely well—it is as definite, as true a survey of the complexities of life as we have ever read in fiction."

"Ardent Flame"	*Winwar*
"Back of Beyond"	*White, Stewart Edward*
"Bevan Yorke"	*Maxwell, W. R.*
"Black April"	*Peterkin, Julia*

"An extraordinary novel of negro life on an isolated plantation."

"Of commanding power, fierce and eloquent."

"Black Butterflies"	*Jordan, Elizabeth*

"A young lady of wealth can hire a man to be her lawyer or her chauffeur but she cannot hire him to be her husband. Bohemian artists can play with the conventions, they can play with work and love and drink, but they cannot play with the simple biological facts of life." "Black Butterflies" preaches no lesson but it points a moral.

"Brother Saul" . . . . *Byrne, Donn*

"Roman soldiers marching on the highroads of the world, Roman ships of war carrying the eagles from Cornwall to Tyre, Roman mobs howling to great Nubian lions fighting in the arena, Roman emperors worshiping the abominations of unholy Isis—a tremendous and exalted story, a brilliant and unforgetable story, of the world in days when the Nazarene was on earth. Donn Byrne's longest and most powerful novel."

"But Yesterday" . . . . *Diver, Maud*

"How the death of a distinguished public man affects the life of his family."

"Call of the House" . . . . *Mitchell, Ruth Comfort*

"How a society belle, wearying of social life, turned to politics, was elected to the state senate, and faced by a crisis, met it successfully."

"Call of the Trail" . . . . *MacGregor*
"Clad in Purple Mist" . . . . *Dodd, Catherine*
"Dark Gentleman" . . . . *Stern, G. B.*

"A satirical comedy of disillusionment in love—A spaniel and his companions live a story whose implied human parallel is deliciously humorous."

"Dawn" . . . . *Bacheller, Irving*

"With the time of Christ as a background, Irving Bacheller has written a clean, wholesome, romantic story."

"Deadfall, The" . . . . *Marshall, Edison*

"Edison Marshall is a born story-teller. His gift is a rare one. 'The Deadfall' will make your fireside a stage on which the glamour of adventure, the thrill of daring, the zest of love, life, romance, move glowingly before you."

"Drums of Aulone" . . . . *Chambers, Robert*

"This historical romance has for its opening scene the France of Louis XIV. Fighting and brave deeds, court luxury and prison squalor, hope and despair, all have their place in this story. The action moves to the English Court at Whitehead and then shifts to Quebec in the new world."

"Free Soul" . . . . *St. Johns, Adela*

"Adela Rogers St. Johns, whose new novel 'A Free Soul' will be published by Cosmopolitan Book Corporation in the middle of March, had an unusual childhood. Her father, Earl Rogers, was a noted criminal lawyer on the Coast, and his daughter often sat beside him throughout a trial, becoming familiar with courtroom etiquette and the procedure for criminal defense at an age when most children are in primer school. Many of the impressions gleaned then have gone into the making of 'A Free Soul,' a story containing the Shavian predicament of a girl never restrained by convention, who sees her husband tried for a murder which her 'freedom' has brought to pass."

"House of Sin" . . . . *Upward, Allen*

"A young man is murdered at midnight in the house of a duke. Under suspicion are,—the duke, who knows more than he is willing to tell, the duke's daughter, her fiance, and a mysterious Nigerian servant. Dr. Tarleton is summoned, and in his expert way unravels a web of startling intrigue curious in its unfoldment."

"Hurcotts, The" . . . . *Kine, Muriel*

"The age-old struggle between the wife and the 'outsider' for a man's love gets a new twist in the powerful novel of English social life."

"Immortal Marriage" . . . . *Atherton, Gertrude*

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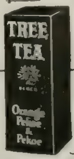

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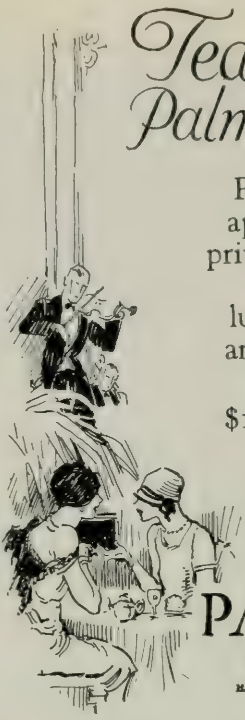

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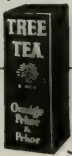

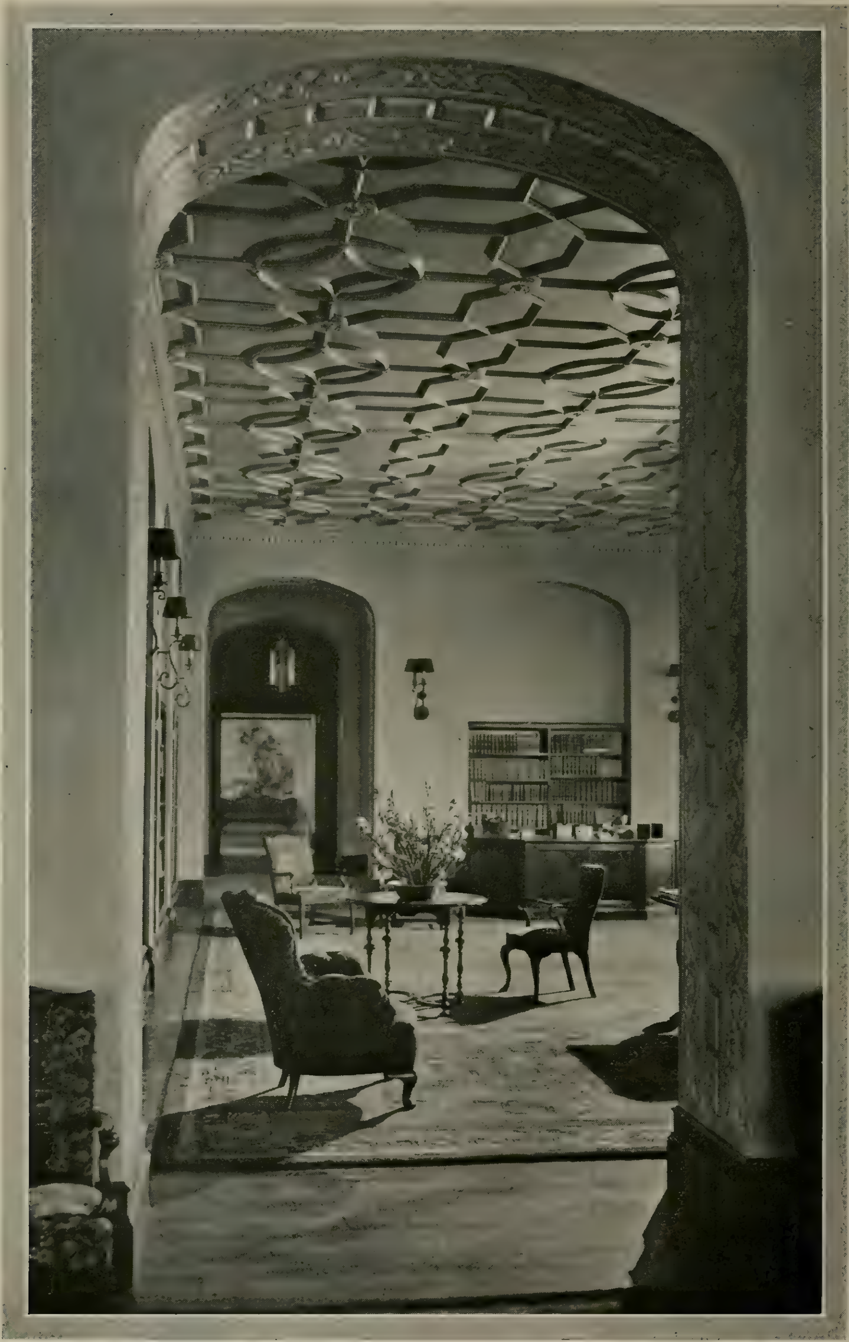

Corner of Library, Looking into American Room Across Hammon Gallery

THE
WOMEN'S CITY CLUB
MAGAZINE
OF
SAN FRANCISCO

VOLUME 1 JUNE, 1927 NUMBER 5

CALIFORNIA INFLUENCE IN SPANISH ARCHITECTURE

By WARREN C. PERRY
(*San Francisco Architect*)

A YOUNG colleague, in answer to my plaint that it was hard to find a new opening in the popular theme of "Spanish Influence in Californian Architecture," lightly rejoined: "Well, why not Californian Influence in Spanish Architecture?"—at which we laughed, quite properly. But the notion lingered in mind for, surely, it is not altogether an idle one. Speculation along such a line is pretty sure to be profitable; for, to *my* way of thinking, most that is good in architecture, and in all art for that matter, is that which is new-born in the image of the old, subtly molded in response to a new environment; — evolution, — with the eternal art-instinct of mankind in the place of the elusive life germ.

Spain is a country where, above all others of Western Europe, the vivid simplicity of the life of long ago seems to persist — we call it "unspoiled." Apart from Barcelona and Madrid, Spanish life in its essentials is strongly reminiscent of Gil Blas and of Washington Irving. It is amazing how conscious one is of the nearness even of Ferdinand and Isabella or, in Granada, of the Moors who seem but lately to have quitted the Alhambra Hill.

The modern life in Spain is evolved from the old life—a little modified by innovations but not displaced by them;—the life of the family unit, walled in, its back to the world and to the street; its warmth and its gardens turned inward for its own gratification. This then, if we would emulate them, is the first principle to be remarked in their building. It is in such characteristics as this that the keynotes to an architecture may be found, not in the turning of a bit of ornament.

Spain, as we know, is by no means all alike;—from the bleak and treeless stone cities of the north-central plateau to the vineyards and white walls of the South is a range seeming scarcely to belong to one land. Yet climate apparently does not change the fundamental type, though the building material does alter; the strong outer wall with sparse, high windows and the single great door; then within, lightness, charm and grace. Gardens, planted in Mother Earth, or frequently in armies of pots, fountains making great display of little water, these are for private consumption only. In the south the Moorish heritage of polychrome tile paints the floors and walls with limited but gorgeous strokes. Yet everywhere in country place or city house is found the same insistent cloistered note.

Inside the houses the rooms are few and large, and *high*. How much we have cast away in arriving at our low and cluttered interiors! The serene bareness of those lofty halls with their whitewashed walls and ceilings of rich wood is a thing never to be forgotten; — no "pastel shades" are here but the glory of pure color against crystalline white. (In the South, particularly, the whitewash brush is ever busy, outside and in, and a bucket and brush stand behind the garden door. The spring housecleaning becomes a coat of whitewash all around, a polishing of the red tile floors and there you are!) The best in Spanish furniture reflects the same simplicity —few, large pieces bold in contour but often infinitely delicate in handling. In short there is an ascetic note ever present in the best of these great houses. I say "great" because they are never petty even when not extensive. This, let us say, is the second principle—bigness.

Finally, let us sweep into a single inclusion all those traits of design, those charming touches that characterize the lighter side of their architecture. These are as necessary to a finished building as the niceties of idiom are to literary composition, but it is these same adornments that beguile most laymen and many professional building planners into believing that "style" is only skin-deep, and that to flit from one "style" to another is as easy as changing false face and whiskers.

Under this last head may be grouped all the tile work, the stamped and moulded plaster, the carved and colored wooden ceilings, and the endless variety of wrought iron for which Spain is justly famed. All these pretty things adorn but do not make houses; while their proper use requires an equal degree of knowledge and skill they follow and are determined by the greater considerations of arrangement and scale referred to above.

There is, of course, a strong likeness between all southern architectures particularly around the Mediterranean and in countries colonized by the Latin races. In the more elementary building types, the "peasant houses" that we, with just a suggestion of the amateur dairymaid, are so busily cultivating just now, it is often hard to say whether a structure is Italian, Spanish, or Mexican. On the whole, however, Spanish work is characterized by a greater scale and directness, coupled with a certain haughty disregard of the niceties of composition. Roofs are very low in pitch as befits a land of little rain and are put together in the readiest way. Openings are decidedly few and scattered because of the heat and glare of the pitiless sun of summer and perhaps of the difficulties of winter heating in a country where fuel is very scarce.

Such are Spanish houses in Spain— the almost unconscious product of the life, the traditions, the resources and physical conditions. Brought to our notice, we admire them because they fit the folk who dwell therein and form the natural setting for the race. But can we say as much for most of our "Spanish" houses?

I remember once visiting a country house on this order; in itself, charmingly conceived, studied and carried out. It was furnished throughout with the spoils of Italy, Spain and Mexico,—it was a perfect thing of its sort—all but the owner and his wife, poor things, who like the honest Yankees they were, looked their strangeness in what should have been their home. Granting, however, that "Spanish" houses are legitimate for Americans in California and the climate and our way of life seem to justify that point; let us make a selection from those qualities which are original in them and see, at the same time, what we may add to make them our own.

First, privacy;—whether they be in city or country or whether they be large or small they must, by some device or other, exhibit a becoming reserve. Theirs is no front porch, rocking-chair display but a proper withholding of intimate values from the man in the street. There are always ways of accomplishing this:—the house may form its own barrier, with service, kitchens and garages on the side of approach and living quarters to the rear where the outlook is under control. Clever planning may put things actually side by side that seem to the visitor in remote parts of the house, thus creating a remarkable sense of space.

Courts or "patios" are incomparable in this connection, *if large enough*, but beware the diminutive—a little court is one of the most pathetic failures in the world. Half a patio is better than an undersized one—and an L-shaped plan is possible on a fairly small scale.

An air of seclusion is, of course, more readily secured in the country where land is less at a premium—but even here a sense of enclosure is necessary—walls and buildings being arranged as far as possible to suggest closed forms. It is truly delightful to feel the elements of forecourt, of living — or walled garden and of kitchen — or garage-court, even in a house where these different elements are only suggested by angling wings of the building.

Second, bigness;—there is no house so humble that it may not have some of this quality about it—some room that is high, something fine and full-sized in the old-world meaning of the term. O, the joy of a room that is twelve or fourteen feet in the clear with sheer walls and few fine things on them! To have everything big is foolish, besides usually being economically impossible (this general squeezing down in size is one of our most unfortunate "influences" on the older order) and it eliminates the desirable contrast; but to have even one noble element in a house is to be, when you contemplate it, the equal of any lord in his "high hall."

Finally there is the technique in which these and other qualities are to be expressed and which is a matter for trained minds, trained and gifted. It is surely unnecessary to remind the reader about to build that when a house is in the process of creation, plan and sections and elevations are in a state of flux—that no arbitrary conditions other than the family needs should be imposed on the designer and that it is empty to speak of "putting the facades on a building" after the plan is finished. The outward expression of Spanish architecture is of great simplicity, even bareness, and the greatest problem in any version of it is commonly the treatment of the numerous openings necessitated by our smaller rooms and their dependencies, unknown in a bygone day. We have a passion for windows; we abhor calm unpierced walls as Nature does a vacuum; but when we realize how many windows, insisted upon in the beginning, are ever after curtained down to mere slits, perhaps we will be content to forego superfluous openings and to allow the others to be grouped in such a way as to insure the splendid sweeps of unbroken wall that are vital to our effects, both within and without.

Of the myriad mechanical things that have come into our modern life little need really be said; every age has had its inventions that have been quietly incorporated into existing buildings. In most cases I believe in being frank and unashamed — there are, in my experience, few modern devices that with artistry may not be blended into older settings with offense to neither.

So may we proceed to the designing of our "Spanish" houses with courage and good taste,—taking all that is applicable to our way of life from the originals but no more. Add to this with dignity what is our own, our "influences," blend them with inspiration and as in the cycles of the past, Quien sabe? — great things may result!

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ART SUMMATION AT YOSEMITE

By PHYLLIS ACKERMAN

AN intelligent modern cannot escape from self consciousness in any of the arts unless he take refuge in the wider form of the same ingrowing vision, historical consciousness. Hence decoration in the twentieth century has oscillated between deliberate attempts to be original and earnest efforts to be authentic in the style of one period or another. But the efforts for novelty and originality, the Craftsman fad, the *art nouveau* and the present modernist styles, have all been unsatisfactory because they lack inevitably the feeling of naturalness and genuineness, essential qualities for a livable and dignified room, while the authentic period reproductions have been unsatisfactory because they lack relevance to our modern life. Each suffers, in short, from artificiality, and an interior that is not founded on honest directness cannot be sound.

But the victim thus tossed from horn to horn of the dilemma can always save himself by settling down between, rest in the middle way. He can make a room that is both original and relevant to modern life by recombining according to his needs and taste elements from all the past. A wise eclectician will be genuine, sound and truly modern since the modern man is aware of being the summation of his past.

Such an eclectician with a wide scope has been used in the decoration of the new hotel in the Yosemite Valley, The Ahwahnee. Twenty-two countries and districts on four continents have contributed designs, ideas and actual objects to the decoration and furniture and the motives and traditions span a thousand years. The visitor with the seeing eye can start from California, take a side trip to Mexico and Guatemala, stop at the Philippines on his way to Japan and China, go to India, to the vale of Kashmir and up into the mountainous regions of Beluchistan, make a long sojourn in Persia visiting Isfahan, Kashan, the wild Kurdich districts, Heriz, Hamadan, Veramin and Resht on the edge of the greatest oak forest left standing in the world, go into the isolated valleys of the Caucasus where communities isolated from civilization remained unchanged for centuries, then, making a brief stay in Turkey, pass on to a glimpse of Greece. He will have only a moment of Italy but in France again there will be a long quiet wandering, through the Midi, down into the Basque country, over the border for a vivid survey of northern Spain, back and up to Normandy. The Flanders that he finds will be the Flanders of the fifteenth century, of the rich and turbulent towns with their great Gothic market halls and the courts of the spendthrift Dukes of Burgundy. With

A THOUGHT

A happy way is the uplift way
Looking for the Sunlight every
day,
Banishing sorrow with a
spirit high,
Clinging to joy till it can't
pass by,
Living life as real and sweet,
Seeing its beauty and grace
complete—
O rich soul!
Knowing the truth of God's
control.

only a turn of his head he can cross the chill and choppy Channel and find himself in Norfolk and with another turn in Norway. Then back to America, New England of Colonial days, Philadelphia of the eighteenth century, the hidden villages of the southern mountains that are still as Daniel Boone knew them, across the plains to the desert Southwest and so home again to California. Around the world in one hotel.

Around the world and through many and diverse things, a Mexican olla, uneven but smooth; Guatemalan guipines, black, yellow, red and lavender, impossible, beautiful combinations; a Temmoku jar, brown and green glass flowed thickly over the wheel marked clay; dull blue on milk white of a K'ien Lung pot; a red wall hanging of printed cotton with the Kashmir pattern of the Buteh, the jewel from the front of a Mongol Emperor's turban; a thick soft mat of red and blue from a Beluchistan saddle bag, each country revealed in a typical form and color. The Persian things were for the most part brought directly from Persia for the hotel by Arthur Upham Pope, one of the consultants, so they are numerous and varied, pottery, brocades, embroideries and rugs. Greece and Italy have contributed textiles, France furniture and Spain rugs, the greatest collection of Alpujarras that has yet been brought together, the dower rugs of the northern Spanish peasants. Fifteenth century Flanders has inspired a *toile peinte,* a painted tapestry, designed and executed by Robert Boardman Howard. England and Norway, and our own southern mountains, have sent hand woven fabrics while other hand woven fabrics in the same tradition have been made locally, on the loom of Mrs. Ray F. Coyle. Colonial America has given furniture designs and the Indians of Arizona, baskets, pottery and scarves.

But it is California, quite appropriately, that has contributed most and in California's contribution even the most loyal Californiac will find revealed a new aspect of the state. For that contribution consists of designs taken from the baskets of the California Indians, patterns invented by those ill considered Diggers that show them really to have been creative artists of ingenuity, sensitiveness and dignity. Indians of the Southwest are almost a cult but our Indians have been neglected by all save a few anthropologists and other specialists. The use of their patterns in The Ahwahnee introduces them to the world as designers of signal achievement. California artists will find in the California Indian designs suggestive material. Indeed there is already evidence of the new possibilities revealed in the hotel, Jeannette Dyer Spencer has made ten stained glass windows on this basis for the main lounge. Henry Howard has designed a mosaic floor and Ernest Born has designed a tile floor.

Indians of the East and Indians of the West, Greeks and Spaniards, Norwegians and Guatemalans, the whole polyglot assemblage abides in harmony there in the Sierra mountains, making in their composite effect a new style. There is in the seeming conglomeration harmony and genuine style because one essential quality pervades all of the work, directness. Peasants, for the most part mountain peasants, speak fundamentally the same decorative language the world around because they all have the instinct for strength, simplicity and genuineness.

The Indian patterns have been transcribed and adapted under the direction of the consultants, Arthur

Upham Pope and Phyllis Ackerman, and the material from all over the world has been assembled by them and by the decorator, Dorothy Wood Simpson. Many of the Indian patterns, the cartoons for one of the stained glass windows and for the mosaic and tile floors and the *toile peinte* and some of the rare things from Europe and the Orient are to be on exhibition at the Beaux Arts Galerie from June second to June sixteenth.

* * *

The Magazine Publication Committee and the editor are pleased when suggestions are made by means of letters, and there is assurance that new ideas are received with hospitality, even though they may not be acted upon.

* * *

A swimming meet will be held in the Club Pool on June 3rd at 4 p. m. Members and guests to participate.

* * *

Pies and cakes to be taken home are on sale at the cafeteria or restaurant on the third floor.

* * *

Mrs. Parker S. Maddux, chairman of the education and forum committee of the Women's City Club, invites suggestion as to an ideal program to be given by the committee in the season about to be outlined.

* * *

Members are reminded that they may procure duplicate membership cards to replace lost cards. The charge is fifty cents and the card may be had at the desk on the fourth floor.

MUSIC

By ANNA CORA WINCHELL

WITH this issue of the Women's City Club Magazine it is possible to state with the greatest satisfaction that Music has placed its mark upon the Club.

Venturing forth for concerted action for the first time Sunday evening, March 27, the Music Committee under Mrs. Leonard A. Woolams, chairman, has, on each Sunday evening since that date, offered a program to be enjoyed and respected.

The programs have given variety sufficient to please such diversity of taste as must exist in a Club of 7,000 members. Merely to entertain the ear, however, is not the intent, nor is it the desire or purpose of those musicians having charge to promote ultramodern or "highbrow" music. There is a happy medium in this art, which may be met and presented without fear of mediocrity or dread of being considered not cultured.

To date, the Music Committee has achieved a nice proportion and the only true way, after all, of estimating success is by the number of persons who come to hear, and sit through, programs. With this as a measuring rod, it may be said in all truth that the Sunday evening concerts are all that any assiduous concert manager could ask — and this enterprise flourishes without the aid of such official—while amicability reigns among chairmen, performers and audiences.

Has such an enviable state been accomplished outside the Women's City Club?

The spacious Lounge and the widefloored Library, thrown together, as they are, make a large seating space. Even so, guests and members arriving at the last moment find the invisible but no less effectual "S. R. O." sign. On no one of the eight evenings between March 27 and May 15 have there been vacant chairs by 8:15 and be it said to its credit, the Music Committee begins on time.

The tenor of the programs, excellent as they are, is augumented by that subtle influence known as "atmosphere." The interest of the audience is in no wise diverted from the artists but there seems a delightful spirit of contentment pervading all; a total freedom from restlessness, giving the impression that music in the home has a beauty unspoiled, and that it cannot be carried to outer spaces without some tiny loss to its intrinsic loveliness. And this Club radiates, unmistakably, a home feeling.

The aftermath of social intermingling, speaking to hostess, artists, friends, again arouses most pleasurable emotion not to be retained, if born, in finest of public halls. Little wonder that guest privileges are sought these Sunday evenings, for, without over ambition, the programs fill a need in club life, giving good music to members some of whom do not have frequent opportunity otherwise, and the guest enjoys a peculiar environment, one much appreciated, by all token.

Much of San Francisco's best talent, with some from other bay cities, has lent gifts, generously and finely. Cooperation among the members of the Music Committee has led to the seeking of the best, and while stars are not always obtainable, the musicianship throughout has been more than acceptable.

Not possible to go into deep detail of the programs, an outline will display what has been accomplished. On the opening occasion, Mrs. Cleaveland Forbes, President of the Women's City Club, introduced Mrs. Woolams who, on responding to words of encouragement, presented numbers in which she, herself, participated. Her piano numbers were the C sharp minor "Valse" and the A major "Etude" by Chopin, and "Menuet" of Paderewski.

Mrs. Kenneth Macdonald, soprano, and Mrs. Frank Howard Allen, soprano, were accompanied by Mrs. Horatio Stoll. Miss Marian Hall, violinist, was accompanied by Mrs. C. N. Reynolds.

April 3d, Mrs. Charles H. Holbrook, Jr., Hostess. Artists: Virginia Tallarday, Piano; Marie Ruiz, Dancer; Senora Maria Ruclas and Senor Marco Huidobro (Consul General of Chile), Vocalists; Francisca Vallejo and Miss Cox, Accompanists.

April 10th, Mrs. Winfield S. Davis and Mrs. Charles M. Reynolds, Hostesses. "An Italian Evening:" Alda Astori, Piano; Olga Rossi, Soprano; Mr. Walter Chambers, Basso; Armida Pacinotti, Violin.

April 17th, Easter Sunday Night, Mrs. Horatio F. Stoll, Hostess. Stewart Brady, Boy Soprano; Amerigo Frediani, Tenor; Mrs. M. E. Blanchard, Mezzo Soprano; E. Harold Dana, Baritone; Harvey Peterson, Violin; Mrs. Catherine Swint, Mrs. C. H. Stone, Mrs. H. F. Stoll, Accompanists.

April 24th, Mrs. Frank Howard Allen, Hostess. Mrs. Albert Lang, Miss Esther Deininger, Pianists; Miss Maybelle Harrison, Violinist; Mrs. Milo Robbins, Soprano; Mrs. Ruth Scott Laidlaw, Mezzo Soprano; Erwin Holton, Tenor; Mrs. George Pinckard, Mrs. H. F. Stoll, Mr. Oscar Maloschka, Accompanists.

May 1st, Teresa tum Suden, Hostess. Mrs. Leonard A. Woolams, Piano; James Isherwood, Baritone; Teresa tum Suden, Soprano; Mrs. James Isherwood, Accompanist.

May 8th, Mrs. Alfred Hurtgen, Hostess. Mme. Rose Florence, Mezzo Soprano; Laura Kelsey Allen, Violin; Margo Hughes, Accompanist.

May 15th, Miss Ruth Viola Davis, Hostess. Miss Marie Caroll, Piano; Miss Eloise Savannah, Cello; Miss R. Margaret Davis, Soprano; Miss Jessie Clyde, Soprano; M. Edouard Deru, Miss Eunice Jurgens, Violins; Mr. L. J. Pouchor, Baritone; Samuel Savannah, Mrs. Irma Harris Vogt, Madame Deru, Mrs. H. F. Stoll, Miss Mabel Jones, Accompanists.

The series will continue into June, when a summer recess will prepare for programs for the season 1927-1928. Mrs. Carlo Sutro Morbio was hostess May 22, offering a costume recital, and Mrs. Marie Hicks Healy, hostess May 29.

NEARER PROSE

By THELMA SPEAR

(*In Magazine of American Women's Club of Paris*)

It was a new symphony by one of the new composers
and I was prepared to like it—
to try, at least.
Conventionally enough it began,
The usual chord relations,
movements.
Then came the change.
Abrupt, quivering, fire from flint.
My mind groped and panted
in its mad effort to follow.
Discord clutching at the heels of discord;
frantic climax,
a pursuit up the ladder of tone.
Then, as suddenly, it ceased,
unreleased, unfulfilled,
tension with no relaxing into peace.
The chaste melody clung to the top of the ladder
Unable to come down again,
trembling and afraid. . .

C. S. PRICE.

EXHIBITION OF THE MONTEREY GROUP

By BEATRICE JUDD RYAN

THE Monterey Painters on exhibition at the Beaux Arts Galerie during May, were a group of the younger artists from that historic town—four Beaux Arts Artist Members, Lucy V. Pierce, C. S. Price, Ina Perham and Margaret Bruton, and five guest artists—August Gay, R. V. Howard, Julian Greenwell, Flora MacDonald and Esther Bruton. This exhibition showed the vitality and freshness of youth and also its attending crudity and audacity in experimentation. The lack of finish today, which is often misnamed Modern Art, has nothing to do with any school of painting but is rather the general and regrettable tendency of our age. While one feels there is more promise in such an exhibition than in the showing of a more mature painter who has grown altogether satisfied with his conclusions, nevertheless one desires fervently, for the younger artists a greater fulfillment in grace and beauty of expression. In their earnest intention to portray fundamental essence rather than outward symbols the artist of our day is apt to forget that he can only be followed through to his inner meaning by signs that lie within the range of the layman's understanding. That there is no lack of sincerity in this exhibit one feels on the instant. Perhaps this is best illustrated in the experience and development of C. S. Price, the ex-cowboy, who was painting in 1915 horses as the camera sees them, for which he found a ready public. But the lure of commercializing his talent did not hold him from further experimentation. He has worked thoughtfully and patiently in his studio in the Stevenson house in Monterey, making hand carved frames when pictures did not sell. The mastery and appeal he is achieving in his art is illustrated by the picture "Plowing," bought at the recent exhibition by Mrs. Jan Kruger (Mary Nichol), who plans some day to convert her old family estate in Richmond into an Art Gallery to be given to the people. This picture is shown on opposite page.

Miss Esther Bruton, one of the guest members of the same exhibit, and the commercial artist for one of our exclusive San Francisco shops, showed some modern drawings in black and white, done abroad. "Fog on the Arno," "Florence" and "Circo Rossi," were acclaimed as altogether charming even by the conservatives.

Paintings donated by the Artist Members of the Beaux Arts, to be drawn for by Patrons of the Galerie on May 25th, were also on exhibition. Each Patron gets a picture.

◆

Members can render service to The League Shop in the following ways:

1. Saving clean paper boxes of all sizes.

2. Also excelsior, packing and corrugated cardboard.

3. Tissue paper.

If any member cannot deliver the articles mentioned please telephone the League Shop (Kearny 8400) and arrangements will be made to send for such articles.

HOW TO SELECT INVESTMENTS

Responding to a general inquiry from members of the Women's City Club as to the best procedure for investments, H. S. Boone has written the article herewith published. Similar suggestions for investing will be given from time to time by conservative authorities in finance.

By H. S. Boone

YOUR money is a subject which should interest you whether it does or not. James J. Hill, a great railroad builder, said: "You can't win if you can't save." This is true, but it is equally true that even though a saver you cannot win if you cannot keep from losing your savings, and at the same time make them earn money for you every day. Only by saving money, and the interest on money, and the interest on interest, can the average person reach the goal of independence. Occasionally this is reached by one who makes a lucky throw overnight, but his case is a freak of fortune, and is so rare that it does not pay us to think of it in shaping our financial course. Money doubles itself at 6 per cent compound interest in eleven years, 265 days, and 7 per cent in ten years 27 days. Therefore, $10 per month at 6 per cent becomes $4,600 in twenty years, and $50 per month $23,000, a respectable fortune.

What is the secret of acquiring property with your money which does not lose any material part of its value and constantly gives you a good rate of interest and dividends? To discuss only that form of property known as stocks and bonds the principals given you are equally applicable to investment in any other form of productive property. Is this secret held by the trained financier only, or can anyone, no matter how far removed his occupation may be from banking and finance, learn to manage his money reasonably successfully and with only those minor losses which are inseparable from human affairs? It is conceded that anyone can be highly successful in keeping his money and getting from it a good income if he closely adheres to the four following principles of investment:

1. You should never attempt at any given time to secure more by way of interest and dividends than sound conservative enterprises pay their stock and bond holders.

2. You should never invest money which is a part of your permanent savings in any business which has not been going on successfully for at least five years, earning its interest and dividends with a comfortable margin, and which has not become firmly enough established in its field of operation to hold its own in competition.

3. You should only put money in those businesses which serve necessities to the people rather than luxuries.

4. You should always deal with houses of the highest reputation for honesty and skill in their fields of work whenever you purchase property of any kind.

Remember that as a bond holder you have a claim on earnings and assets of a business, which comes ahead of that of the stockholders. As a stockholder you are an owner and are subject to the first buffettings in the event of financial storm. If you feel you must have a higher return than that afforded by the most conservative bonds, it is better to get this return from the stock of a very successful company than from the bond of a weak company. It is always better to stay with the strong successful businesses — any other course means trouble eventually.

Some may say "These principles are all right, but how am I to know what rate of interest and dividends a sound enterprise pays?" There are many ways in which you can find this out. Look up the market price of the stock of one of the strongest banks in your locality and see what rate of return it pays. Pick up the daily paper and see what the bonds of great railroads pay — like Union Pacific, Southern Pacific, New York Central and Pennsylvania, and also note the current prices for bonds of the larger, better established public utilities — such as the Pacific Gas and Electric Company, Southern California Edison Company, San Joaquin Light and Power Corporation. Look at bonds of the United States Steel Corporation, Bethlehem Steel, General Electric. After looking over these quotations and using a little arithmetic, you will be able to get pretty close to the rate of return which the soundest investments pay at any given time. These rates will vary considerably, but you will at least be able to establish limits within which a safe return is to be found. Similarly if you want to know what the highest grade stocks pay, look at the market prices of stocks of companies such as those enumerated above, and you have the most trustworthy evidence in the world on the point. Always remember that the further away you get from the maximum yields shown by such securities the nearer you get to real danger.

You may now ask how it is possible for you to ascertain whether any given business has been operating successfully for five years or more and is able to stand up in competition. Detailed information concerning the earnings, property and position in its field of operation of every business of standing whose securities are dealt in by the general public, can be found at the offices of all financial institutions dealing in stocks and bonds, and are available to all inquirers. These records having been gotten together from the very best sources are trustworthy. You can obtain this information independently of financial houses by subscribing to one or more of the dependable statistical services, or taking one or more financial papers and magazines wherein from time to time appear detailed information concerning practically all stocks and bonds worth considering. You can also obtain direct from almost any company its annual report, and the financial columns of the daily newspapers are full of meat for the individual who wants to invest safely. Your local banker or any financial institution will tell you the names and addresses of the best financial publications and services.

In respect to the third principle, you may ask: "What is a necessity and what a luxury?" This cannot be answered with precision, but we do know that transportation, electric light, power, gas and water, oil, steel and copper are some of the necessaries of life, and that the strong companies in these and other basic fields furnish the public with sound investments. In conclusion, modern facilities for obtaining information concerning the real worth of stocks and bonds are so complete, inexpensive and dependable that it is inexcusable for one to buy any security nowadays under a mistaken impression as to its worth. If no information at all is obtainable concerning a security, or the information is not sufficient to enable you to satisfy yourself of its real value, you should under no circumstances have anything to do with it. If the principles, as mentioned here, are closely observed and if business is transacted only with people of the highest reputation, the chances are strongly in favor of a highly successful investment career crowned with the great final objective of financial independence.

* * *

The Women's City Club has received many handsome gifts of greater or less usefulness, but there still remains a paucity of tea and coffee urns in the general furniture of the dining and tearooms. New or used urns will be received with appreciation.

* * *

Fundamental Facts for Women Investors
(SERIES REPRINTED FROM S. F. CHRONICLE)
by
HAZEL L. ZIMMERMAN
Women's Investment Counselor
OF PEARSONS-TAFT COMPANY
315 Standard Oil Building
SAN FRANCISCO

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BOOKS OF THE MONTH

A MODERN ROLAND

By INGLIS FLETCHER

"THE REVOLT IN THE DESERT"
by T. E. Lawrence
George H. Doran Company—$3

"THE SEVEN PILLARS OF WISDOM"
by T. E. Lawrence
George H. Doran Company—$20,000

"THE Revolt in the Desert," is an abridged edition of "The Seven Pillars of Wisdom," written by Thomas Lawrence. The large discrepancy in price is due to several causes, the most important one being Lawrence's own idea that he could see no reason why the intimate history of his experience in welding the warring Arab tribes into one State, should be in the hands of the public at large. So the complete work of 40,000 words is limited in number and the smaller edition, which is exciting enough, was chosen the Book of the Month, and sold at a nominal figure.

Lowell Thomas, American war correspondent and traveler, gave us the first story of Thomas Lawrence, the uncrowned King of Arabia. These articles, by Thomas, ran in *Asia Magazine* during the early days of the World War. They told the romantic and adventurous story of the young English archaeologist who went about Arabia uniting desert tribes that had been enemies for generations, in one common cause against the Turk.

Thomas Lawrence is a modern Roland and like that early crusader, he conducted successful war against the Turks for the Holy City of Jerusalem.

In the whole of the World War there was not such another thrilling story of one man's achievement. England has produced many great Romantics. "Chinese" Gordon, Sir Richard Burton and Lord Kitchener were Orientalists as well. Men in whom love of adventure was as keen as in the men of the early Crusades. We, in America, have no such heroes. We never will have them. England is an Empire and she holds her prestige in the four corners of the world by such men as these!

Men who ride forth gaily into battle and to the outposts of civilization, to uphold the tradition of Britain's great.

Myths spring up about them. They are usually solitary persons to whom the word publicity would have been an abhorrence. Shy and retiring they go about the thing that has to be done — then withdraw themselves. Thomas Lawrence is like this. He could not work by the usual methods, Army orders were anathema to him. If he had been caught up for the things he did without orders or in disobedience to orders he would have been courtmartialed every hour of the day. But he was successful and there was no one else who had the vision or the ability to accomplish the impossible. He had been wandering up and down the coast on his expeditions wearing native dress—speaking Arabic and which was more important, thinking as the Arab thinks.

He has told the whole story in the Seven Pillars of Wisdom, a supreme book. Invaluable to the student and to the psychologist and the Orientalist.

In the American edition of the Revolt in the Desert, is a paragraph which is the key to the character of this man. When he was asked why he did not recast the long book, The Seven Pillars of Wisdom, into historical form instead of the abridged "Revolt in the Desert," Lawrence said, "I must plead that to do so nice a job in the barracks which have been my home since 1922 would need a degree of concentration amounting in an airman to moroseness; and an interest in the subject which was exhausted long ago in the actual experience of it."

The last sentence tells a complete story. Living the adventure was one thing—telling it another. Yet Lawrence wrote the 400,000 word book twice (the manuscript was stolen from him and he had to rewrite it from note) and did the task supremely well.

There are passages in it that are purely poetry. Lines that transport you to Arabia, you feel the heat of the gleaming desert sands and ride on the Jeddah camel . . .

"When we anchored in Jeddah's outer harbor, off the white town hung between the blazing sky and its reflection in the mirage which swept and rolled over the wide lagoon, then the heat of Arabia came out like a drawn sword and struck us speechless."

His style is beautifully clear, picturesque and flowing. Sometimes he thinks in Arabia, then his sentence structure has an un-English sound, but gains in rhythm and poetic flavor.

It is doubtful if Lawrence ever thought of developing a style. He had a story to relate, in the case of the Seven Pillars of Wisdom writes as if he had not words or time to tell the tremendous epic of the political, social and moral life of a people at war.

He wrote the saga. All of the phases of their living he understood. He rides through the book—impatient to press forward—surrounded by his Arab bodyguard, that cutthroat band of ruffians, blazing with color of saddle cloth, blanket, coats and headdress of every hue, looking, as Lawrence said, "like a bed of tulips."

"I proceeded alternately on and off of my camel—the way all too slippery excepting on the ancient paving, the last footprint of Imperial Rome which had once so much more preciously, played the Turk to the desert dweller. On it I could ride; but I had to walk and wade the dips where the floods of fourteen centuries had washed the road's foundations out. Rain came on, and soaked me, and then it blew fine and freezing till I crackled in armor of white silk, like a theatre knight; or a bridal cake, hard iced."

Throughout the book woven into the story runs a thread of delicious humor, flashes of comment on things historical and the psychology of the people, which betray the student.

He harried the Turks — blew up bridges, conducted his guerilla warfare in such a way as to cause the enemy complete confusion. A price was on his head dead or alive.

To this lone Englishman came moments of depression, uncertain of the outcome, the burden resting heavily upon him, and homesick for his own kind.

"Everyone was stout and in health. Except myself. The crowd had destroyed my pleasure in Azrak—I went off down the valley to our remote Ain el Essad and lay there all day in my old lair among the tamerick, where the wind in the dusty green branches played with such sounds as it made in English trees. It told me I was tired to death of these Arabs; petty incarnate Semites who attained heights and depths beyond our reach, though not beyond our sight."

Lawrence carried confusion into the ranks of the British officials as well as into the Turkish camps. He was no respector of rank or title, he cut red tape joyously on all occasions. Yet England offered him, at the close of the war, the greatest honors in her power. He refused everything and disappeared—to be discovered months later, a private in the tank corps. Again he is lost to view. Some people say he is with the army in India and some think in China.

The slight young student, who was patiently digging on the banks of the Euphrates for traces of ancient cities and ancient civilization, was caught up and swept into the whirlwind of modern war. No training at soldiering or experience—yet it seemed as if he had inherited the experience of many soldiers of many wars in military tactics. And so he rose to be one of the greatest single figures in the World War in accomplishment. Certainly the most romantic. And in his saddle bags he carried *"Mallory's Morte D' Arthur."*

Lawrence's book places him side by side with Doughty and Sir Richard Burton, the great Orientalists. He may prove to outrank them from the value of information contained in The Seven Pillars of Wisdom.

A copy of this book beautifully printed, is on view at Gelber-Lillenthaul's Book Shop and is worth seeing from the standpoint of fine craftsmanship alone.

Doughty's Arabia Deserta, the books of Sir Richard Burton, Lowell Thomas' two books With Lawrence in Arabia and With Allenby in Palestine are interesting reading in connection with T. E. Lawrence's "The Revolt in the Desert."

The Women's City Club extends the privileges of the fourth floor to men guests whenever the Club itself entertains.

At the Fly-casting Club

By Eleanor Preston Watkins
(*Member Women's City Club*)

"Goin' fishin'?" Sure, I'm going fishing!
Did you think I came up here to play?

Haven't I spent months a-wishing, wishing,
For the coming of this one June day?

Don't you hear the river talking, talking?
"You're losing precious time," I heard it say.

YOU may keep the porch warm, go a-walking!
Unhand me, woman! poker-chips, away!

Softly, softly through the bushes creep,
Wade until your leather belt is wet,

Feel the river tugging as it runs,
Cast your fly *there,* in the shadows deep,—

Silver scales and sunshine in the net!
"Any luck?" "Just two—three little ones!"

DIARY OF AN OLD BOHEMIAN

By INGLIS FLETCHER

"DIARY OF AN OLD BOHEMIAN"
by Thomas Nunan
Harr Wagner Publishing Company—$2

IN the "Diary of an Old Bohemian" we have a book written by a San Franciscan and published by a San Francisco publisher. Whether this means the coming of new things it is hard to say. Certainly the time must come before long when the West is important enough to have a culture of its own and we will not be at the mercy of eastern publishers concerning books and stories that are of the West.

The situation would be amusing if it were not tragic for many writers. Many of the readers in eastern publishing houses have not been out of the state of New York. How can they judge stories of the west when they know nothing of the locale? West of the Rockies is a life far removed from their knowledge. Cities are more or less alike no matter the geographical location but the rural districts are very different—so is the outlook of the people.

GLIMPSES

The pain and succulence
Of rain. .
Stars rising o'er day's end
The day to mend. .
A Lark, .
Morning, while yet 'tis dark. .
A child's fleet scarless grief. .
Dear madness, mystery, belief. .
—MABEL HOLMES PARSONS.

Some day the West will rise like the great Dragon of China and show a class consciousness. Then we will have western publishers who not only turn out beautiful books beautifully printed (as they do now), but they will have sales organizations and publicity facilities to back up their publications so, that authors will get proper returns for their efforts and distribution for their books.

In a recent article in the Woman's City Club Magazine, Mr. Charles Dobie, one of the best known novelists in the West, had an article that touched on the same basic idea, in regard to a woman's magazine. Mr. George Douglas of the Bulletin had an editorial that touched another angle, the value to the community of writers and novelists in the matter of making the city known and giving it atmosphere. The West has a culture and flavor particularly its own and the West should be the judge of good or bad writing regarding its own people. Someday eastern publishers will recognize that and have branch publishing houses out here. The nearest we have to anything of the kind now is the enormous Macmillan plant in San Francisco. But they do no publishing though they carry a stock of 500,000 volumes for western distribution.

The Diary of an Old Bohemian may help to bring such a day nearer, for certainly it is so local to San Francisco that much of the flavor would be lost to those who do not know their San Francisco that ended with the Fire and Volstead.

At that, it is a book that would give outsiders a very fine picture of the "city that was." The supposed diarist might have served Anita Loos as a model for her Mr. Eisman. Boundless conceit, not a vestige of humor, unlimited money, he was an easy victim of many beautiful ladies of the town who played upon his vanity and took his money. He seemed never to learn from any of his many sad experiences. He goes on blithely being fleeced again and again.

Mr. Nunam has shown great skill in the character building of Frances Kaller, egoist of the first rank. There is something rather pathetic about men of this type who are so childlike and so full of conceit that they fall easy victims to anyone who chances to take the trouble to relieve them of their money.

They want to shine as Don Juans, poor things, not realizing that the Don Juans of the world are men who never lose their heads — they leave that to the party of the second part. But this poor soul did nothing but lose his head (and bank roll) on all occasions.

The book is well written and runs along smoothly and easily. To people who know their San Francisco and the good old days it will be a delight. They may recognize people, certainly places. It will bring back memories of gay, riotous living that gave the city its title to Bohemian.

* * *

Attention Is Called to the Following

Tea is served every afternoon in the main dining room as well as in the lounge. In the dining room there is a wider choice in the menu, and the Club announces that tea parties may be entertained in either of these rooms or in private dining rooms.

Duplicate membership cards may be purchased for fifty cents.

Passes admitting guests to the Club may be procured from the elevator director on the first floor for ten cents.

Membership cards must be shown to the elevator operators.

There is an attractive waiting room where members may meet guests at the east end of the first floor arcade.

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SUMMER SESSION AT THE UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA

By M. E. Schevill

THERE are to be many lectures and courses of general and special interest at the Summer Session of the University of California this year. The dates are from June 27 to August 6. Some of us who live in Berkeley feel that the summer provides one of the most interesting times of the University year. The faculty and students form a cosmopolitan group. The campus represents a little concentrated cosmos work and play. As the catalogue has it, those who are there are "mentally alert to the progress of the day, whether it is literature, drama, science, music, philosophy or politics." One pays thirty dollars to go to the Summer Session, and this includes many privileges besides entrance to all the courses and lectures one may choose to attend. Credit may be acquired for courses leading to regular University degrees. Or one may be an auditor and pay a small sum to go to separate lectures. There are comfortable boarding houses and apartments to be had for all prices. It is sometimes a significant venture . . . to go to a University Summer Session.

Dean Bruce announces more public lectures than ever before. One scientist, one psychologist, one philosopher and two authorities in Education are to come from Europe to conduct courses. The scientist, Henry H. Dixon of Trinity College, Dublin, will offer courses in general Plant Biology. Professor Dixon has been Director of the Trinity College Botanical Gardens, and is the author of numerous books on botanical subjects. The psychologist, Kurt Koffka, is Professor of Psychology at the University of Giessen, Germany. Professor Koffka will give one course on Mental Development, explaining the principles which underlie mental development during years of formal education. His second course will treat the subject of the psychology of perception. In this course Professor Koffka will discuss memory, thought and action. From the University of Gothenburg, Sweden, will come Gustav A. Jaederholm, Professor of Philosophy and Education. Those who attended Professor Jaederholm's courses in the 1926 Summer Session will welcome the return of this genial lecturer. His courses will deal with educational psychology. The second European scholar in the field of education to join the summer staff is Helen Marion Wodehouse, Professor of Education at the University of Bristol, England. Professor Wodehouse is the author of numerous books on educational and religious subjects, some of these being: "The Logic of Will," "Nights and Days and Other Lay Sermons." In her courses she will contrast American education theory and practice with that of other countries. Charles R. Morris, of Balliol College, Oxford, will conduct two courses in Philosophy. One will be an elementary course; the second will cover the outstanding elements in Modern British Philosophy. Professor Morris is this year visiting professor at the University of Michigan. He has recently published a book entitled "A History of Political Ideas." In addition to these courses to be given under the direction of noted European scholars, Tomás Novarro Tomás an authority on Spanish phonetics, will give a series of six public lectures during the period of the Summer Session.

Among the visiting professors from American universities will be J. Duncan Spaeth from Princeton and Charles Read Baskervill from the University of Chicago, both of whom will lecture on English literature. Professor Gordon H. Gerrould and his talented wife, Katherine Fullerton Gerrould, will also be here from Princeton. Mrs. Gerrould is well-known as a writer of short stories and essays in current magazines. She has also written a number of books and novels. She will give a series of lectures on the short story and its place in literature. In addition to these lectures she will hold conferences with students who are ambitious to write. Professor Frederick H. Koch of the University of North Carolina, will conduct courses in dramatic composition. David M. Robinson, Professor of Archaeology at Johns Hopkins University, will give two courses on the art centers of older civilizations. Harry A. Overstreet, Head of the Philosophy Department of the College of the City of New York and special lecturer at the New School for Social Research, will lecture on the problems of Adult Education. Californians will be glad to have him here again, for he was for many years connected with the University of California. In Social Welfare Miss Neva L. Boyd, Director of the Recreation School of Chicago, and H. L. Lurie, Superintendent of the Jewish Social Welfare Bureau of Chicago, will present important facts to summer session students concerning modern methods in controlling poverty, the care of dependents and community organizations. Miss Boyd is to give a course in Community Organization in which she will make a survey of the methods used in various organizations doing group and community work, such as the International Institute, Community Service, Y. W. C. A., and so on. She will discuss the group life of children and young people, and show how such groups may be organized into community centers. Further courses of interest to social workers will be given by Dr. Henry Neumann, Lecturer in Education for the Brooklyn Society of Ethical Culture, and by Dr. Amos Beaghler, Director of the Division of Health Education of the Denver Public Schools.

Two recent announcements of interest concern the five public lectures to be given by Dr. Alexander Meiklejohn, former President of Amherst, and the lectures on Modern Drama by Robert Edmond Jones of New York, one of the greatest of our American theatrical producers.

Other public lectures will be given by Carleton Washbourne of Winnetha, Illinois, and Helen Pigeon, noted policewoman. In connection with the meeting of the International Relations Association at Berkeley, public lectures will be given Mondays and Wednesdays, beginning July 11, by outstanding leaders. These will include M. Saenz of Mexico, L. S. Rowe, Director General of the Pan American Union of Washington, D. C., and Professors Barrows and Priestly of the regular session.

There will be a Play School and a Nursery School. There will be folk dancing. There will be swimming in the three beautiful new pools of the Hearst Gymnasium for Women. There will be concerts, Greek Theatre performances and many social activities. In other words, what you will.

SUMMER'S DRAMATIC PROSPECT

By Edith Bristol

Edith Bristol
Dramatic Editor
San Francisco Call

Just as no cake is full-flavored without its pinch of salt, so no interview with a theatrical celebrity in this city is complete without the exclamation:

"It's wonderful to be back in San Francisco again. You San Franciscans are so loyal!"

And San Francisco has the prospect of being loyal a number of times this summer, for a scintillant group of its favorite stage stars promise to swing in their orbits close to the Golden Gate.

So there will be many chantings of the old refrain.

In the opening week of June the Columbia offers its all-star cast of "Trelawny of the Wells." Enthusiasm would be justified at the announcement of the play's name alone, devoid of the names of the stars, for the comedies of Arthur Pinero are a joy that age cannot stale nor custom wither.

"Trelawny" is as sentimental and as quaint as a smell of old lavender, with its pretty, genteel tale of the theatrical folk who assemble with Trelawny at "the Wells."

And the attention of the most blase and bored theatregoers would be riveted by the list of stars—if bored and blase theatregoers there might be in this city where all the world's either on one side of the footlights or the other.

The list is headed by the name of John Drew, who, as they say at service club luncheons, "needs no introduction."

Henrietta Crosman, remembered in "Sweet Kitty Bellairs," "School for Scandal," and other sensational successes of years 'n years ago, is another favorite in the cast.

Lawrence D'Orsay, best known for his work in "The Earl of Pawtucket" and "The Embassy Ball," is among the stars, too. And with Wilton Lackaye, whose Svengali in "Trilby" thrilled and chilled audiences of a generation ago.

And Peggy Wood, popular young star, recently featured in "The Clinging Vine."

Other in the long list of favorites are Mrs. Thomas Whiffen, Helen Gahagan, Effie Shannon, John E. Kellerd, Frieda Inescort, Otto Kruger, O. P. Heggie, Rollo Peters, Estelle Winwood, and J. M. Kerrigan.

Are these not, indeed, names to justify enthusiasm?

And the house here, as in Boston, Philadelphia and other cities along the route of the revival, has been sold out long before the company arrived, with seats taken for every performance.

But the Columbia has other favorites following the week's engagement of "Trelawny."

Otis Skinner, in a revival of his delightful satire and comedy, "The Honor of the Family," is to arrive in mid-June. No play of this versatile and compelling actor has given him greater recognition than this stage version of the Honore Balzac short story, "Un Manage de Garcon."

Paul Potter made the English translation used by Mr. Skinner's play, and the celebrated actor plays the fire-eating, swashbuckling Philippe Bridau, duelist, card sharp and amiable ruffian.

Following the Skinner engagement, the Columbia "goes pictures" for a time, and promises "Old Ironsides," the James Cruze film of the grand old frigate Constitution. Then comes the picture based on the life and exploits of Theodore Roosevelt, "The Rough Riders."

Up Geary Street at the Curran they are making ready for Al Jolson, coming in his singing comedy "Big Boy," immediately after the close of Miss Florence Reed in "The Shanghai Gesture," which will be sometime in June.

At the twin Henry Duffy houses they keep in mind the coming events even while absorbed in the successful presentation of the current play.

At the Alcazar "The Patsy" maintains its popularity and over at the President the audiences are still laughing at "Laff That Off" with no apparent diminution.

But Mr. Duffy and his aides de camp are looking into their next productions, while the runs of the two current shows are still at their height.

"Pigs" is to be given during the summer, although Mr. Duffy is not sure at which of his sister houses nor with which of his various talent. "Pigs" is a comedy of which we have not heard much more than that it is funny. Anne Morrison and Petterson McNutt wrote it and it has been popular in New York although none of the critics told us much of the story. It has toured some of the largest Eastern cities but has not been given on the Pacific Coast, so that San Francisco will have the Western premiere.

"The Ghost Train" is another popular New York success of the present season promised by one of the Duffy houses. This is a melodrama where suspense reigns and chills run up and down the spine and the hair mounts skyward in fright—or at least that's what the New York critics have told us.

Harold B. Franklin, president and general manager of the West Coast Theaters, Incorporated, just arrived in San Francisco, promises many new and attractive features for his circuit this summer. He is confident that the moving picture is on the verge of a new era.

Within the past few months the inclusion by two great universities in the east, Harvard and Columbia, in their curriculums of courses on the business of the theater as well as its artistic aspects are just another indication that the theater of today has definitely assumed its place in the world beside the other professions which have come down through history with their status established.

SYMPHONYLOGUES

Victor Lichtenstein, who for the last four years has successfully conducted symphonylogues, has consented to give a series of lectures descriptive of the symphonies which are to be given this summer under the auspices of the Summer Symphony Association.

The lectures will be given in the Women's City Club Auditorium on the Monday evening preceding the symphony. The first lecture will be given on June 13 at 8:15 o'clock. The other lectures will follow each succeeding Monday evening until August 22.

The price of the tickets will be $5.50 for the series and 75 cents for a single lecture. Tickets will be on sale at the information desk on the fourth floor. Mrs. Horatio Stoll is chairman of these lectures.

COMMUNICATIONS

Mrs. Denis O'Sullivan thanks the officers and members of the Women's City Club for their kindness and courtesy during her visit. It has been a great privilege to enjoy the advantages of so efficient an organization.

Mrs. O'Sullivan hopes that any and all members visiting London will accept her hospitality there, and will allow her to be of service wherever possible. Her address is:

7 Lansdowne Road, Hollard Park,
London; Telephone Park 1017.

. . .

Mrs. Elsie Sperry, daughter of the late Mrs. George B. Sperry, one of the founders in San Francisco of the National League for Woman's Service, of which the Women's City Club is an outgrowth, writes from France, where she has recently purchased the historic old "Chateau de Montmoreau" at Montmoreau, Charente, of her appreciation of the Women's City Club Magazine. Following is a paragraph:

"I have been most interested in the Magazine. The Club and all of its ideals are so typically American. I cannot imagine the same thing existing outside of America. If ever I return to California, which I hope some time to do, I should consider it a privilege to become a member. I am sorry that there is nothing I can do over here for the Club."

. . .

Dear Miss Tomlinson: The only club I visisted last year with which our Women's City Club has reciprocal relations was the Women's City Club of Boston. I am certain that the members of our City Club know that club so well that I can say nothing new of it.

It is that from the very beautiful colonial front entrance to the most remote room, the beauty of the colonial architectural ornamentation and furnishings was a great pleasure, and a marvel when I realized how young our country was when that mansion was erected and the furniture made.

Very sincerely, Fidelia Jewett.

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Volume 1 JUNE, 1927 *Number 5*

EDITORIAL

WITNESS the revival of the erudition cult.

It has been ascribed to the cross-word puzzle and other reasons, equally as probable, have been suggested. In any event, we are swamped by a wave of "Ask-Me-Another."

We found, when asked for a two-letter synonym for the three-toed sloth that it tickled the ego to be able to supply the right word. From that state of mind it was an easy step to the complacency born of being qualified to correctly answer, say two out of twenty, of the random, irrelevant, immaterial questions submitted in periodicals and books now published to meet the fad.

It does not require the vision of a soothsayer to foresee that the lost art of conversation is about to take the place of badinage and persiflage. The spot on the horizon is no larger than a woman's hand, but it is significant.

Libraries, excellent indices of what the public is reading, issue statements that books of travel, information, essays, history and biography are in greater demand than the novel. Best sellers are no longer necessarily fiction.

In our reading we have been frivolous to the point of saturation and the revulsion has set in, it would seem.

It may be that dinner and supper parties will conclude with symposia and musical delectation instead of dancing and bridge.

It may even signify that newspaper publishers will realize that the public is capable of appreciating news other than that pertaining to crime and criminals.

The history of the race is written in extremes of consciousness, and it may be that we have passed through the zero hour of vocal utterance.

Gertrude Atherton's latest heroine, the lovely and intellectual Aspasia, will no doubt have her influence upon social intercourse the while "The Immortal Marriage" is one of the popular novels. We are certain she and Pericles did not discuss their respective golf scores, prohibition or the latest formula for reducing. They were perforce, thrown back upon serious topics of conversation which makes extremely entertaining reading two thousand years after its utterance.

It were too much to expect a debutante to converse on such an abstraction as, let us say "Excellence," as did Aspasia on an occasion, but she can absorb a deal of information in playing the fascinating "Ask-me-another" game which would displace much inconsequential prattle.

Would a dictaphone release prove as interesting to our posterity two thousand years hence, providing they could understand the language?

Ask us another!

JUNE FASHIONS

JUNE is not all to the bride, alluring though she be.

It would seem that more attention is concentrated upon the girl who adorns the hotel piazza or dines at one of the hundreds of inns or "roadhouses" that dot El Camino Real.

"Roadhouse," by the way, has lost its connotation of illicit revelry and dissipation. A roadhouse now is a part of the summer automobile trip, a delightful place where one may eat leisurely and rest a bit from the motion of the car. Which suggests the inevitable "something to wear."

Popular favor is divided between the ever-popular kasha and the newer cardigan for the light summer coat which the warmest California night demands. The under dress, one-piece or with pleated skirt and over blouse is almost invariably of crepe de Chine. In plain pastel colors or in the printed designs of gayest hues, crepe de Chine seems to have no competitor. It is cool, easily cleaned, and does not wrinkle unduly.

If in plain colors, it is generally made up in the popular "compose" style, with several tones of the same color combined in effective design. The square and V-shape neck have superseded the round and boat necks of yesterday. Sleeves are either entirely minus or very long. Skirts are short as in the late winter but fuller, with a fluid, rhythmic swaying effect, achieved by many ruffles or pleatings, with the lines always horizontal rather than perpendicular.

One of the outstanding notes of the summer costume, be it sports, evening, dinner or street, is the artificial flower. Bigger and better flowers would seem to have been the password of couturiers, for at the best shops they range from three to ten dollars and are of velvet, kid, felt, piquet or the material of the dress. White violets at ten dollars per bunch are shown on the counters of the more exclusive places, but they may be had for a fourth of that price, and since they must be discarded as soon as the least bit soiled, many are wearing the less expensive corsages. Huge clusters of small white roses, violets or lilies of the valley are vogue at the moment.

Hats are much the same shape as in the early spring, with crowns a bit lower, and brims guided by the same rule as sleeves, that is, either negligible, slightly full little bands suspended from the crown, or extremely wide, flopping aeroplane effects. There seemed to be an effort upon the part of milliners to introduce flowers upon the hats, but milady did not take to the idea. The wide hat has a bow of velvet ribbon or satin on the side, generally, and the small hat has a trig little ornamentation of self material or grosgrain ribbon. Simplicity is the keynote of headgear, and the smart woman sees to it that the crown fits closely to the contour of her head. Which leads to the subject of the bob. Bobbed hair is as universal as ever, and if there is to be a change of mode it is not yet apparent west of the Rockies.

Never before in the history of fashion were shoes so attractive and conspicuous. The well-ordered wardrobe has a pair of shoes to match every gown and ensemble, with hose the same popular flesh color or beige.

The neck scarf and the handkerchief, like the shoes, are made to match the costume and are indispensable to well-turned out ensemble. Furs, except for the smart fox neckpiece or the fur coat of skirt length on straight lines, are not so much worn. That is, fur trimming and banding are about obsolete.

"ON THE CAMPUS"

Black and white drawing by Marion Simpson, at the annual exhibit of the California School of Fine Arts.

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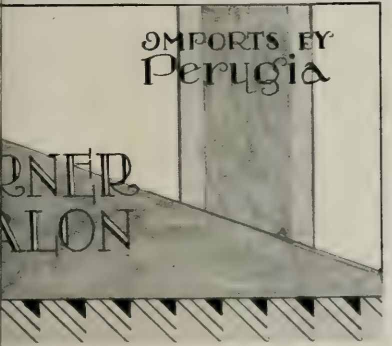

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"LAND'S END"

By Samuel Sutter, one of the recently exhibited pictures at the California School of Fine Arts.

* * *

AT LOOK-OUT, MILL VALLEY

By Eleanor Preston Watkins
(*Member Women's City Club*)

As one who lays his head on his love's breast,
I lay me down on thy brown bosom, Earth,
And prizes and rewards are nothing worth,
Compared with this. I sought them East and West,
Bemused by far, faint callings. Which is best,
Hot hurry and tread of city streets, mad mirth
And blare of music, night-lights, death and birth
Of love,—or thy soft answer to the jest?

Only in thy green stillness there is peace.
Thy touch alone can bring the heart surcease.
Soft calls of little birds from tree to tree,
And yonder, infinite serenity
In the misty curves of Tamalpais' breast.
Thy child comes back, unshriven, to be blest.

SUMMER IS HERE

Aquatic activities are in full swing. Everyone is swimming swimmingly.

Come and join the happy throng.

Interest in class lessons is steadily increasing, the requirements of which are given here:

ELEMENTARY—Beginners.

INTERMEDIATE—Good working knowledge of elementary back stroke and side stroke. Ability to float.

ADVANCED—Ability to scull and float. Swim elementary back stroke, and side stroke. A good working knowledge of the crawl, racing back stroke, trudgeon, and ability to execute a plain dive.

The schedule for class lessons are as follows, subject to change according to demand:

LESSONS

Elementary

Monday	10:00 A. M.
Wednesday	10:00 A. M.
Saturday (children)	9:30 A. M.

Intermediate

Monday	7:30 P. M.
Tuesday	11:00 A. M.
Thursday	2:30 P. M.

Advanced

Tuesday	5:30 P. M.
Friday	4:30 P. M.

Classes will also be given in life saving. Members interested please call at the office of the Swimming Pool.

Though all of us realize how necessary a knowledge of life saving really is, who knows when we will be called upon to use it, and possessing that knowledge we are able to render invaluable assistance in saving lives.

Everyone who swims has an obligation to fulfill, and that is to become an expert life saver, not only for your own benefit, but for the benefit of your community to whom you become a great asset.

The junior members and the children of the members are doing great things to put the Women's City Club Swimming Pool on the map aquatically speaking. We have many champions in the embryo even among our tiny tots, all of whom compete in our various events with the air of veterans. So if you have a big or little friend who is not a member bring her along to join our band of Joyous Seals.

Last, but not least, are our small boys under eight who are acquitting themselves with flying colors, the little boy who won third place in the Boys Race at the recent Easter Party only had two lessons, which goes to prove that anyone can learn to swim in a short space of time.

The old idea of teaching swimming was very exhausting to the pupil besides being most unpleasant.

The modern method is a delight to both pupil and teacher because the pupil learns by a series of simple exercises how to take care of herself with confidence right from the start, which, to the beginner, is the most important thing in swimming.

To be 100% efficient learn to swim and swim well.

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Let us make it so "swimmingly."

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PRIVATE LESSONS (Half hour lessons)	
Members (single lesson)	$1.00
Members (course of ten lessons)	7.50
Double lesson (two members simultaneously)	1.50
Guests (course of ten lessons)	10.00
CLASS LESSONS (half hour lessons)	
Class for members (four or more persons) (ten lessons)	5.00
Guests (joining members' classes) (each time)	.75
Swimming party with unlimited number	
Swimming party with over 50% members	4.00
Swimming party with less than 50% members	6.00
Two members taking lessons simultaneously (per person)	.75
Fifteen-minute lessons to be given only when guarantee of two within thirty minutes (per adult person, each time) (Children may use Course tickets)	.65
Double lesson (one member and one guest)	1.75

SWIMMING RATES

Members	.35
Daughters and wards of members under 8 years of age	.35
Sons under 8 years of age	.35
Guests	.50

(Admitted only when accompanied by member.)

(*A member may bring any number of guests at this rate.*)

Members must show cards.

Daughters and wards of members must be accompanied by the member or must have letter on file in swimming office.

A member may bring guests in the pool but must show her membership card. The number of guests she may bring is not limited.

The charge for a guest of the member to enter the pool each time is 50 cents.

The member does not have to go in the pool with her guest, but must accompany her to the swimming office and present her membership card.

A guest may take private lessons at a cost of $1.25 a single lesson or $10.00 for a course of ten lessons and 50 cents for each time she enters the pool, if introduced the first time by a member.

Class lessons for guests are 75 cents a lesson, plus 50 cents each time she enters the pool. At the expiration of the course she can not enter the pool unless accompanied by a member.

French Classes

At the request of some of her pupils, Madame Olivier, will continue the advanced class in French during the summer months. The meetings will be held in the Board Room each Monday night at 7:45 o'clock. The class is open to those who have had the required amount of preliminary work. Madame Olivier will accept a few more special students. Price for the course for one student is $16.00, or for two, $12.50 each, lessons to be given during the day hours at the convenience of the students. No nights available. The course must be completed before August 31.

VACATION DAYS . . .

Courtesy Canadian Pacific Railway

Here they are almost upon you. If you have not yet decided where to go, a glance through these pages may help you.

The Business Office of the Magazine maintains a complete Traveller's Information Service and will be glad to assist you in planning a trip, obtaining rates and making reservations.

VACATION

Courtesy of the Southern Pacific Co.

Summer Travel

RAILROAD and steamship statistics show that the volume of summer travel, as computed from reservations for the weeks to come, will exceed that of any year heretofore. This is apart from motor travel, which also promises to set a record.

This apparently is true of the whole of America, but notably so of California. Europe is the objective of a larger percentage of summer travelers than ever before, but of that contingent which elects to see America first, there is every lure that foreign shores can offer.

The long coastline of California is dotted along its thousands of miles with beach resorts ranging from the smartest and swankiest hotels to the places where portable tent-houses offer rest and relaxation. Mountains, where trout streams foam and purl, valleys where lakes mirror the skies and reflect the coves that indent their rim, urban activity or pastoral quiet, there is nothing that the most captious could seek that is not to be found within a radius of a few hundred miles, with cost within the reach of all.

The summer vacation has become a fetich with the American people, and mean indeed is he who does not plan for a change of scene for his family at some time throughout the summer.

Summer vacations are not luxuries. They are part of the mode of modern life, as necessary as many of the other embroideries which have been applied to abundant living. Business houses recognize the good they do, and the custom of giving two weeks' vacation

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with remuneration is now almost universal.

Lake Tahoe is especially favored this season, the Tioga road and the new artery into the Yosemite Valley linking up, as it were, those two regions of titanic heights and magnificent vistas.

Do glaciers and perpetual snows appeal? There are the Canadian Rockies and the Alaskan cruises.

Canada is now tapped by two major railways, the Canadian Pacific and the Canadian National, and both thread through the Alps of America, with splendid hotels set at points of greatest charm and beauty. The Alaskan trip, with luxurious steamers coasting under the brow of glaciers that ante-date geology is one of which every Californian dreams, both before and after taking.

Now that every community of appreciable size has its golf links, dancing pavilions and other things which attract those more gregariously inclined, the vacationist who wants sport and social diversion has a wide choice from which to choose when he sits down to look over the guide-books and maps issued by railroads and steamship companies.

But there are still many places where the ukulele and phonograph are not yet heard. There are great areas of ranch lands and grazing meadows where a cowboy can swing a lariat without it catching on a fence-post, campsites where nature is so calm and serene that one can almost hear the stars as they wheel in their courses at night. Up in the Klamath and Crater Lake country is silence and majesty that slake the spirit's thirst.

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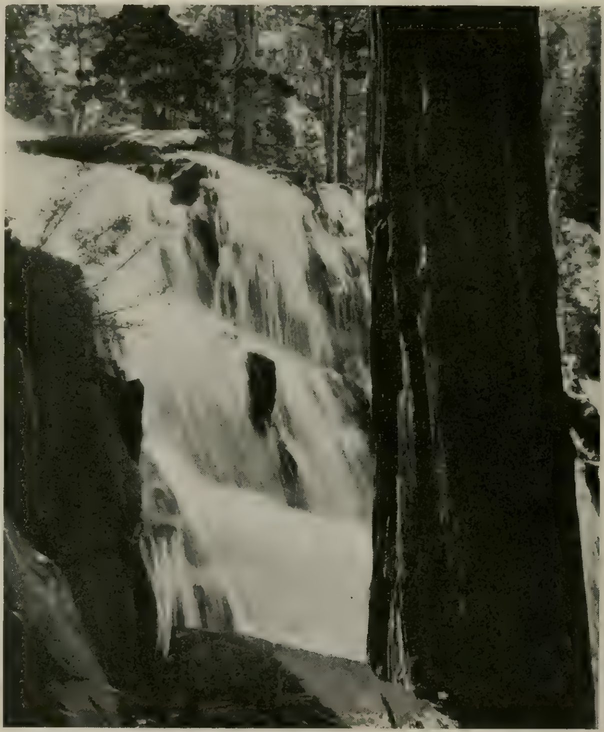

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WHEN I FIRST MET EUGENE O'NEILL

By Charles Ashleigh

(*In March number of the Bulletin of the American Women's Club of Paris*)

IT was in Buenos Aires, in 1911. I had been in the Province of Corrientes, engaged in the construction of a hundred miles of telegraph, to link up Paraguay and Argentina. After living for months in tents, and supervising a work-gang of Guarani Indians — who were extremely fine people to work with—I was back in the florid modernity of the great city on the River Plate. I was feeling pretty lonely.

It was too warm for a theatre; and I was tired of the noisy and overdecorated cafés of the Calle Florida or the Avenida de Mayo. So I wandered down to dockland: the untidy streets which stretch the length of the miles of docks.

Passing a seamen's café I thought that here might be the means of killing a halfhour. The place was full of men and tobacco smoke. Tables were thumped, and voices raised. The syllables of a dozen languages clashed. English, in American or British varieties, predominated, however.

There was no vacant table. So I picked one where but a single customer was sitting—a rather morose, sturdily-built, dark young American.

I ordered a glass of beer, and listened to the music supplied by the mulatto pianist, who, seated at the instrument, on a small low platform in the back corner of the room, pounded out popular tunes. Now and then, some husky stoker or deck-hand would rise, walk lumberingly and self-consciously to the platform, and then full-throatedly bellow out some sea song, or perhaps some mournful sentimental ditty of inordinate length.

My depression did not abate. I ordered another "schooner" of beer, and gazed glumly about. My companion also appeared to be subdued, and looked with black-browed boredom on the scene. I took him to be second or third mate of an American vessel, or perhaps a young ship's engineer. Half an hour passed; neither of us had said a word. Then my mood exploded into speech: "Good Lord, I'm sick of this," I said. "I haven't talked with a soul all day."

My companion straightened up, and looked at me with faint awakening interest. "Nor have I," said he. "Have another drink?

So I had another drink. And, in about ten minutes, we were well launched: discussing sailing-ships and steam-ships, Conrad and Keats, the mountains and ports of South America, politics and the theatre. I specially remember Keats, because, at that time, O'Neill was writing poetry, which appeared then to be his main interest. I also was trying to write verse; and I remember how we each produced manuscripts from our pockets, exchanged them across the sloppy table, read, discussed, criticised.

We sat up all night, talking, talking, talking, with the ardour and exuberance of youth. We ranged the world, conversationally, and I don't know how many "schooners" we consumed, during the debauch of talk. And then, at dawn, we parted, agreeing to meet the next day. And, after that, there were many nights of savoury talk, and of long, inquisitive wanderings around Buenos Aires, together with this young vagabond, sailor, poet, who was later to be acknowledged as America's foremost playwright.

As the years went by, I could find again the O'Neill I knew, in the plays which began to appear. I did not meet him again, because we were never in the same place. But, in the first book of his one-act plays—in*Moon of the Carribees*—and other raw, but authoritative, bits of forecastle life, I could see O'Neill engaged in crystallising into sharp moving forms, the experiences of his deep-sea journeyings.

There were the actions, the reactions, the pungent talk, of the men—stokers and deck-hands—confined in the narrow limits of the forecastle. There, also, was the calm beauty of tropic nights, stained with the rancid fevers of the debauchery of sailors. There, also, was the itch of the wander-fever, that clinging, fretting ill, which afflicts seamen, and other world tramps, and also turns sour the souls of men tied down to work on the soil or in cities. Of this stuff, O'Neill made his fine play, *Beyond the Horizon.* And into it he put the travel-longings of his own earlier life. Also, there jutted out, here and there, in the fabric of his plays, that social irony or protest, which was part of the inevitable reaction of the young idealist who had passed through the more sordid places of the earth. In part, this latter quality also appears in *The Hairy Ape,* although it is modified and blurred by the mysticism which was already gaining upon him.

Settling in New England, his native country—his early life was spent in Boston, O'Neill turned his attention to those obscure dramas of the soul, which engage the repressed folk in the more remote parts of that area. *Desire under the Elms,* and other similar plays, deal with this phase of American life. And, always there is revolt—a somewhat blind revolt, it is true, for no way to freedom is indicated for these poor souls, trapped in boredom and emotional starvation, from which, in O'Neill's plays, the only escape is in violence and death.

Again, in the case of the Negro, we have O'Neill's instinctive, and perhaps unconscious, preoccupation with the more suppressed and trammeled divisions of humanity. He who has earlier been one with seamen, with tramps, and others who suffer so often from homelessness and a sense of social insecurity, can understand the problems which beset the Negro, as he can the despair of the frustrated small farmer. In *All God's Chillun Got Wings,* and in *Emperor Jones,* we have an understanding of Negro psychology which is not merely acute, but also sympathetic.

Slowly, as the days of vagabondage recede, we find the scene changing. The sea has ceased to beat, with insistent rhythm, through his plays. The American modern scene, in all its complexity, gains upon him. And he perceives the tragedies of the city middle class. He, also, goes for material to Babbitt. And we have *The Great God Brown.* The fertile history of American colonisation seizes upon his imagination, and *The Fountain* is the result. Strangely enough—or is it so strange?—also, as the battling, active past recedes, his plays show, more and more, a mystical apprehension of the universe. He has himself been so long divorced from sudden physical movement, from the turmoil of wanderers, that the wind and waves of his isolated Connecticut home speak to him no longer of the struggles of ships and their crews, but drive him deeper into introspection, and into those dark labyrinths of doubt and speculation where wander the souls of many who, after living a highly exteriorised life, are later condemned to inactivity.

Thus, even the sharp, definite pessimism of his earlier work has given way to something less keen-edged, although hardly more cheering. In *The Great God Brown* we find the struggle of man with his own personality, and with the personality of others—complicated by the fact that the real character is so often obscured by an assumed one, which, through years of custom, becomes eventually an inseparable part of the original make-up. The mask grows onto the face—actually becomes the face! And there seems no hope, no way out of this inextricable tangle of deceits and frustrations. In *The Great God Brown*, only the simple woman — the "bad woman"—pierces through the deceit. Perhaps here is O'Neill's solution: the elemental, rugged directness of simple people, the people of the soil and the workshop, is the only corrective for sick souls, the only health which is left in society? But, if he does mean this, he points his meaning very tentatively. He is perhaps afraid of the accusation of being a propagandist. At any rate, it is the workmen, the soldiers, the sailors, in his plays who act with a more tonic clarity and absence of nagging reservations and afterthought. Perhaps O'Neill himself is most akin to these people, and his recent excursions into an unsatisfying mysticism are attributable to the fact that he has been, for too long, only a playwright? In the daily struggles of the sea, in the continuous drama of industry, there he might perhaps, again find a rich and revivifying source, a "Fountain" from which our explorer may drink and renew his powers.

I have written the above because I feel that there is something lacking in O'Neill's latest plays. While his first plays naturally may show the technical defects of one new to his medium, they did most certainly bring us close to the roots of life—and there is nothing esoteric or mystical about the roots of life. They bore an authoritative stamp: they smelled—reeked, if you will—of our common existence. And, in his latest work, despite all he has learnt—and it is considerable—of technique, there seems to me to be a faltering, a view less clear and profound, and an attempt to fly to a vaporous refuge, from the pitiless pursuit of reality.

But "Gene" is still young. He will, I hope, give us many more plays. And, I am sure, one of these plays will synthesise the later O'Neills with the O'Neill I knew. There will be the rich craftsmanship of the mature playwright; the wider knowledge of one who has rested in cities, as well as sweated on long trails; the suppleness of a mind which has tested ideas and systems. And all this, we shall have, I hope, mated with the adventurous eagerness and courageous acceptance of all life, which were the treasures carried in the knapsack of my vagabond friend in those good days when we first met.

* * *

Members are asked to keep informed upon club activities, attend them when possible and suggest events which might be of general interest. Also to fill out any questionnaire which may be issued from time to time.

MRS. PHOEBE ROCKWELL

Who has been a member of the Women's City Club since its beginning and before that a devoted worker in the National League for Woman's Service. She has lived in the City Club since its opening and is the tea hostess every Thursday afternoon in the lounge.

The Sound of the Trees

I wonder about the trees.
Why do we wish to bear
Forever the noise of these
More than another noise
So close to our dwelling place?
We suffer them by the day
Till we lose all measure of pace,
And fixity in our joys,
And acquire a listening air.
They are that that talks of going
But never gets away;
And that talks no less for knowing
As it grows wiser and older,
That now it means to stay.
My feet tug at the floor
And my head sways to my shoulder
Sometimes when I watch trees sway,
From the window or the door,
I shall set forth for somewhere,
I shall make the reckless choice
Some day when they are in voice
And tossing so as to scare
The white clouds over them on
I shall have less to say,
But I shall be gone.

—Robert Frost
(Henry Holt & Co.).

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GOLDEN GATE PARK

By Jessie Duval Fowler

I roam the Park to the gleaming Sea—adown a sylvan way,
Lured along by a day dream, and the tang of the silent spray;
A drowsy fog yet slumbers on yonder purple hill,
Nor lifts its crystal wings in flight 'til the forests drink their fill.
Oh, hearken to the radiant day attune its harp to Life!
Blooming in the heart is Faith—it heals all wounds of strife.

A south wind's whispered lullaby, swinging to and fro,
Flings acacia blossoms—a drift of golden snow;
And in plumes of eucalyptus—threads of coppering sun—
Entangle with the silvery leaves—shimmering fabric spun.
Surpassing e'en the peacock—is this foliage rare,
Ah, in the heart of every tree romance lingers there!

A flash—a skylark in his flight echoes bits of song,
Gay poppies spread a satin rug for Joy to dance along;
A wisp of moon still lingers on the margin of the night—
Mirrored in a quivering lake, like to dancing water sprite.
Oh, lovely is this tinsel lake—where feathered beauty glides!
Swans, their own reflections woo—silent phantom brides.

Nor artist's brush—nor tongue—or pen, with Divine inspiration—
Can picture all these glories from the "Master of Creation."
Here rankest vine mingles root with purest fragrant flower,
Lo! e'en the mystery of the soil hath way to show His power.
Soft as dew falls on the rose—swift as a humming bird,
More soft—more swift—e'en more silent, the magic of His word.

From out the blue haze shadows of lichen-covered logs,
Comes the croaking dirge and tirade of lusty-throated frogs;
Comes the cooing of the ringdove somewhere in the trees—
And the beady black-eyed chipmunks stirring 'neath a rug of leaves.
Then looking off to seaward through a windrift in the boughs—
A crawling bit of white sail—drifting in a drowse.

Praying out there in the vastness whence the lonely fog bell tolls—
A requiem to our lost ones—comes the whisper of their souls.
Phantom ships are beckoning—Ah, they had lost their way,
And linger there forever in trembling waters of the bay!
Oh, the joys—the tears—the sparkle—the shadows of the Sea—
Her changeful moods unravel these depths of mystery.

Yonder now a peering seagull glints against an agate sky,
Fleeting vessels treasure laden—silently glide by.
The waves—great clashing cymbals—beat against a wistful shore—
Languish there a moment—then sweep on forevermore.
E'en messages from distant lands—on winds from out the West,
Oh, dreams drift in upon the tides and lull the heart to rest!

The sun spreads its glittering rays, like a spider web of gold—
Whose meshes hold the Wine of Life—of Love and Beauty bold.
SAN FRANCISCO—CALIFORNIA—land of vivid daylong dreams—
Bringing promise with each waking—breathing life into these scenes;
Now 'neath my tread the pulsing sands along the glowing lea—
Awakens me from out this dream through "Our Park" to the silvery Sea.

AMONG OUR EXCHANGES

American Women's Club in Shanghai

Helen W. Bromfield has written a charming description of the American Women's Club in Shanghai for the American Women's Club Magazine of London which is reproduced here as being of timely interest in the light of events in that part of the Orient.

Mrs. Bromfield's article follows:

ORGANIZED in 1898, the American Women's Club of Shanghai is, as far as records are obtainable, the oldest institution of its kind in a foreign country. It was fostered primarily through the efforts of the wife of the American Consul-General for China at that time.

Declaring as its purpose "to promote higher, broader and wider culture—intellectual, social and moral; and to unite more closely the women of the American community in Shanghai," the extent to which the development of the movement has been successful is indicated by the growth of the organization itself, and by the American women residing in the treaty ports along the China coast following the example of the Shanghai pioneers. It likewise became a model for other nationals aspiring to similar organizations under their own flag.

Shanghai's American population is estimated at 3,500. The city itself has a population of a million and a half, reckoning the native census. It commands the gateway of half of Asia. In these particularly anxious times it is the cynosure of all eyes, pending martial developments in the Yangtsze basin, where warring tochuns of transitory authority and vaccillating allegiance battle to and fro in the bandit-infested country.

The American Women's Club enrolls a minimum membership of 350, the varying figures in excess of this being contingent upon existing conditions upon which is based the numerical strength of Shanghai's foreign population. Until 1898 no effort had been made among the foreign women, who were destined to spend a portion of their lives in the then "Celestial Empire," to promote mutual welfare and an understanding of civic life as applied to a small community in a country other than its own. No attempt had been made to establish a medium of co-operation in anticipation of crises that from time to time arise owing to agitated political situations. The ladies of the diplomatic corps, who were numerically few and influentially nil, were relegated to an existence of infinitesimal importance. In 1898 even the privilege of being presented to the "Old Buddha's" court had not been extended to the ladies resident in the foreign legations. The limitations of diplomatic life in China admitted few social diversions. Mah-jongg had not entered the arena to while away tedious afternoons. The consular and diplomatic circles in Cathay, as concerning the feminine members of the household, exercised no influence and merited no political significance. It is, therefore, all the more commendable that from this chaotic indifference to constructive work, the initial step for the organization of a Club among her country-women should have emanated from the wife of the Consul-General in Shanghai.

The study of Chinese characteristics, art and literature, and participation in civic life was essential to better understanding and more congeniality, and for the introduction of American ideals and the perpetuation of American ideas, the promotion of harmony and ability to render assistance necessitated by sporadic disturbances, and to meet the philanthropic demands made by the community—these aims and objects have been maintained throughout the twenty-eight eight years during which the American Women's Club of Shanghai has been in existence. That it has been an incentive to improvement in Club life was verified by the recent "International Day Programme" attended by the executive members of all the Women's Clubs in Shanghai, irrespective of nationality.

Miss A. Viola Smith, an ardent club woman and indefatigable worker, has been elected president for the current year. Miss Smith has the honour and distinction of being the first Deputy Trade Commissioner appointed by the United States Government, and has for the past four years occupied that position in China.

HELEN W. BROMFIELD.
AMERICAN WOMEN'S CLUB,
66 SZECHUEN ROAD, SHANGHAI.

Hankow

"HANKOW, the most important city, known in the Far East as the Chicago of China, has been so much in the public eye lately, that possibly a few notes taken on the spot last autumn may be of interest," says the Magazine of the American Women's Club of London.

The position it occupies in the centre of China is a unique one for trade. It is situated on the banks of that wonderful great river the Yangtse, six hundred miles from the ocean, but navigable six months of the year for any vessel drawing up to 30 feet. It is also in direct communication by railroad with Pekin and Canton.

In the summer vast quantities of cotton, hides, tallow, and wood oil, etc., are brought down the river by means of small steamers and by Junks when the river drops to nine or ten feet in depth. Here come the steamers of the Blue Funnel Line, Jardine & Mathesons, and others, to be loaded for the European trade.

Thousands of tons of tinned liquid eggs are exported, all tested by Chinese women at Hankow before being broken into tins.

Also, at certain seasons, an enormous trade is done in bacon.

Wuhan, as the new capital will be called, consists of Hankow, Hanyang, divided from Hankow by the River Han, and Wuchang across the river, which is a mile wide at this point. These three unite in giving everything that is required for the development of a modern town. At Hanyang there is a fairly modern Arsenal capable of turning out 10 machine guns, 30 rifles, and 300 rounds of ammunition a day, and some field ammunition; and next door there is a large steel works. The hill above Hanyang, called Kivei, is more than 500 feet high and could be made in to a strong position. The British Concession was guarded by a naval contingent, barbed wire, and sand-bags, as a protection from the thousands of hooligans in the Chinese city next to the Concession, who made frequent attempts to get in and loot. The Pekin road that leads into the Concession was the scene of the shooting of June 1925. It was conclusively proved afterwards that a thousand toughs from the Tachiman quarter had been paid 6d. a head to start a rush on the Concession. There were about 1,000 Europeans in the foreign Concession. General Liu capitulated to the Cantonese army (probably after being heavily bribed), while his brother held the old walled city of Wuchang for a month. During this siege aeroplanes of Russian construction bombed the town, and also dropped bundles of leaflets offering five Chinese dollars to each soldier, seven to a soldier bringing in a rifle, and so on up the ranks, a General being valued at a thousand dollars.

During the last eighteen months, as soon as any trouble was brewing, the Chinese merchants and compradores at once sent all their wealth in dollars to the English banks; and at the end of August 1926, when the Cantonese were advancing on Hankow, for about a week there was a continuous stream of strong boxes, chests, and furniture coming into the Concession day and night. British families suddenly found themselves housing thirty to forty Chinese, and at nights all the go-downs and paths were covered with Chinese. These very people, when the danger was over, were the first to assume an insulting tone to the British.

The other foreign Concessions are held by the French and the Japanese, the German and Russian having been handed back to the Chinese in 1916. The Americans and Italians both have a Consulate there. The people of upper Middle China will lose the larger part of their trade should all foreigners have to leave Hankow.

Hanyang and Wuchang are old walled towns, and it was at Wuchang that the Chinese rebellion commenced in 1911. The treaty ports wre first opened to foreigners under the present conditions in 1870, and millions of pounds have been loaned to China, the interest being guaranteed by liens on the Customs and salt tax, which have been mostly administered by the English and U. S. A. officials. The Chinese have had the reputation of driving a hard bargain, but keeping their contracts. One hopes that Soviet influence will not change all this and make treaties with China no better than the famous scrap of paper.

K. Mercer.

* * *

Canton

Notes on British Trading in China is the heading of a page in the February issue of the American Women's Club Magazine of London. Here are a few paragraphs:

THE British have been trading at Canton and other points on the West river delta since 1720; also the Portuguese. Up to 1840 there was no such thing as extra-territoriality (i.e. that white men can only be tried by white men), and as late as 1780 foreigners were executed by the Chinese authorities.

At the beginning of the nineteenth century foreign missionaries in China came under suspicion, and they were put under an Imperial ban in 1815.

By 1834 American and other foreign trade had started, and to protect British trade interests a Consul-General at Canton was appointed.

About this time opium from India was the chief trade, and it was exchanged for solid cash, i.e. Chinese silver dollars, and the Chinese began to discover that the national supply of silver bullion was being depleted. To stop this, and for no moral reasons at all, the foreign companies at Canton were instructed to deliver up their stocks, and they had no alternative but to comply. Their loss was about 6,000,000 dollars (about £1,000,000 in those days). This led to the first Chinese war, and in August 1842, Canton, Amoy, Foochow, Ning-po, and Shanghai were opened to foreign trade.

As a great joke Hong-Kong, a barren rock sticking out of the sea, was ceded to Great Britain. It is now a most beautiful place, and one of the biggest and best-developed shipping centers of the world.

Every single place assigned to foreigners for trading and for purposes of residence was one considered particularly useless; mud-flats, swamps, barren rocky hillsides, unapproachable anchorages—now the most valuable land in China owing to British leadership, enterprise, and money. Shanghai is a magnificent city, literally built on a sub-stratum of ooze, and land there is worth $1,000,000 an acre.

Tientsin is another mud-flat that was turned over to the foreigner as a joke. Chinese potentates are now happy to build magnificent palaces there, chiefly to serve as "funk-holes."

To resume: the Nanking Treaty of 1842, was followed by French and American treaties; there were subject to revision in 1852, and were continually being flouted by the Chinese.

As a result of the seizure of a British crew, and murder of a French missionary, another war took place and the Treaty of Tientsin was signed in 1858, and the opening of more ports was provided for, also permission for foreigners to reside in Pekin was given.

In 1895 came war between China and Japan, and China became loaded with an indemnity of $250,000,000 (about £25,000,000). To pay this she called in foreign financiers to negotiate and handle loans. These loans are now being repudiated by the Chinese Nationalists, along with the so-called unequalled treaties of Nanking and Tientsin.

In 1897 Kow loon, on the mainland opposite to Hong-Kong, was leased to Great Britain for 99 years, and other leases in Shantung, Kwangchowan, Yellow River area to Germany and France.

At the same time rights were given to gunboats and merchant vessels to steam up any river. In 1900 came the Boxer rising, chiefly inspired by hatred and fear of the foreigners.

* * *

Why not give your parties at the City Club's private rooms or public dining room instead of at home when the summer "help" problem is acute?

MARTHA JANE'S RHYMED RECIPES

By Mrs. Charles M. Reynolds

BLACKBERRY SNOW

Contents: 2 lemons, 1 bottle of ginger ale, 4 cups water, sugar to taste, touch of cinnamon, shaved ice, and 1 jar of blackberry or loganberry jelly.

Let me suggest you make a cake
If time you have and do not mind,
For Blackberry Snow is unexcelled
If served with cake, the feather kind.

Upon a table I would place
The things you're going to use,
The tallest pitcher, too, I'd find
And thinnest glasses choose.

Squeeze the lemons, and make them sweet,
Dash with a pinch of cinnamon spice,
Mix the water and jelly and heat,
Then add, the ale when cooled with ice.

The ginger ale makes the mixture fizz,
And then you know what glory is.

FRIAR'S FOWL

I knew an old actor, near eighty he was,
He could bake, he could boil, he could stew.
He gave this the name of the club of his heart.
I think it is worthy, don't you?

Contents: 3 or 4 lbs. knuckle of veal, 3 qts. water, chicken or rabbit cut in pieces, 3 or 4 eggs.

Stew slowly the veal in the water until
All the strength is cooked out of the meat.
Then skim off the fat and strain through a sieve,
Then again put it back just to heat.

Put the chicken or rabbit, now, into the broth,
Which is seasoned with parsley and salt,
Let it simmer, then, slowly I'd say for an hour,
Too long would indeed be a fault.

Beat the whites of the eggs and the yolks thoroughly
And mix just before this is served,
Stir always one way. If you follow these rules
You will reap the reward as deserved.

(*William H. Thompson, veteran actor, husband of Isabel Irving, gave me this.*)

FLEMISH CABBAGE

A Flemish cook gave this to me,
A dish of tempting savor.
I've eaten cabbage many times,
But never with this flavor.

Contents:

Take the outside leaves from cabbage,
Just those and nothing more.
Remove the stalk which you can do
If cut in sections four.

Melt butter in an iron pan,
But when you first begin,
The cabbage should be washed and cut
In slices paper thin.

Add salt and pepper letting stew
Four hours turning oft.
For its own juices help to keep
It tender, too, and soft.

A tablespoon of vinegar,
Mix in when it is done,
Fried sausages around it serve,
A triumph you have won.

(*From an old Flemish housekeeper in my family.*)

THE BRIAR STRAP
Main Spring Arch Shoes
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GINGER ALE SALAD

Ginger ale won't make this fizz,
But I will tell you what it is.
The salad I will give you here,
Will spread your glory far and near.

Contents: 2 cups ginger ale, juice of 2 lemons, ½ package Knox gelatine, dissolved in ½ cup boiling water, ½ cup cold water, 1 cup diced pineapple, 1 cup white cherries or grapes, 1 cup nut meats, sugar, mayonnaise dressing.

First let the gelatine dissolve
In half cup boiling water.
Then add half cup of water iced,
To make it cold, not hotter.

To this add lemons, ginger ale,
And sugar to your taste.
Just wait until you finish this,
No drop will go to waste.

The pineapple, the cherries,
The nut meats in this fold,
And mix it all together,
And turn into the mould.
This jellied salad fair,

Upon a lettuce leaf, so crisp,
With mayonnaise atop it, says,
"Why, spring is in the air."

(From the maitre d'hotel of the old Potter Hotel in Santa Barbara.)

PRALINES

A little old woman, all weazened and bent,
With a basket so tidy and neat,
Sold Pralines to me, for many a year,
On the corner of Carondelet Street.

Contents: 2 cups sugar, maple is best, 1 cup boiling water, 2 cups Pecan meats, vanilla, 2 ounces butter.

To sugar and the water add
The butter in a pan.
Then boil it all together
As smoothly as you can.

When it will thread from spoon, remove,
And beat in the pecans.
You'll find that Pralines please them all—
The Janes as well as Johns.

In buttered muffin tins now pour
And when it's cold, then wrap,
Each Praline in a paper oiled,
To serve without mishap.

(I knew the old woman—talked with her many times. Her name was Toinette. New Orleans.)

CHEESE TEMPTERS

Go down to Greenwich Village,
Wander round, and unawares,
You'll find a little tea-room,
Down a little pair of stairs.

Contents: White of 3 eggs, New York cream cheese, few drops Worcestershire sauce, dash of paprika.

Break the eggs, and beat them,
Just a little whiff,
For it will spoil the tempter
If eggs are beaten stiff.

Add paprika and Worcestershire,
Then grated cheese to all,
Until the mixture you can roll
Into a little ball.

Upon a board, more grated cheese,
And roll the balls in this,
Then fry in lard, both deep and hot,
So hot you hear it hiss.

Go down to Greenwich Village,
Go find the little stair,
And the salad with the Tempters,
Is the best found anywhere.

(In a little tea-room in Greenwich Village—"The Silhouette.")

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CLUB CALENDAR FOR JUNE 1 TO JULY 10

June 1	Current Events, Mrs. Parker S. Maddux, Leader	*Assembly Room*	11:00 A. M.
	Play Reading Group	*Card Room*	3:00 P. M.
	Play Reading Group	*Card Room*	7:30 P. M.
June 2	Thursday Evening Program, Judge Harold Louderback Subject: "Some Incidents in Early California and San Francisco History"	*Assembly Room*	8:00 P. M.
June 6	League Shop Committee Meeting	*Card Room*	11:00 A. M.
	Sewing Committee	*Room* 733	11:00 A. M.
	Executive Committee Meeting	*Card Room*	12:30 P. M.
	Current Events, Mrs. Parker S. Maddux, Leader	*Assembly Room*	7:30 P. M.
June 7	Magazine Committee Meeting	*Card Room*	11:00 A. M.
	Afternoon League Bridge	*Assembly Room*	2:00 P. M.
	Evening League Bridge	*Assembly Room*	7:30 P. M.
June 8	Current Events—Mrs. Parker S. Maddux, Leader	*Assembly Room*	11:00 A. M.
	Play Reading Group	*Card Room*	3:00 P. M.
	Play Reading Group	*Card Room*	7:30 P. M.
June 9	Swimming Committee Meeting	*Card Room*	
	Thursday Evening Program, Alice Elinor		
June 10	Finance Committee Meeting	*Card Room*	11:00 A. M.
June 13	League Shop Committee Meeting	*Card Room*	11:00 A. M.
	Sewing Committee Meeting	*Room* 733	11:00 A. M.
	Restaurant Committee Meeting	*Cafeteria*	12:30 P. M.
June 14	Afternoon League Bridge	*Assembly Room*	2:00 P. M.
	Evening League Bridge	*Assembly Room*	7:30 P. M.
June 15	Current Events	*Assembly Room*	11:00 A. M.
	Play Reading Group	*Card Room*	3:00 P. M.
	Play Reading Group	*Card Room*	7:30 P. M.
June 16	Thursday Evening Program, Mr. Martin Rosenblatt "Ever the twain shall meet" "What China Has Taken from and Given to the Art of the West"	*Assembly Room*	8:00 P. M.
June 17	Vocational Guidance Bureau Meeting	*Room* 230	11:30 A. M.
June 20	League Shop Committee Meeting	*Card Room*	11:00 A. M.
	Sewing Committee Meeting	*Room* 733	11:00 A. M.
	Board of Directors Meeting	*Board Room*	12:30 P. M.
	Current Events	*Assembly Room*	7:30 P. M.

June 21—Afternoon League Bridge	*Assembly Room*	2:00 P. M.
Evening League Bridge	*Assembly Room*	7:30 P. M.
June 22—Current Events	*Assembly Room*	11:00 A. M.
Play Reading Group	*Card Room*	3:00 P. M.
Play Reading Group	*Card Room*	7:30 P. M.
June 23—Thursday Evening Program		8:00 P. M.
June 24—Finance Committee Meeting	*Card Room*	10:00 A. M.
June 27—League Shop Committee	*Card Room*	11:00 A. M.
Sewing Committee	*Room 733*	11:00 A. M.
Restaurant Committee	*Card Room*	10:00 A. M.
June 28—Afternoon League Bridge	*Assembly Room*	2:00 P. M.
Evening League Bridge	*Assembly Room*	7:30 P. M.
June 29—Current Events	*Assembly Room*	11:00 A. M.
Play Reading Group	*Card Room*	3:00 P. M.
Play Reading Group	*Card Room*	7:30 P. M.
June 30—Thursday Evening Program		8:00 P. M.
July 5—Afternoon Bridge	*Assembly Room*	2:00 P. M.
Evening League Bridge	*Assembly Room*	7:30 P. M.
July 6—Current Events	*Assembly Room*	11:00 A. M.
Play Reading Group	*Card Room*	3:00 P. M.
Play Reading Group	*Card Room*	7:30 P. M.
July 7—Thursday Evening Program		8:00 P. M.

ACTIVITIES OTHER THAN CLUB

June 1—Republican Women's Club Study Group	*Assembly Room*	1:30 P. M.
June 6—Lilienthal, Bremer Co. Lecture on Investments	*Assembly Room*	11:00 A. M.
Nell Owens Club	*Assembly Room*	8:00 P. M.
June 8—Young Men's Hebrew Association Lecture	*Auditorium*	7:30 P. M.
June 11—Huntington Lake Girls Camp	*Assembly Room*	2:00 P. M.
June 13—Lilienthal, Bremer Co. Lecture on Investments	*Assembly Room*	11:00 A. M.
June 14—Puerta del Oro Chapter, D. A. R.	*Assembly Room*	2:00 P. M.
June 16—English Speaking Union Tea	*Assembly Room*	3:00 P. M.
June 23—Theatre Arts Club	*Auditorium*	8:15 P. M.
July 6—Republican Women's Club Study Group	*Assembly Room*	1:30 P. M.

ART EXHIBITIONS IN SAN FRANCISCO THIS MONTH

The Palace of the Legion of Honor	Oils	Jane Petersen
	Art Objects, Tapestries and Textiles from the collection of the late	Phoebe Hearst
Beaux Arts Galerie	Decorative Designs for Ohwahnee Hotel, Yosemite, adapted and transcribed under the direction of	ArthurUpham Pope Phyllis Ackerman
Paul Elder's	Group of California Painters	
Modern Gallery	Oils and Drawings	Dorr Bothwell

BOOKS IN SAGE LIBRARY

Many of these books may be had in the Sage Circulating Library on the first floor of the Women's City Club. "Blurbs" are quoted from the "Bookman."

FANTOMAS CAPTURED—Marcel Allain—*McKay*. One more link has been added to this lengthy chain of cinema scripts.

GLORY—Léonie Aminoff—*Dutton*. Latest in the series of Mme. Aminoff's lively fictional treatment of Napoleon, in which he reaches the summit of his career and is crowned Emperor.

CHARITY'S CHOSEN—Ruby M. Ayres—*Doran*. No man is proof against a woman's love, according to this swift romance.

BEHIND THE FOG—H. H. Bashford—*Harper*. Breaking up an international white slave ring involves a chivalrous gentleman in unusual perils among the most desolate islands of Norway.

THE HIDDEN KINGDOM—Francis Beeding—*Little, Brown*. Another international conspiracy, the scene this time laid in the wilds of Mongolia, fulfilling prophecies handed down from the time of Genghis Khan.

THE CITY WITHOUT JEWS—Hugo Bettauer—*Bloch*. What might have happened in Vienna if the anti-Semites had had their way is described in readable, though journalistically superficial, fashion.

THE BELATED RECKONING—Phyllis Bottome—*Doran*. The beauty of Miss Bottome's writing displayed in a tender and characteristic theme.

THE MYSTERIOUS AFFAIR AT STYLES—Agatha Christie—*Dodd, Mead*. Better than "The Murder of Roger Ackroyd." A tightly knit and absorbing mystery.

A CHEQUER-BOARD—Robert Clay—*Lippincott*. Wild days on a pirate ship, and a love story in the bargain.

GREEN FOREST—Nathalie Sedgwick Colby—*Harcourt, Brace*. With subtle cleverness the whole action of this transatlantic voyage is delineated in musings of the principal character.

THE BLACK HUNTER—James Oliver Curwood—*Cosmopolitan*. An historical novel—more novel than historical—dealing with the French conquest of Canada.

THE KAYS—Margaret Deland—*Harper*. Wherein a son inherits an adamantine code of morals from his austere mother and they suffer beautifully together.

SPELL LAND—Sheila Kaye-Smith—*Dutton*. Farm life at its most glorious.

THE WISHING CARPET—Ruth Comfort Mitchell—*Appleton*. One of Dixie Land's most attractive daughters is finally won after a stormy wooing.

SIR PERCY HITS BACK—Baroness Orczy—*Doran*. The eternal Pimpernel as gaily disarming as always.

THE GIANT OF OLDBORNE—John Owen—*Houghton Mifflin*. In the poor, overgrown body lodge the soul of a poet and a heart capable of noble self sacrifice, a combination that naturally leads to tragedy.

THE PACER—Viola Paradise—*Dutton*. In which a perfectly nice girl has to choose between a poet and a pickle king.

THE REBEL BIRD—Diana Patrick—*Dutton*. Proving that lawless love does not debar the sinner from noble self sacrifice.

PANDORA—Arthur B. Reeve—*Harper*. Craig Kennedy, the popular scientific detective, upsets a world-wide chemical conspiracy in his wonted spectacular fashion.

TWENTY-EIGHT HUMOROUS STORIES OLD AND NEW—Ernest Rhys and C. A. Dawson-Scott—*Appleton*. The American stories will probably seem funnier than those by the English authors.

EAST SIDE, WEST SIDE—Felix Riesenberg—*Harcourt, Brace*. Another of those composite pictures of New York and another young man making good.

ONE, TWO, THREE—Paul Selver—*Doran*. Provocative, piquant, amusing love story, told with skill.

THE CITY IN THE SEA—H. deVere Stacpoole—*Doran*. Buried treasure as the focal point for highly colored romance.

GRAIN—Robert Stead—*Doran*. Powerful drama in the waving wheat fields.

THE PLUTOCRAT—Booth Tarkington—*Doubleday, Page*. Babbitt on a cruise around the world. Seen in a better light than he was in Zenith.

FOAM—Mary Dixon Thayer—*Dorrance*. Frothy surface treatment of a substantial undercurrent of plot and character drawing.

KINGDOMS OF THE WORLD—Margaretta Tuttle—*Putnam*. One of the most eligible of the Roman nobility meets his fate in the person of a charming American girl.

TRANSFIGURATION—Sergeev Tzensky—*McBride*. Brilliant characterization and conversation in a typically Russian novel that discusses the subtleties of a dramatic situation of power.

"Islanders, The" . . . . *Hull, Helen*

"Job's Niece" . . . . *Hill, Grace Livingston*

"With that insight into character that has made her novels so popular, the author relates the eventful though trialful story of the daughter of a one-time very wealthy family. Props fail Doris Dunbar. Then she finds—like Job before her—that troubles met with courage lead to a joyful awakening and romance."

"Marriage Bed" . . . . *Pascal, Ernest*

"Real facts of life laid bare for inspection with a growing completeness that is chastely classic in its design."

"Love is Enough" (2 volumes) . . . . . *Young, Francis Brett*

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"The book brings to us once again the chance to lose ourselves in the lives of human beings who are real enough to be our companions, touching enough to win our sympathies. Every sort of love is here—physical, spiritual, mental, for husband and child and lover, love quiescent, religious, rebellious, triumphant."—Hugh Walpole in the New York *Herald-Tribune.*

Mr. and Mrs. Francis Brett Young left on April 23rd for the island Capri, where they have a charming villa overlooking the Bay of Naples. It was there that Mr. Young wrote much of "Love is Enough." Two years were required to complete the work.

"Mother Knows Best" . . . . *Ferber, Edna*

Short stories by the author of "So Big" and "The Show Boat."

"One, Two, Three" . . . . *Silver*

"P. P. C." . . . . *Lincoln, Nathalie*

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"Song of Life" . . . . *Hurst, Fannie*

"No writer in America has more completely mastered the technique of presenting strong emotions realistically."

"Bleak farms, St. Louis rooming houses, the Paris of the tourist, have been closed to me, but Miss Hurst has given to them a reality that makes me accept them without question. I am enthusiastic over 'Song of Life'."—Thyra Samter Winslow in the New York *Herald-Tribune.*

"When is Always?" . . . . *Dawson, Coningsby*

"An idealist who had the courage to experiment—a romanticist who believed in fidelity and married bravely—a lover who failed—a failure who redeemed himself. The most mature novel of a writer whose wistful humor and shrewd penetration have made him famous."

NON-FICTION

"War Birds" . . . . *Anon.*

"Revolt in the Desert" . . . . *Lawrence, T. E.*

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* * *

A WOMAN'S WILL

By FRANCES E. WEISE

Under the title, "A Woman's Will," Frances E. Weise has written the following admonition in the Magazine of the Detroit Women's City Club:

THE charge is made against women — not without some reason, perhaps — that they do not give sufficient thought to the importance of making a will.

Whether absorbed in the management of a household, or out in the business world poised in the hurlyburly of its resistless activities, this matter of stating definitely—and in a legally defensible way — one's wishes as to the ultimate disposition of one's estate is a duty every woman owes to herself no less than to those upon whom she would confer benefit.

What is a Will? Whom may it affect? What might that effect be?

The answer to the first question is known to everyone — an instrument which directs the distribution of an estate at the owner's death. In the absence of such a document this distribution has to be made by the Courts according to inflexible laws, with the result that the distinctive rights of certain individuals may be lost and the final administration may be one that in no way whatever meets the wishes of the deceased.

Time and time again the absence of a will has brought bitter hardship upon those who ought to have been the first to benefit. Frequently, also, it affects adversely the estate itself. I have in mind one instance in which the lack of a will proved the loophole through which more than half the estate was lost before it could be effectively taken in hand by a responsible administrator.

The inherent characteristic of every woman is to protect, and a woman's intuition is as subtle and correct in the disposition of financial interests as it is in any other direction. But no intuition can suffice for the want of a will. No purpose can be effective until given expression by a will.

Nor is this a duty that obligates one woman and exonerates another. To the woman of great inherited wealth it is a genuine responsibility that she protect that wealth by a will and arrange for a wise distribution of her property. In the case of the business or professional woman, who has accumulated a modest estate by her own efforts, the need of such protection is even greater.

Incidentally, the naming of an executor is a very vital point in will making. An executor should be financially responsible, should be free from personal influence, should survive the length of years necessary to accomplish every requirement of the trust, and should adhere strictly to the letter of the will of the testator and carry out its every detail. I know of no executor who can and will do all of these things so surely as a responsible trust company.

A thoroughly experienced attorney to draw up your will; a dependable trust company to act as executor; your own conscientious discharge of the duty of preparing such a document and revising it from time to time as changing circumstances dictate—these things combine to add to financial well-being the sense of security and serenity we all desire.

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In order to inform members of the wide variety offered by the menus in both the Main Dining Room and the Cafeteria, there is posted on the bulletin board a complete chart of menus for the month of June. Here you will find your favorite dishes listed, and the days on which they are served. Your suggestions will always be appreciated.

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WOMEN'S CITY CLUB MAGAZINE

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SAN FRANCISCO, CALIFORNIA

Volume I, Number 6 **JULY, 1927**

Fundamental Facts for Women Investors

(SERIES REPRINTED FROM S. F. CHRONICLE)

by

HAZEL L. ZIMMERMAN

Women's Investment Counselor

OF PEARSONS-TAFT COMPANY

315 Standard Oil Building

SAN FRANCISCO

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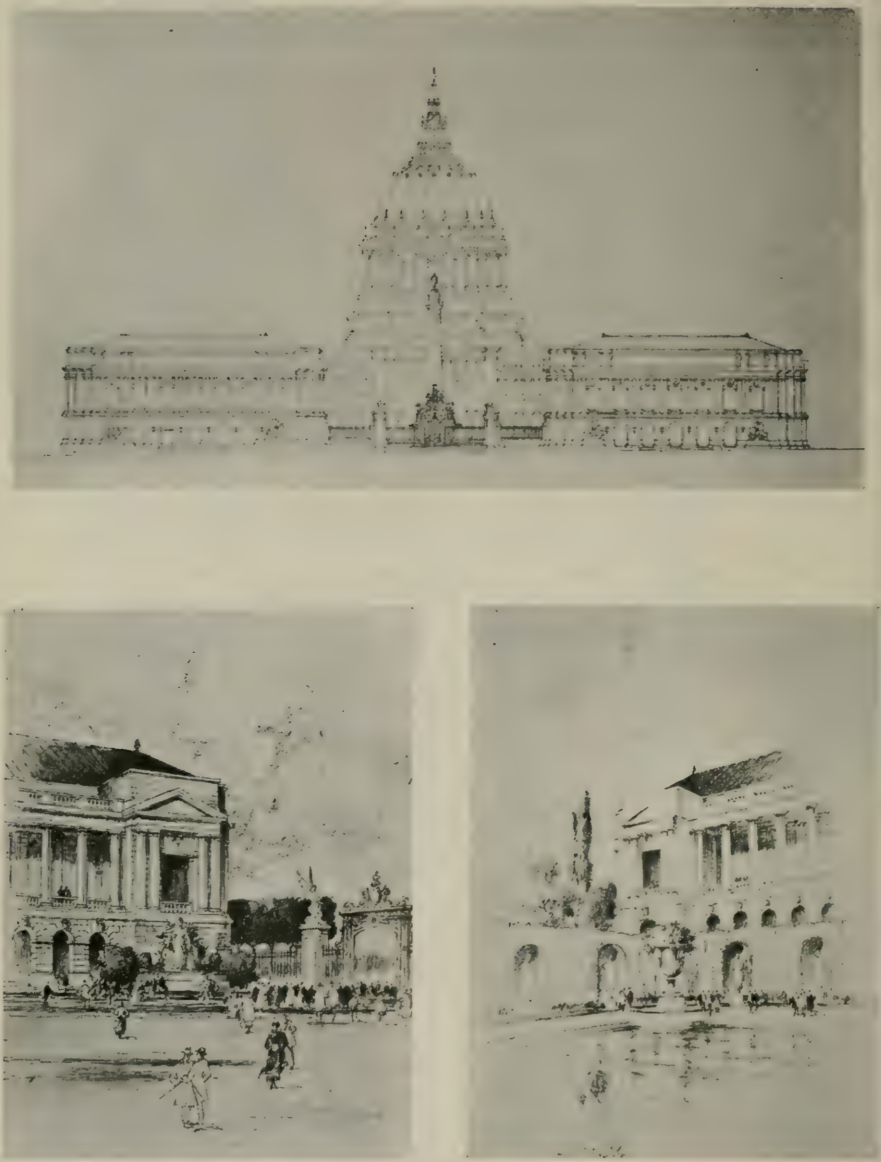

SAN FRANCISCO'S WAR MEMORIAL

For which the city voted a Bond Issue June 14 and which will provide a setting for opera, symphony and other music events.

THE
WOMEN'S CITY CLUB
MAGAZINE
OF
SAN FRANCISCO

VOLUME 1 JULY, 1927 NUMBER 6

THE OUTLOOK FOR FALL OPERA SEASON

By ROBERT I. BENTLEY
President San Francisco Opera Association

REPUTATIONS are sometimes reared on airy foundations, and the claims our cities make to flattering distinctives are not always borne out by sober fact.

San Francisco has developed to an equal degree so many sides of her character that it is not so easy as in the case of some cities to attach a convenient tab. Yet she might well base a plea for special distinction among American cities in her outstanding musical life.

She is, has always been, a music loving city. From pioneer days, as a reference to early annals abundantly shows, she has expressed her love of music in eager encouragement of native musical talent and in the ready homage she has ever extended to visiting celebrities in the field of art.

San Francisco has never been a place that notables of the music world have cared to pass over. Great singers, pianists and violinists of international note have recognized that in the City by the Golden Gate they may count on what is peculiarly dear to them—the tribute of truly intelligent appreciation.

The reason for the high degree of musical taste to be found among us is not far to seek. The cosmopolitan color of the city, which is so attractive to outsiders, comprehends the influencing composites of European races in which musical genius is a heritage. These elements — if there were no others—have sown the seed that has attained its flower through civic and private encouragement. Unstinted liberality toward the needs of musical life is one of San Francisco's many marks of local pride.

Some of these manifestations of interest in music are stamped by originality. The institution of "Music Week," some years ago, was an innovation for the country at large. So successful was it in arousing musical enthusiasm in school children that New York and other centers followed

San Francisco's lead and made a "Music Week" a part of their public school celebrations.

Nor are private organizations lacking here that give to musical genius in the community an opportunity to make itself known. An invariable practice of the Bohemian Club, for example, has been to have the music for its annal High Jinks written by a member of the club, and through that means no inconsiderable amount of talent has won general public appreciation.

San Francisco has indeed no reason to lament inadequacies in the way of musical instruction. It may rightly call itself a conservatory center; the San Francisco Conservatory of Music owes its inception and successful growth to Ada Clement and her associates. In recent years, the Conservatory has taken rank as one of the leading ones of the country by the acquisition of Ernest Bloch as Artistic Director. Bloch is generally acknowledged to be the foremost living American composer. Private schools, too, are multiplying, and the city is well provided with independent instructors for voice or instrument who stand particularly high in the field.

Its symphony orchestra, under the direction of Alfred Hertz, ranks with the foremost in American cities, and its municipal "Pop" concerts draw audiences the size of which testifies to the elevating influence it exerts. Popular good taste in music is evinced also in the requests for selections for park concerts, programs of the Little Symphonies and for organ recitals of some of our larger motion picture houses.

The popular priced summer symphonies with noted visiting conductors, now in its second successful season, is another indication of the enthusiastic interest of the community in good music. The Municipal Chorus under Dr. Hans Leschke in oratorial recitals with the Symphony Orchestra has found a secure place in the hearts of the music lovers of the city. The ensemble of the San Francisco Chamber Music Society has merited and won national regard and respect. Its work has been set back by the untimely passing of its founder and sole supporter for many years, Elias Hecht, but interest in it has revived and it is to be hoped that a way has been found to continue its work.

Grand opera has become an institution of our city, with the San Francisco Opera Association now launched on its fifth season. The increasing success of opera, demonstrated in box office receipts, is to be attributed in large measure to the genius of Gaetano Merola, General Director of the Association, who has guided its artistic policy from its inception.

The achievement of giving Grand Opera of metropolitan quality in general ensemble with singing artists of world fame and at the same time giving opportunity to local talent through the chorus and minor roles without financial loss over a period of four years represents the fulfillment of Merola's original idea, which became the ideal upon which the Opera Association was formed.

If the city has not yet acquired her special home for opera, employing instead the spacious accommodations of the Exposition Auditorium, that lack, as a result of the recent bond election, will soon be met in a fashion becoming a city of San Francisco's wealth and artistic taste.

Nor can San Francisco be said to fall far short of any other American city in the number of concerts and recitals provided for the public the year round, thanks to the many active music agencies that bring to the city all the best musicians of this and other countries that appear on the concert stage. The sum total of musical expression in San Francisco represents, in short, a statistic of which its citizens may well feel proud.

The devotion of San Francisco to good music is markedly shown in the intense public interest in the prospective season of the San Francisco Opera Association. Without waiting for a definite announcement of the repertoire which is to be given this year or the names of the singers who are to fill the principal roles the public has sent in advance orders and inquiries for season tickets to an unprecedented extent.

The season will fulfill all expectations. In variety and in balance of repertoire, in excellence of artists and stagecraft, it will be such a season as San Francisco has never had before.

Thirteen operas are to be given during the season, among them several notable works never before presented in San Francisco. These novelties are Umberto Giordano's "La Cena delle Beffe" (The Jest) and Puccini's posthumous "Turandot," which was produced eleven times last winter by the Metropolitan Opera Company with extraordinary success.

Among the revivals will be Verdi's "Falstaff," representing the final, most modern expression of the composer's genius, and "Tristan und Isolde." That the latter is placed on the repertoire is a matter of much pride to the Association, for a "Tristan und Isolde" production is very costly, calling for special artists and considerable augmentation of the orchestra. For this first German production of the Company the Association has invited Alfred Hertz, conductor of the San Francisco Symphony Orchestra and for twelve years German conductor at the Metropolitan Opera House, to conduct.

ROBERT I. BENTLEY

President San Francisco Opera Association.

"Turandot" also calls for specially engaged singers for principal roles; and it, too, is a stupendous undertaking on account of its lavish spectacular and scenic requirements.

The standard of work that will complete the season's repertoire are "Aida," "Cavalleria Rusticana," "Carmen," "Il Trovatore," "I Pagliacci," "La Boheme," "La Tosca," "Manon Lescaut," and "Romeo et Juliette."

The imposing roster for the season comprises, in sopranos and contraltos, Elsa Alsen, Lucrezia Bori, Ina Bourskaya, Myrtle Claire Donnelly, Elino Marlo, Kathryn Meisle, Francesca Peralta, Anne Roselle and Katharine Seymour; in tenors, Angelo Bada, Mario Chamlee, Rudolph Laubenthal, Giovanni Martinelli, Lodovico Oliviero and Armand Tokatyan, and in baritones and bassos, Pasquale Amato, Louis D'Angelo, Desire Defrere, Millo Picco, Ezio Pinza, Antonio Scotti, Austin W. Sperry and Lawrence Tibbett.

No small measure of the success, not only of the Opera Association but of all the musical activities of the community, must be credited to the unselfish and intelligent work of the women of the community, individually and through their various organizations.

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THE SAN FRANCISCO SYMPHONY ORCHESTRA AS A CIVIC ASSET

By A. W. Widenham

IN the San Francisco Symphony Orchestra our city possesses one of its greatest cultural and civic assets, for the status of any city as a metropolis is judged largely by its non-commercial activities. It has often been said that one of the true "ear-marks" of a great city is its support of a symphony orchestra.

It is true that a symphony orchestra is not a self-supporting institution; in San Francisco, New York or any other city in the United States. They are maintained at an expense far beyond what can be taken in in ticket revenue. But it pays to have them in the same sense that the public schools pay, for in the line of musical education symphonic music is one of the most important phases, practically all of the famous composers having concentrated their greatest efforts on the orchestra as a means of expression. If one is to enter into discussions and express opinions on the latest piece of fiction, the first requirement is to read the outstanding books of the day. In the same manner, if one is to become familiar with the latest works of Stravinsky, Honneger, Respighi or any of the modern composers, one must have an opportunity of hearing their works. To have to confess a lack of knowledge of Beethoven, Brahms or Strauss to a visiting friend "because we have no symphony in San Francisco," would be almost as serious a statement as to say "we have no libraries."

From a strictly commercial point of view a symphony orchestra is worth while also, for in calculating any community's worth, its attractiveness figures to a great extent, and nothing is so liable to make the visitor wish to prolong his stay in a city as is good music. Americans journey to Milan, Munich, Dresden and other European cities where they remain for several weeks or months, spending money as tourists always do. Why? Because they are in centres of musical opportunity and culture. Quoting from a recent article in one of our daily papers: "As a city we are advertised more thoroughly through our symphony orchestra than through any other medium. Its maintenance is a sign of our financial steadiness and artistic progress; its discontinuance would be a confession to the world at large that we have failed as members of the modern scheme."

As direct evidence of appreciation of the orchestra's value, the Municipal Series of symphony concerts may be pointed out. Each year the Board of Supervisors buys the orchestra for five appearances in the Exposition Auditorium, presenting these concerts with renowned soloists and at the lowest possible admission prices. So far San Francisco is the only city in the United States which directly sponsors concerts of this order. In addition to these evening concerts, for several years the Board of Education presented a series of afternoon concerts for school children. These affairs were free of admission charge but attendance was compulsory, the children receiving credit for attending as part of their regular school work.

Realizing that music is not a seasonal activity, to be enjoyed only during the winter, the Summer Symphony Association was formed last year for the purpose of presenting symphony concerts during the musically arid summer months. During the first summer series six concerts were presented, but the attendance and enthusiastic appreciation was such that a series of ten concerts has been undertaken this summer, given on consecutive Tuesday evenings at Exposition Auditorium. The conductors for this series are Emil Oberhoffer, Ossip Gabrilowitsch, Alfred Hertz, Bruno Walter, Mishel Piastro, William van Hoogstraten, Vladimir Shavitch, and Hans Leschke, the latter to present a

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MRS. GEORGE N. ARMSBY

President of the Philharmonic Society of San Mateo County, which is giving four outdoor symphony concerts in July at the Woodland Theater, Hillsborough.

concert with the San Francisco Municipal Chorus of which he is director.

Since the organization of the Musical Association of San Francisco in 1910, the San Francisco Symphony Orchestra has grown until today it is ranked as one of the great orchestras of the country. This has been accomplished through great effort and generous financial support on the part of the few hundred public spirited citizens who through their membership in the Association have made the continuance of the orchestra possible. One of the great handicaps has been the lack of a proper hall for concerts and rehearsals, but now with the War Memorial group of buildings assured, the Symphony will enter upon a new era of progress and cultural development, and San Franciscans may look for great events in the future and point with pride to their orchestra in its new setting, knowing that they possess "one of the best in the world."

PHILHARMONIC SUMMER CONCERTS

SYMPHONY concerts under the open sky, with summer zephyrs tempering the afternoon sun as it filters through the branches of gracious old trees. That is what the Philharmonic Society of San Mateo County has made possible for music lovers of San Francisco and environs, and at a nominal cost.

Four of the series originally scheduled have already been given and four remain for the month of July. That the Philharmonic Society builded well when it planned the milieu of the concerts, the happily named "Woodland Theater," is proven by the definite response which surburbanites and townspeople alike have made to the movement.

Mrs. George N. Armsby is president of the Philharmonic Society, Mrs. John B. Casserly the first vice-president and chairman of the music committee, and Mrs. Thomas A. Driscoll the secretary. The first four concerts of the series were conducted by Nicolai Sokoloff of the Cleveland Symphony Orchestra, the fifth will be given by Bruno Walter, one of the world's most distinguished symphonic conductors, and the last three by Ossip Gabrilowitsch of the Detroit Symphony Orchestra, son-in-law of the late Mark Twain.

MUSIC IN THE CITY CLUB

By Anna Cora Winchell

THE coming of summer, in closing one musical activity for a few weeks, has opened another. Education and entertainment, both, are supplied through the series of Symphonylogues now in progress at the Women's City Club. They are held every Monday evening at 8 o'clock in the Auditorium, with Victor Lichtenstein, speaker.

The province of the symphonylogue, which was launched by Mr. Lichtenstein a few seasons ago, has enlightened many of the laity upon musical matter, specifically symphonies. Much of intricate scoring on part of great masters has been rendered more intelligible, and therefore acceptable, to those who have not pursued music studiously or systematically. So, now with Summer Symphony at hand, visiting and resident conductors varying interpretation, it is pleasure and profit to hear Mr. Lichtenstein's analyses of the works offered each Tuesday evening by the San Francisco Symphony Orchestra at the Civic Auditorium.

The first Symphonylogue was given Monday, June 13, and was honored by the presence of Emil Oberhoffer, for many years conductor of the Minneapolis Symphony, and recently of Los Angeles where he has filled out the season of the Los Angeles Symphony, left without guide by the sudden death last spring of Walter Rothwell.

Conductor Oberhoffer was given warm welcome by the attendance and graciously returned the greeting in a brief speech, remaining to hear Mr. Lichtenstein's program. The latter, in his exposition, was musically assisted by Noah Steinberg, pianist, and Andre Dupuis, oboeist of the San Francisco Symphony. The works illumined were those played the succeeding evening under Oberhoffer and comprised Weber's "Euryanthe" Overture, the Tschaikowsky F minor "Symphony," No. 4, the Richard Strauss Tone Poem, "Don Juan," and the Prelude to Wagner's "Die Meistersinger."

The "logues" will continue each Monday evening at the Club through August 22, the symphony season terminating August 23. They are open to the public and season books are placed on an admission basis making it possible for everyone to take advantage of this series. A committee handling the details of the Symphonylogues is under the chairmanship of Mrs. Horatio F. Stoll, and books may be obtained from her, from the Club or at the door of the Auditorium where single admissions are also received.

The final programs of the spring term under the direction of the Music Committee, of which Mrs. Leonard Woolams is chairman, were offered May 29 by Mrs. Marie Hicks Davidson, hostess, and June 5 by Mrs. Woolams, hostess.

The former introduced an interesting group which included Miss Barbara Merkle, Harpist; Miss Claire Upshur, Soprano; Mr. Keith Noble, Baritone; Mrs. Horatio F. Stoll and

Mr. L. J. Dunn, accompanists. Though a three days' holiday was intervening at the time, the audience which assembled was very appreciative, there having been demonstrated a real desire on the part of the membership for music, and the Sunday night programs offer every evidence of increased success.

Mrs. Davidson was particularly happy in having secured Miss Upshur who had a short time before appeared in the title role of "Patience," and whose voice was again heard the following Sunday.

The final concert was marked by an air of general professionalism, Mrs. Woolams having invited Arturo Casiglia, director of the Pacific Coast Opera Company, to conduct the program with members of his operatic staff. The evening breathed enthusiasm through performers and audience; the former rose to their best efforts and the latter gave back in spirit what had been presented it. Encores were demanded and the cheering point almost reached. The event seemed a fitting climax and when Mrs. Woolams announced that the music season of the Women's City Club will reopen September 4, she received gratifying response.

The participants were Florence Ringo, Claire Upshur, Rebecca Widmayer, Sopranos; Blanche Hamilton Fox, Contralto; James Gerard, Attilio Vannucci, Tenors; Albert Gillette, William Shindler, Baritone; Arturo Casiglia, Conductor, who guided choruses which were a feature as well as solos and duets. Excerpts were given from the best of operatic literature and included the bigger arias of "Carmen," "Samson et Dalila," "Herodiade," "Tosca," "Gioconda," "Boheme," "Mefistofele," "Norma," "Cavalleria Rusticana," "Traviata," "Rigoletto," "Faust," "Favorita."

* * *

CLOSING THE DOOR

I have closed the door on Doubt;
I will go by what light I can find,
And hold up my hands, and reach them out
To the glimmer of God in the dark, and call:
"I am thine, though I grope and stumble and fall.
I serve, and thy service is kind."

I have closed the door on Fear.
He has lived with me far too long.
If he were to break forth and reappear,
I should lift my eyes and look at the sky,
And sing aloud and run lightly by;
He will never follow a song.

I have closed the door on Gloom.
His house has too narrow a view.
I must seek for my soul a wider room,
With windows to open and let in sun,
And radiant lamps when the day is done,
And the breeze of the world blowing through.

—Irene P. McKeehan
in Century.

WAR MEMORIAL NOW ASSURED

Otto Kahn and other noted patrons of the arts have a way of discovering, whenever they call on San Francisco, that this is a city of culture. That was indicated at the election of June 14, when the War Memorial $4,000,000 bond issue was ratified and the proposals to extend the Municipal Railways and purchase the Spring Valley water system were defeated.

Private donors already have subscribed a $1,800,000 fund for the War Memorial and $550,000 was paid for the site, on the west side of Van Ness Avenue, with frontages on McAllister and Grove Streets. The $1,250,000 remaining in the subscription fund, together with the $4,000,000 to be realized from the sale of bonds, will enable the erection of a splendid addition to the Civic Center where operas, concerts, great choruses and other music events can be given in an appropriate setting.

The Advisory Board of Architects which has passed upon plans submitted for San Francisco's War Memorial, a detail of which is herewith shown, comprised Bernard Maybeck, the late Willis Polk, Arthur Brown, Jr., Frederick H. Meyer (City Planning Commission), John Galen Howard, Ernest Coxhead, John Reid, Jr., G. Albert Lansburgh and others.

THE ART SITUATION IN SAN FRANCISCO

By BEATRICE JUDD RYAN

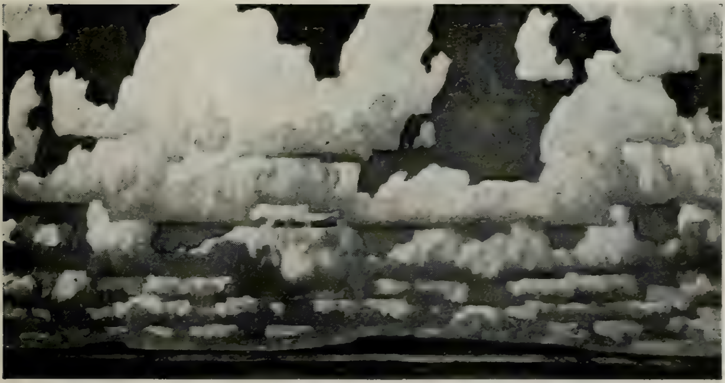
BEFORE the Exposition of 1915 San Francisco was a live art center. Our artists were producing work according to a tradition the public knew and understood. The public responded by being art patrons. During the Exposition we held a comprehensive showing of what artists were thinking and painting in all parts of the world. From that stimulation dated the existing condition in our community today, one group of artists who adhere tenaciously to the older tradition, another group who are reaching feverishly forward to the new. A general public that is ready to fight for the former, a smaller public that stands in the middle ground having lost its zest for the old, but unready to accept the new, and a very small discriminating public that sees hope in the present tendency.

That the spirit of 1927 in art is experimentation the artists themselves readily admit, but however unsatisfactory this transitional period upon the shoulders of its conclusions rests the art of the future consequently its paramount importance. The house of art has been undergoing a thorough renovating, the worn out furniture that had become rickety and the dusty bric-a-brac that was intended to ornament, but only cluttered its canvas, is being thrown out and those sentimentalists who cling to past associations are crying out. In spite of the modes and manners, in spite of a lack of craftsmanship, that beclouds the modern movement, its true exponent is restlessly searching for truth as never before. His ideal has become something more than manufacturing pretty pictures to please the public. Certainly the present contribution is a turning back to simplicity, a new sincerity.

The people of San Francisco are slowly awakening to a new art consciousness, the hand writing is plain upon the wall of our development. The California School of Fine Arts within the year has moved to a beautiful new home superior to any in this country or elsewhere. The Legion of Honor given to San Francisco by the generosity of Mrs. Spreckels is becoming an educational power in the community. We have voted bonds for a down town museum at Civic Center to be run under the direction of the Art Association. The Beaux Arts Galerie which has been carrying on since the closing of the Fine Arts Palace is an open forum for the exhibition and discussion of local art. The Modern Gallery is for the encouragement of the younger artists recently graduated from the schools. The Bohemian Club has just thrown open its doors to all the artists of our community and Senator James Phelan is offering a prize for the best canvas in figure painting at the next exhibition. The architects of our city are beginning to become interested in cooperating with

COMPOSITION

By Lucien Labaudt, winner of Anne Bremer prize in annual art exhibit of San Francisco Art Association.



"CLOUD WORLD"

By Maynard Dixon.

OVER
MANTEL
DECORATION

By

Maynard
Dixon,
California
Painter.

the artists in decoration for our public buildings. The work executed by Dixon and Van Sloun in the Mark Hopkins Hotel, through the vision of Charles Peter Weeks and the decoration painted by Arthur Mathews for the State Building are two works of this kind fostered recently in our community.

If the Women's Clubs would recognize their responsibility towards the support of art and make it an integral part of their activity they would offset to a great extent the mode which has arisen against buying and placing pictures in the home. If the art section in each woman's club would start a movement in its organization to raise money enough yearly to purchase one canvas it would be a valuable promotion to the art activity in our city. Art lectures never made art lovers. The people of Europe understand art because from childhood it has been constantly before them on the walls of their churches and museums. Art appreciation is the result of constantly living with and possessing art. San Francisco will again become a live art center when the women of our community awaken to its civic importance and decide to have it so.

* * *

ALIEN

By NANCY BUCKLEY

It comes as does a low wind—
Not here do I belong—
Not here in careless revelry,
In laughter, nor in song.

It comes as does a low wind—
My heart with yearning fills,
And it is far away I run
Unto the friendly hills.

It comes as does a low wind—
The beating of the sea,
And oh, I would I were a wave,
Forever wild and free!

BOOKS OF THE MONTH

"THE RISE OF AMERICAN CIVILIZATION"

By Charles A. Beard and Mary R. Beard
Reviewed by Inglis Fletcher
MacMillan Company—$12.50

ABOUT fifty or sixty years ago an Englishman by the name of Winwoode Read who had been travelling extensively in North Africa conceived the idea of writing a history of slavery, which he called the "Martyrdom of Man."

When he began to write he found that in order to tell an intelligent story of the slave trade in North Africa, he would have to include a preface of Egyptian history and when he wrote the Egyptian history he found that he had to go even farther back and write about the migration from Asia into Egypt. Then when he looked over his material he discovered that he was not writing a history of slavery, but of civilization itself. So he began at the beginning and wrote his book. This history of the migrations of the race is all too little known. It is a history without dates and is based entirely on events and the relation of one event to the other. It is one of the best histories we have, although only one short book. It inspired other writers, including Charles and Mary Beard. Mr. H. G. Wells gives credit to Mr. Read for the original idea of his "Outline of History" but until the volume which we are reviewing was published no one had thought to use this very flexible form of writing as applied to American history.

We are now old enough for the historians to stand off and survey the progress of our political and national life and view it as a whole. Dr. Charles A. Beard is known to America as an authority in the field of history and politics. He has written many books, among them "American Government and Politics," "A Contemporary of American History," "The Supreme Court and the Constitution" and other books on kindred subjects. His wife, Mary Beard, is the author of a short history on the American Labor Movement. This is a book that should be in every library of any pretension and certainly a book that should be read and re-read by everyone who is interested in the progress of his country. It should be in the hands of young people as well. It contains the fundamental ideas of our political, moral and cultural life as well as events. It indicates the tumult of the Old World which influenced the Western movement; the pageant of unrest in Europe that drove men forward in search of riches, fame and adventure that leads to all discoveries.

The book is an opener of doors, and long vistas are disclosed. The procession of great names pass through the pages. Quick characterizations give them life. Washington, Hamilton, Jefferson, Monroe, Jay, Laurens, that group of ardent young patriots who were responsible for the success of our first great Revolution and also for the success of the Constitutional Government and of the national financial plan which endures today. It is interesting to recall that young men all well under thirty formed the group.

Of particular interest to us here in the West are the chapters that deal with the Gold Rush of 1849—

"California that's the land for me
I am bound for Sacramento
With my wash bowl on my knee."

was the chanty of the Argonaut which ran through the country. This great migration to the West was in vivid contrast to the religious migration of the Puritans, for the sordid desire for riches inspired the Gold Rush. The books tells us that in 1854 a murder a day was the average of Los Angeles and that a Vigilance Committee was necessary to control the anarchy of the Gold Rush in San Francisco. The only question asked of a man coming in to either California or the Northwest was,

"Did you come the plains over, the Isthmus across or the Horn around?"

Even the chapter titles are interesting, "Provincial America," "Imperial America," "America's Balance of Power," "Romantic Democracy," "The Second Revolution," (The Civil War) "The Gilded Age" and the "Industrial Age." The authors lay stress on the part played by artists and writers in the progress of this civilization and almost all of our most famous authors are designated.

There may be parts of the book that give a rather different idea of some of the political events than have before been realized. Some interpretations are slightly radical but one cannot miss the authority of the work. It adds materially to our historical record and it is an invaluable book. It will undoubtedly be one of the most important books of the year.

The "Rise of American Civilization" is beautifully printed and the wood cuts by Wilfred Jones add much to its value. The rhythm of vast migration is only half realized by us in our hurried living yet we play a part in it. With eyes only on a small objective we are caught up in the glorious whole of advancement. This idea is marvelously indicated in the whole content of the book; "Such is the unity of all history."

THE ALLINGHAMS

By May Sinclair
Macmillan Company—$2.50

A NEW novel by May Sinclair is always welcome. Without turning a page you have a feeling of security in the matter of style, method and characterization, no matter what plot she has chosen to use.

Her craftsmanship has developed through the years until she has arrived at a place where style is no more effort or requires no more thought than breathing. Such is the reward of honest and sincere effort backed by intelligence, creative force, and a fine feeling for dramatic effect interpreted simply.

May Sinclair may be called the dean of women writers in England. One of the first novelists to realize the value of using Freudian theory as the theme, (well concealed), of her novels. D. L. Lawrence has done the same thing superbly; Rebecca West, not so well; hers, in The Judge, was a more obvious treatment. Miss Sinclair has too much artistry to allow her theme to come to the surface—but it is there, woven into the warp and the woof of her fabric.

In The Allinghams we have one of those delightful English families, she knows so well how to develop. Six children, all individual, their friends and the older members of the household of a country family of means and culture. It is an intensely interesting characterization, treated with understanding. She gives not only a vivid picture of the family and their environment but she turns the minds of her people inside out so that we know them thoroughly.

Miss Sinclair belongs to that brilliant group of Englishwomen who are writing novels that easily rank with those of the younger men in England. Shela Kay-Smith, with her epic treatment of land and people who are close to the land. Rebecca West with her scintillating irony, and Virginia Woolf, who certainly is a novelist to be reckoned with. They are pushing close to the standards set by Hugh Walpole, Frank Swinnerton and Tomlinson.

None of these novelists have come up to the standard of Joseph Conrad and John Galsworthy, yet I doubt if any English novelist of today has created a finer characterization than Shela Kay-Smith's Johanna Godden.

Miss Sinclair has influenced a large group of writers but her art is secure. The Allinghams is not her best novel —or her worst. It belongs to the middle register. But it is interesting reading and strikes the note that the author had in mind when she wrote the story of a family that any of us might know.

To Members Who Supply Club with Flowers

For the convenience of members who bring flowers to the Club from time to time and who prefer not to leave their motors, an arrangement has been made whereby the Post-Taylor Garage, 569 Post Street, will receive flowers for the Club. If flowers are left at the garage the member leaving them is requested to notify the Club by telephone so that a messenger may be sent for them.

Among San Francisco Literati

A NEW book of short stories by Charles Caldwell Dobie is announced for fall publication by the John Day Company. This is an event to be looked forward to by San Franciscans. There is no one writing at present who so truly interprets the real San Francisco as Mr. Dobie.

His column in the Bulletin written under the title of The Caliph, is to San Francisco what O. O. McIntyre's "New York Day By Day" is to that city.

Mr. Dobie's novel Less Than Kin, (which is still going strong, to use the vernacular), has a background of California life which is as authentic as it is interesting. During the summer, Harper's Magazine will publish a short story by Mr. Dobie titled Slow Poison.

With Kathleen and Charles Norris, Gertrude Atherton, Idwal Jones and Charles Caldwell Dobie upholding the traditions of earlier San Francisco writers we know that there will be no letting down of the quality of work coming from the "San Francisco Group."

* * *

How fortunate we are to have so celebrated a writer as Gertrude Atherton make her home here. It is a stimulating influence to writing people to feel that a woman of such catholic interests and broad knowledge of the world continues to make San Francisco her point of departure. Her latest novel, The Immortal Marriage, has received enthusiastic welcome from critics and from the public. Some reviewers go so far as to say that it stands side by side with that splendid work of Mrs. Atherton's, The Conqueror.

There is probably not another writer in America who is as well qualified as Mrs. Atherton to give us a novel dealing with the most important period of history, viewed from the standpoint of the effect upon the thought of the world, in the development of the art of thinking.

The Golden Age of Pericles is brought forward by Mrs. Atherton, until it seems as near to us as our own times.

Only a mind steeped in the Greek Idea, with a fine sense of drama and a superfine sense of balance could have conceived the Immortal Marriage.

* * *

Esther Birdsall Darling, author of Baldy of Nome, has another book ready. She has called it The Breakup, which at once places the novel as belonging to the North. Mrs. Darling is a California woman but she has lived many years in Alaska and is familiar with all of the interesting phases of life in the North.

* * *

Ednah Aiken has a new novel, name undivulged, which is on the way to her publisher. Mrs. Aiken, who has a particularly keen critical faculty, is working with a group of ambitious young writers belonging to the Santa Clara County Branch of the Penwomen, giving them the benefit of her knowledge and experience.

* * *

Nancy Buckley's latest volume of verse, Cameos, is having a splendid sale. Miss Buckley's lyrics are of a delicate, poignant beauty that is found only in the most sensitive of lyric writers. She is finding a ready sale for her verse in eastern magazines.

* * *

THE HAPPY DEAD

When I am alone, the happy dead
Brush me with soft and silver wings—
Drop smilingly on hands or head
A touch that brings

Suddenest joy, as when, half-heard,
An early leaf comes slipping down,
Hinting a brief, secretive word
Of Autumn brown;

Or when the wild geese taunt my soul
Awake with clamor in the night,
Desiring urgently a goal
Folded from sight.

So come the happy dead, to bless
Still hours I hedge about for them,
Bringing me peace, or holy stress,
Joy like a gem—

Joy like the rosy red that dyes
Old door-step flowers with just the glow
That lit my childish ecstasies
Ages ago.

I wish the dear and happy dead
Might reach me through the heavy noons
When, spent with cares for cloak and bread,
The spirit swoons;

But they would smother in that haze—
They wait beyond that cloudy din,
Their feet gleam down the quiet ways
I yet shall win.

—Karle Wilson Baker
in Scribner's.

"WHEN IS A DOLLAR NOT A DOLLAR?"

By AGNES N. ALWYN
of Russell-Colvin Company

Agnes Alwyn

One of our most fixed illusions is that the very necessary, hard to get, and still harder to keep American dollar contains one hundred cents. It does, mathematically; but actually, at the present time, it is really worth about seventy cents, for that is its approximate purchasing power.

We usually think of prices in terms of dollars and say that "prices are too high," or that they are "going up," regarding only the price as variable, and consider our dollar as something that remains stationary, with a fixed value.

It is the instability of the dollar that causes most of us to frown and figure earnestly when planning a budget or when we are trying to stretch a fixed income over the many expenses which are incidental to living, dressing, vacationing, and, in general, pursuing health, life, and happiness.

Everyone is, or should be, interested in the acquirement or conservation of surplus funds. To possess surplus funds insures financial security, which in turn gives one freedom from money worry; and certainly worry over the lack of money is detrimental to peace of mind and physical health. Financial security is then, in a material sense, a very desirable objective, and to insure it the world is full of busy people working earnestly with that end in view.

While one is busy earning there is little time or opportunity to make a practical study of how money may be saved and put to work safely and intelligently and thus increased. Considering the importance of money to its possessor, all that it represents in effort and frequently in sacrifice, realizing that the ultimate purpose of its accumulation is to provide future security, it is quite surprising to me that few people, comparatively, give serious thought to their investment planning and purchasing.

Investment is a science. To invest funds safely and also advantageously requires careful thought. Profitable investment requires constant attention —attention to markets, to every phase of finance and business. Only the person who makes investments a profession, giving unlimited time and concentrated attention to investments, can be cognizant of the constantly changing conditions which reflect directly upon bond and stock values and prices. Women and men are so occupied with their personal affairs, and so numerous are the demands upon their time, that even if they wished, few of them have the leisure to acquire the knowledge and data necessary for an adequate study of investments.

While safety is always the first requirement to be considered when buying securities, either bonds or stocks, the real purpose of investment is always *income,* though this income may not necessarily be in cash. It is *income* that keeps us going, and savings from *income,* carefully invested, that we expect to provide us with a *living income* later.

Income, in itself, is not such a serious problem. It is the skillful management of income to cover living expenses and leave a margin for savings that requires a great deal of planning.

It is too easy to spend money. K. C. B., the noted columnist, once wrote that he did not mind spending two cents for a daily paper, but he added, "when you break a nickel—'blooey,' it's gone." Unfortunately, the same is true of larger coins and currency.

Since income is the ultimate purpose of investment, it is not only essential that income be considered as dollars to be acquired, but due regard should also be given to how much those dollars will buy when received. One may well say that "income is as income does." Income does as the fluctuating power of the dollar permits. When prices are low, a dollar goes a long way because its purchasing power is high. When prices "go up," as they frequently do, the purchasing power of the dollar decreases in a most aggravating manner.

In 1913 your dollar had practically one hundred cents purchasing power. Since 1913 prices have almost doubled. In 1920 the purchasing power of a dollar was but forty cents. Last autumn prices dropped sufficiently to raise the purchasing power of a dollar to about sixty-seven cents. Today it is slightly more than seventy cents. So, for all practical purposes, that is, the use of your dollar to buy commodities, a dollar is not a dollar—it's seventy cents.

This highly temperamental performance of the dollar obliges most of us to keep a watchful eye upon its upward and onward flight. This is an economic factor of great importance and should be taken into consideration when planning investments.

The private investor is most directly concerned. Institutional buyers, that is, insurance companies, savings banks, and other financial institutions, are dealing in money. Their obligations call for a dollar payment regardless of dollar purchasing power. The private investor, on the other hand, is investing for her or his family and their future. Therefore, it is not so much the number of dollars that is important, but how much those dollars will buy when being spent to provide necessities and comforts.

The level of prices and the purchasing power of money are two perspectives of the same object. They are reciprocal. Rising price levels cause declining purchasing power of money. Falling prices likewise cause increasing power. Obviously, then, those fluctuations have a decided effect on income.

The ideal investment plan should contemplate an income that varies to meet these shifting price levels. The pay of working people varies with the purchasing power of the dollar, so that their income tends to approximate a living wage.

The people who feel most keenly a reduction in the purchasing power of the dollar are those who have a fixed dollar income, that is, a definite and unchanging number of dollars coming in each month. This may be either a salary or income derived from invested capital. Between 1913 and 1920 such people saw their income virtually cut in half as the purchasing power of their dollars decreased alarmingly.

It is difficult to conceive a unit of measurement that does not stay "put," but try to imagine a yardstick that today is thirty-six inches long, but by next fall may shrink to only thirty inches; or contemplate a gallon that consisted of four quarts in 1913 and contains only three quarts today. Yet we have to measure income with a dollar that is just as erratic, because the dollar that in 1913 measured one hundred cents in purchasing power is today measuring about seventy cents, as before mentioned.

The question, then, is—in view of these facts—what may one do to meet the situation, and how does present day investment counsel attempt to stabilize the purchasing power of the income dollar? So long as bonds alone were considered sound investment, there appeared to be no solution. Professor Irving Fisher and Edgar Laurence Smith both demonstrated in their studies that common stocks in sound companies have been a medium of not only safe but of remunerative investment. In their demonstration was found the key to the situation.

Bonds carry a fixed dollar and cents income. Consequently, the purchasing power of an income from bonds alone is directly governed by price levels. On the other hand, price levels more or less control the dollar income from common stocks.

Earnings, as a rule, increase with price levels, and dividends usually follow earnings. As a result, the number of income dollars increases as purchasing power decreases. So it is a properly diversified list of bonds and stocks that maintains the continuity of the purchasing power of the income dollar.

Naturally, common stocks, denoting ownership, carry a greater hazard. They require very careful consideration and should be well diversified.

As an example of how this principle of investment applies, let us consider an investment of one thousand dollars in a bond paying six per cent, or sixty dollars a year, and another one thousand dollar investment in a sound and well established common stock paying a dividend of nine dollars per share of par value and having behind it a record of many years of successful management, fine earnings, and dividends paid.

When the dollar has a purchasing power of about sixty-seven cents, this common stock will yield about nine per cent, or ninety dollars a year. The ninety dollars a year from your common stock plus the sixty dollars from your bond would give you one hundred and fifty dollars a year. With the purchasing power of the dollar at sixty-seven cents, you now have enough income to give you a purchasing power of one hundred dollars at 1913 prices.

Suppose price levels drop until the dollar is worth one hundred cents in buying power. Your bond is still bringing in sixty dollars a year, but your common stock, because of its reduced earnings, may be yielding only forty dollars a year. You now have sixty dollars plus forty dollars, or one hundred dollars, and also you still have one hundred cents purchasing power.

The mark at which investment counselors aim is to maintain the investments of their clients in such balance as to obtain for the clients one hundred cents purchasing power from their income dollar regardless of the economic situation. It is very gratifying to know that their efforts are bringing remarkably accurate results.

To quote Professor Dewing of Harvard University, investing "has become one of the most intricate businesses, requiring the most extensive and far-reaching specialized knowledge of any profession or business." Investors are daily coming to a fuller realization of the truth of his statement. Even the best informed investors realize how dependent they are upon sound counsel. One may safely say that the better informed the investor, the more fully this dependence is recognized.

One of the fundamental principles of investment is to buy value. A cheap price does not necessarily mean a bargain. All of us have seen sales where the merchandise offered would be dear at any price. Invest your funds in securities of intrinsic worth, thereby protecting your principal and insuring your income.

One of the classics of Wall Street is a story credited to Russell Sage, who in explaining his remarkable success, said, "I made most of my money by never trying to buy at the bottom or sell at the top. I bought bargains of

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real value when I saw them, and sold when I had made what I considered a legitimate profit." There is a whole sermon on investing in those two sentences. Russell Sage devoted his life to investments and acquired a tremendous fortune. The busy woman and man in private life cannot emulate his example and make investments a profession, but they can avail themselves of sound investment counsel, formulate an investment plan, invest their accumulated funds in safe securities under the guidance of those members of the investment profession who are qualified, through knowledge, experience and sound judgment, to give advice.

Both small and large investment funds prosper and grow under careful cultivation and are made to yield a heavier crop of dollars. Then one may watch the acrobatic purchasing power of the dollar soar aloft or swoop downward with interest but not with anxious concern, because the number of income dollars keeps pace with one's requirements, and the financial riddle, "When is a dollar not a dollar?" is answered and one sleeps soundly o'nights.

CLUB MEMBERS

The Women's City Club Magazine, which is read by our seven thousand members, has great intrinsic merit as an advertising medium. Its value as an advertising medium can be increased by the members demonstrating to advertisers that they read the advertisements by mentioning that fact to them when they patronize advertisers.

Please cooperate with the Magazine Committee by patronizing our advertisers and mentioning the magazine.

SUNDAY MORNING OPENING OF THE SWIMMING POOL

The Swimming Pool will be open on Sunday mornings from 10 to 12, beginning July 10.

A number of swimming parties, to be followed by breakfast at 12:30, are being arranged for July 10. The Club Breakfast is seventy-five cents. Members who intend to come for a swim and breakfast are requested to make reservations for breakfast.

If the demand justifies, the pool will be kept open on Sundays indefinitely.

FANCY

A by-path where the alders grow,
Down by the river's rippling flow,
The wind flowers whisper and I hear
The baby call of a nestling near,
And dreaming ever as I sing
Yonder a sea bird on the wing,
And it rises high—and far away
Through a drifting mist of silver grey;
And in the rainbow's magic glow
There's a magic ship with sails swung low
On an idle sea my dream ship rides
With the ebb and flow of restless tides.
Love is the skipper—somehow I know
As I weave gay thoughts in my fancy—so
For dream I will while the day is long
And joy inspires the gift of song.

Lucile MacPherson
(Member Women's City Club).

TENDENCIES OF THE MOVING PICTURE IN EUROPE

By Vladimir Pozner

In Bulletin of American Women's Club of Paris

ALTHOUGH the moving picture is and will doubtless continue for some time to be the step-child of the other arts, and though one might devote a whole volume to poetry or to music and only a hundred lines to the silent art, there are still many details worthy of intelligent study. It is unnecessary to dwell on the well-known fact that since the war the American moving picture industry has greatly expanded and practically obtained a world wide monopoly. Only the German firms are making any comparable progress. Yet one might go twice a week to the Berlin cinemas without seeing anything but American films. But all this is out of place in an article dealing with the artistic rather than the commercial aspects of the question.

While admitting that the moving picture industry of the new world is more pretentious than that of this side of the Atlantic, we must not forget that the seventh art was born in Europe and that some day Germany, Sweden or Russia, which now produce less but that with greater art, may in the future seize her lead from America.

The principal difference between the moving picture of the new and the old continents seems to be that the one produces continually while the other studies the art. This does not mean that there are not in both France and Germany commercial films—there are many of them. But let us consider only the pictures with artistic pretensions, those which arouse discussion and stir up controversies. Let us omit the films of French life and consider only Abel Gantz and Marcel L'Herbier, cast aside sentimental German futurism to study Dupont and Murnan, leave out the petty Russian propagandist pictures and devote ourselves entirely to the study of *Potiomkine.*

As for the American films we cannot say that they lack research or innovation of any sort. Certainly they did not do so in the past before Griffith turned commercial in the employ of Paramount and when Lillian Gish and Mary Pickford were really creating and not imitating their former successes. There is still Chaplin, but he is not American, he belongs to the whole world, to art, to history. Those who have revolutionized American moving pictures in the last few years have not been Americans; for instance the German, Ernst Lubitsch, the Swede, Victor Sjostrom and the Austrian, Erich von Stroheim. The list is long; Europe has sent many of her experts to America where their abilities have expanded.

Let us rather deal with those who have remained in Europe—the Europe of the cinema; France, Germany, Russia and Sweden. It has been a long time since Italy has given us anything, and as for England she has not yet begun to produce. Let us begin with France because without her the moving picture probably would not yet exist. In France moving picture production is of two kinds quite distinct from each other. First there is the "Film à épisode," historical novels, sentimental melodramas, sometimes well staged, more rarely well played, which reached a climax in *Le Miracle des Loups.* This is certainly the type which is most popular but it is not worthy of serious discussion. Secondly there are those French films which form the vanguard, a word which means nothing except that technique is developed at the expense of interesting action. We will attempt to explain where we consider the future of the French moving picture to lie by selecting the best and the most successful of these films and adding a few others of a more academic type. The list is not long; *La Rue* by Abel Gantz, the French D. W. Griffith, or if you prefer the Victor Hugo of the movie; two or three of Marcel L'Herbier's films—not his Inhumaine which is too cold—but his earlier works such as *Feu Mathias Pascale* from Pirandello's novel; Delluc's best work, *Entr'acte,* and some parts of Rene Claire's *Fantôme du Moulin Rouge;* and lastly works of another sort, Jacques de Baroncelli's *Les Pêcheurs d'Islande* and Leonce Perrier's *Konigsmark,* a picture of an unpleasant sort but neverthless a masterpiece of its time. This by no means exhausts the list of great French films; they are merely representative of the French art. A love of technique; a certain tenderness which often turns an otherwise good film into a melodrama; a desire for innovations, which are good if they are both spontaneous and sincere but worthless if their only value lies in their novelty; an excess of intellectuallity which leads to abstractness; a great deal of observation; very little humour, a love of scenic effect which produces great tableaux; these are the good and bad qualities of the present day French moving picture. It is easy to predict the tendencies of the future; if the French films avoid the great danger of becoming an abstract, intellectual art, they should end by achieving a certain pathos common to the French; because in spite of all one may say about these people being the most *spirituel* in the world, the only good films they have produced have been serious rather than tragic. French producers and artists have shown themselves followers of Pascal in their films and have even heightened them to the point of scepticism like good grandchildren of Voltaire.

Cross the Rhine and the scene changes. In the German film, technique reigns supreme. Method is laid bare, given the first place so that you feel and see nothing else. Whether it be a futurist film such as *The Cabinet of Dr. Caligari* or the reconstruction of an old myth such as *The Death of Siegfried,* everything depends on technique. The methods may change but they remain none the less methods. This necessarily eliminates out of door scenes. In Germany all the pictures are made in the studios amid scenery more or less grandiose and picturesque. With this method the Germans waste no light; they make films in which shadow plays as large a part. Such scenes as *Nain d'Orlac,* a film by Wiene, the man who created *Caligari,* are very dim. It might be said that the Germans try to imitate Rembrandt's paintings. They may be accused of being inspired too much by painting and of making a film too much like a series of pictures. The pictures are undoubtedly beautiful, but then there is no need of a moving picture show; a good magic lantern would do just as well.

However, there are groups of producers across the Rhine with whom action is not the only thing. There is for instance their wonderful understanding of fantasy in moving pictures which easily explains how they are able to produce such beautiful fantastic pictures. *Les Trois Lumières* is an example which is a masterpiece, if not the masterpiece of German film production. Their only drawback is a certain lack of taste which is found in nearly all German productions. Passing on to the sentimental comedies which abound in Germany this one essential fact must be stressed: Germany possesses, especially among the men, some remarkable realistic artists. It is sufficient to mention Emil Jannings and Werner Kraus. With such actors there is little to fear for the success of a film. But it happens that these artists often mix a very bad alloy into these sentimental melodramas. Thus Jannings who achieved an unforgettable pathos in *Le Dernier des Hommes* in the same film let himself go in some details which were only worthy of a very ordinary piece of work. It is possible that the fault lies with the producer. In any case a little good taste is not amiss even in the case of a genius. Besides these faults have their other side; they permit a good deal of daring and sometimes result in success. There is no gain without loss. It is a question of gain and men such as Jannings, Murnan, Wiene, Lupu, Pick, Dupont and Kraus have often been the winners. Let us not accuse them of sometimes making sacrifices to bad taste; and if the silent art in Germany may be described as artificial and not artistic we must not forget that the artificial has charms.

Let us now turn to the Scandinavians. It is said that the Nordics have a peaceful temperament, mystic and profound. It is difficult to judge a whole people by the ideas which a foreigner forms of them. Particularly is this true of the Swedish moving picture. It is difficult to believe, without having seen one, that film may even be, one might say "spiritual." The subject matter is almost excluded, or rather is illumined from within with a kind of spiritual light so that it becomes transparent, airy, ethereal. It is not that the Swedes have introduced superimposition on the screen. This method, thanks to the fact that it became possible to superimpose several photographs, was first brought out in the presentation of *La Charrette Fantôme,* the splendid film by Victor Sjostrom. It has been both used and misused. Nevertheless no one has equalled the purity of design or the transparency of the Swedish films. Sjostrom has brought a new spirit into the silent art, which floated between the theatre and painting, between crude passions and cold technique. He knows how to treat any detail by extracting the maximum of expression from it, and at the same time in a sense purifying it. Thus he has, so to speak, increased the production of the moving image. We regret that Sjostrom has established himself in the States, and wish that he might have left followers and successors in Sweden.

From Sweden where the art has reached its highest form, let us turn to Russia where it is at the same time most brilliant and most topsy-turvy. The Russian moving picture (referring only to that since the revolution) presents propaganda, insurrections, civil wars, murders and executions, great emotions and petty fears, everything which the world of art outside of the moving picture attempts to create. Russian artists, those connected with the films as well as the others, vividly reflect Russian life. The revolution has changed the current of life and tends to replace the individual by the mass. In reality nothing has changed, but the Russian producers have tried to visualise the dreams of the political theorists. They have replaced the artists by the crowd; that which could in life be only Utopia is on the screen a new and perfectly logical process, a process which seems to have produced marvelous results. Every one who has seen *Cuirasse Potiomikne* including Douglas Fairbanks and Max Reinhardt have said that this film is only equalled by the creations of Chaplin. *Potiomkine* (which must not be confused with the mediocre film of the same name shown in Paris) is a propaganda film, the history of an insurrection. It created a good deal of scandal in Germany where the authorities after first condemning it entirely, later allowed its showing after a number of particularly suggestive scenes had been cut.

Is this film particularly a Russian success? It is not necessary to believe that the Soviet production is teeming with like successes. However it would not be astonishing if after several years of efforts with the aid of foreign technicians the Russians should finally produce masterpieces.

What country has the greatest future? The four of which we have spoken are not the only ones which produce. Above all there is America. Let us be content with the classic reply—the future belongs not to the richest, nor to the most intelligent, nor even to the most gifted, but, to use a word which meaning nothing explains everything, to the best.

Translated by M. F.

Florentine Choir Coming

The coming of the Florentine Choir to San Francisco October 9, 10 and 11 under the leadership of Maestro Sandro Benelli is of musical, artistic and ecclesiastic significance. The organization is on its first American tour and will first appear in San Francisco.

The Florentine Choir comprises sixty men and women of patrician families of Florence, city of Dante, Boccaccio, Machiavelli, Galileo, Brunelleschi, Giotti, morning star of the Renaissance, Guicciardini, Savonarola, Amerigo Vespucci and Michelangelo.

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EDITORIAL

THERE is much said of the privileges and benefits one derives from a club and of the pleasure accruing from membership in an organized institution like the Women's City Club, or any other similar body of one's fellows.

But, conversely, there is not so much said of what the club derives from the member. For the member, generally speaking, does not see the equation that way. It's human and natural to say, when asked to join a club, "What does it offer? What do I get out of it?" For humanity in the raw is still a long way from altruism. She would be a rare specimen, indeed, who would say, upon being asked to affiliate herself with a club, "What can I contribute? What will my belonging to your organization mean to the club?"

But would it not be more refreshing to hear that query more often than the other?

The club deserves to receive the best the member can give in loyalty, consideration and service. This is all quite apart from financial dues. Of course everybody pays that kind of fee, and cheerfully. But there are other exactions, intangible, imponderable, incalculable.

They are varied in character. There is the word that radiates to places of which the speaker wots not when it is uttered. It may be commendatory or deprecatory. It may do immeasurable good or much harm. Then, knowing it to be charged with possibilities, were it not more constructive to say the kindly thing?

There is the bit of personal contact in a transaction upon which pivots much club weal.

There is the patronage which involves the increment which keeps the institution solvent.

If a member were a part owner in a certain café she would not habitually eat her meals in another restaurant, or take her friends to another place for tea, luncheon or dinner. If she were lessor to a shopkeeper who carried the kind of clothes she wore she would not deliberately go across town to patronize another shop. Other things being equal she would purchase at the shop in her own building.

So with a club. Being a club member carries with it a definite responsibility. It is incumbent upon the member to know the things which are expected of her. Reciprocity obtains here as in other relationships. It is not all taking with no giving.

In the Women's City Club the outstanding feature is the volunteer service. It impresses all visitors from other cities. It was the one thing which differentiated the Women's City Club from scores of otherwise similar clubs which Princess Louise of Sweden visited last summer on her tour of the United States. Women daily give their time in cafeteria, library, lounge and tea room.

These are positive contributions.

Also there are negations. One of them is an occasional indifference, not general, to the obligations which club membership carries. It would seem that one's attitude should be positive, not negative nor passive, appreciative, not casual.

There is the incident of a member being asked what she thought of an "ad" in the City Club Magazine. Her reply was so positive and enthusiastic that the advertiser trebled the amount of space and extended his contract from one to six months.

Then there is the incident of the well-known member who declined to pay fifty cents for a card to the Paris Club. She did not take into consideration the expense involved in the clerical work of issuing guest cards nor realize that reciprocal privileges with other clubs throughout the world is a large order for the small dues which she renders in her own club.

The Club is built to be used, to serve a purpose. Every time a member enters its doors she, in a measure, fulfills her obligation to the organization. Her graciousness becomes a part of the spirit of the place and her patronage of the departments adds to the aggregate of activity which is the genius of the success of the enterprise.

Miss Gedney Takes Chairmanship of Flower Committee

Miss Ruth Gedney has accepted the chairmanship of the Flower Furnishing Committee of the Women's City Club, to succeed Mrs. Howard Park, whose work with the San Francisco Junior League precluded the possibility of her giving any more time to the Flower Committee. Mrs. Park's committee will continue under the guidance of Miss Gedney. Working with the Flower Furnishing Committee is the Flower Arranging Committee, which arranges the blooms throughout the building on the days they are sent to the Club. Mrs. Park and her assistants have rendered a faithful and splendid service in furnishing flowers since the opening of the building.

* * *

THE CITY

By Eleanor Preston Watkins
(*Member Women's City Club*)

"A Garden Is a Lovesome Thing—!"

And a city is a wondrous thing,
  God wot!
The streets
  Go up and down like ribbon bands.
The houses sprawl
  Along the steeps.
And God it not
In cities? Nay, I think
At night He walks the steeps,
And holds them all,
  Houses and streets,
    In His two hands.

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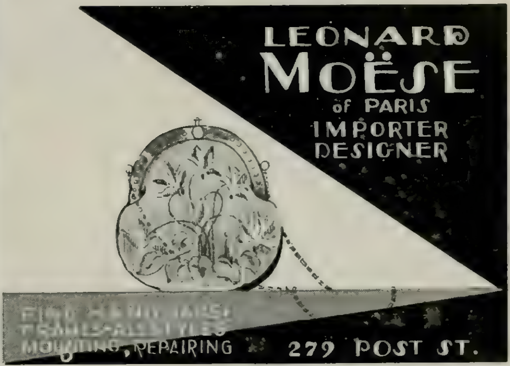
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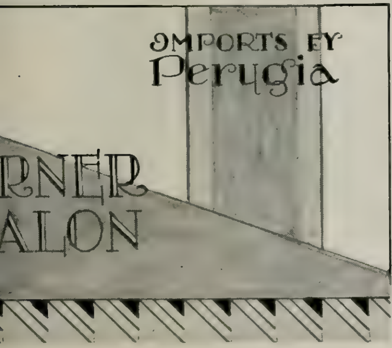
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ST. FRANCIS HOTEL BUILDING

THE SAN FRANCISCO WOMEN'S BUILDING

SAN FRANCISCO HAS ANOTHER CLUB BUILDING

Notable Achievement of Women

THE San Francisco Women's Building, a handsome structure at the corner of Sutter and Mason Streets, was formally opened May 31. The building has one hundred and twenty-two bedrooms, ballroom, Little Theater, auditoriums, lounges, studios, dining rooms and other facilities and appurtenances of a modern club building.

The Women's Building Association was incorporated in November, 1922, with Mrs. Edward Dexter Knight as president. Mrs. Knight presided at the dinner which inaugurated the week's "open house" of the Club.

Other Officers of the Organization are:

Dr. Mariana Bertola	*First Vice President*
Mrs. Charles A. Hawkins	*Second Vice President*
Mrs. Mina McGauley	*Third Vice President*
Mrs. D. E. F. Easton	*Treasurer*
Mrs. Gaillard Stoney	*Auditor*
Mrs. Helen W. Greer	*Secretary*

Directors:

Mrs. Jessie Axell
Mrs. George Bernhard
Mrs. Henry Boyen
Zulu Clements
Margaret Dailey
Mrs. E. G. Denniston
Mrs. Oscar Fernbach
Mrs. W. T. Fletter
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Mrs. D. A. Hannah
Mrs. D. C. Heger
Mrs. Annie Marie Johnson
Mrs. Felix Kahn
Miriam Michelson
Miss Jennie Partridge
Mrs. H. H. Scovel
Miss May Sinsheimer
Mrs. A. W. Stokes
Mrs. B. F. Stoll
Mrs. Katherine G. Smith
Miss Emma Van Bergen
Miss Russella Ward
Dr. Edith Hammond Williams

The Building Committee Consisted of:

Mrs. D. C. Heger, *Chairman*
Mrs. F. M. Sponogle, *Sec't'y*
Dr. Mariana Bertola
Mrs. D. E. F. Easton
Mrs. Ira Kahn
Mrs. Edward Dexter Knight
Mrs. Minnie McGauley
Mrs. George Mullin
Miss Jennie Partridge
Mrs. Katherine G. Smith
Miss May Sinsheimer
Miss Russella Ward

ASK ME ANOTHER ABOUT FURNITURE

Answers on Page 45

1. What are the three periods of American furniture?

2. What are two easily distinguished characteristics of Chippendale chairs?

3. Who was the most picturesque character in the world of glass?

4. What is the legend of the Windsor chair?

5. Who made that object of time-keeping, the banjo clock, and when?

6. What man impressed his genius and personality upon the architecture of early Salem?

7. Among mirrors what is popularly known as the Constitution mirror?

8. What was the original term for highboy?

9. At approximately what date did the Hitchcock chairs make their appearance?

10. Where was the first successful flint glass factory in America and by whom was it started?

11. What American cabinet maker was influenced by the designs of Sheraton?

12. What article of furniture was most characteristic of the seventeenth century?

13. In what wood did Chippendale work?

14. What is a Pembroke table and how did it get its name?

15. Name the three kinds of cupboards in use in the seventeenth century.

16. When did mahogany first come into use for the making of furniture?

17. In what period was the claw and ball foot introduced?

18. Of all the numerous styles of chairs, which has been the most popular?

19. Who was Thomas Shearer?

20. What were the four woods most used in the making of early American furniture?

21. What was the earliest form of handle?

22. Who was the famous cutter of silhouettes?

23. Name two imitators of Thomas Chippendale.

24. Name four much sought after tables.

25. What is a Girandole?

26. Where is Bennington and for what is it known?

27. What item of interest to collectors was produced at Saratoga?

28. What are "carboys."

29. Who invented the Franklin stove and when?

30. Give the dates of Duncan Phyfe.

31. What English clockmaker came to Connecticut, opened a shop and later became the master teacher of all succeeding clockmakers?

32. What is a Betty lamp?

33. When did the glass knob come into use?

34. Who wrote the New England Primer?

35. In what country did the Hornbook originate?

36. Name one pattern much used on old coverlets.

37. What new note in cabinet making did Sheraton introduce in his furniture?

38. What piece of furniture was the ancestor of the chair?

39. Why was pewter imported in such large quantities from England?

40. How did our trade with Portugal add to home decoration?

41. Name two kinds of early clocks.

42. What social custom stimulated the production of furniture and pottery?

43. What period has been dubbed the cabriole period?

44. What were three methods employed by Chippendale to break up the flat surfaces of case furniture?

45. From what country did the colonists get many of their wall hangings?

46. To what period of furniture does the cornucopia belong?

47. What is a favorite pattern in pink lustre?

48. In what did Hepplewhite excel?

49. What help in identification is a hall mark?

50. Name a difficult design to find impressed on cup plates.

—VIRGINIA PACKARD HART
in Junior League Magazine for June.

WANDERLUST

I am fevered with the sunset,
  I am fretful with the bay,
For the wander-thirst is on me
  And my soul is in Cathay.

There's a schooner in the offing,
  With her top-sails shot with fire,
And my heart has gone aboard her
  For the Islands of Desire.

I must forth again tomorrow!
  With the sunset I must be,
Hull down on the trail of rapture
  In the wonder of the sea.

—*Richard Hovey.*

QUARTERLY MEMBERSHIP MEETING

The quarterly membership meeting of the Women's City Club will be held at 3 o'clock the afternoon of Monday, July 18, in the City Club Auditorium. Mrs. Parker S. Maddux will preside. Reports from the committees on education and forum, house rules, auditorium and the Thursday evening lectures will be made.

Members are urged to attend this meeting, as it is the wish of the club administrative officials that the members keep themselves informed as to the affairs of the organization.

NOTES FROM THE SAGE CIRCULATING LIBRARY

> *"For books are more than books, they are the life,*
> *The very heart and core of ages past,*
> *The reason why men lived, and worked, and died,*
> *The essence and quintessence of their lives."*
>
> AMY LOWELL.

THE BEST SELLERS

1. Elmer Gantry—Sinclair Lewis.
2. The Old Countess — Anne Douglas Sedgwick.
3. The Sea Gull—Kathleen Norris.
4. Doomsday—Warwick Deeping.
5. Sorrell & Son—Warwick Deeping.
6. The Plutocrat—Booth Tarkington.
7. The Magic Garden — Gene Stratton Porter.
8. Dawn—Irving Bacheller.
9. Ann Decides—Robert Keable.
10. Black April—Julia Peterkin.

Following is a list of titles recently added to the Library:

Black Abbott . . . . *Edgar Wallace*

"The solving of the mystery of the Black Abbott who terrifies a countryside."

From Man to Man . . . . *Olive Shreiner*

"The great work of Olive Shreiner, one of the finest women novelists the world has known. It is the story to which she devoted her life, mentioned so often in her published letters. 'From Man to Man' is a story of great love and great tragedy, told with insight, tenderness and understanding."

Ghost of Hemlock Canyon . . . . *Harold Bindloss*

"The howling of wolf-packs, the snapping of the lonely camp-fire, form an elemental background to a story of love and youth."

Job's Niece . . . . *Grace Livingston Hill*

"With that insight into character that has made her novels so popular, the author relates the eventful, trialful story of a one-time very wealthy family."

Love is Enough (2 v.) . . . . *Francis Brett Young*

"A novel for normal people." Hugh Walpole says: "The book brings to us once again the chance to lose ourselves in the lives of human beings who are real enough to be our companions, touching enough to win our sympathies."

Lovely Ship, The . . . . *Storm Jameson*

"Mary Hansyke plays her part—a man's part in the designing and building of ships. She also plays a brave and passionate woman's part in the lives successively of three men."

Marriage Bed . . . . *Ernest Pascal*

"Real facts of life laid bare for inspection with a completeness that is chastely classical."

Mother Knows Best . . . . *Edna Ferber*

"The romance and drama of 'Show Boat,' the humanity and power of 'So Big' stamp its eight rich novelettes as the best yet by America's most popular author."

Overtaken . . . . *Lawrence Rising*

"The headlong career of one of the most striking women in fiction. She married even while she was fleeing the wrath of a man to whom she had once belonged."

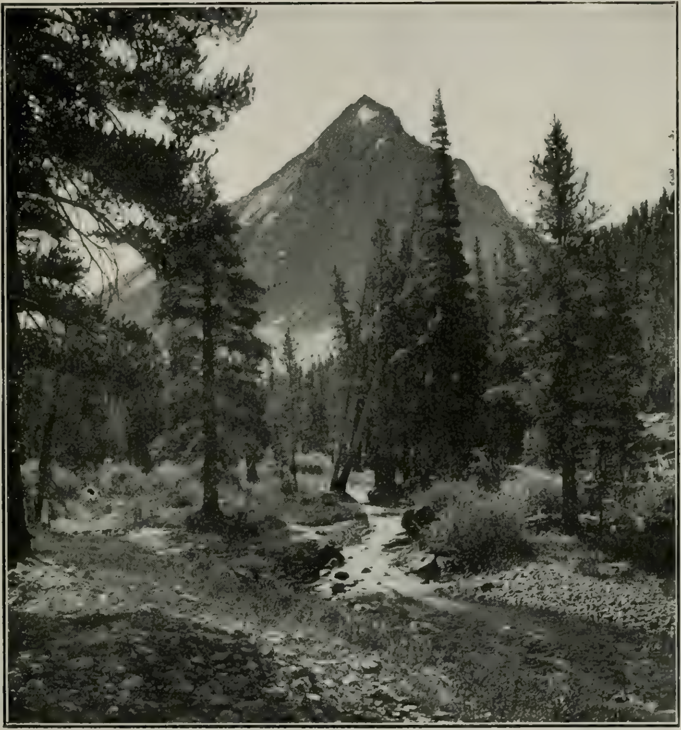
Pressure . . . . *Margaret Banning*

"The theme is the evolution of a 'yes' man and his wife against the pressure of business."

Revolt in the Desert . . . . *T. E. Lawrence*

"You must read Lawrence's book, for you will never see the like of it again. It is full of wit, prose-poetry, delightful anecdotes, spicy Oriental tales, and the story of the Arab war, which loses none of its drama because of the restrained way he writes. It is a great book by a great man."

Rowforest . . . . *Anthony Pryde*



Courtesy Southern Pacific

Vacation Days...

Glorious sunshine, deep shadows, a bright canoe on an azure lake, a good book—contentment. Pounding surf, white plumes of foam, a strong swim to the farthest buoy—exhilaration. Soft breezes, enchanting view, a good drive down a long fairway—which spells to you the holiday ideal?

Variety is offered you in the following pages. The resorts are delightful, the travel services reliable. Should you wish more information, or help in planning your vacation this year, we ask you to call upon the Traveler's Information Service of the WOMEN'S CITY CLUB MAGAZINE.

VACATIONS IMPEL TRAVEL

THE world is awheel, it would seem. Motors, yachts, trains, steamers are conveying myriads somewhere night and day. Clothes and travel are the dominant themes of the day.

Men and women are in the throes of the great annual migration from one place to another. The city dweller yearns for the country, the small towner for a taste of sophistication and both want surcease from responsibility of any kind.

Where is the California vacationist?

At lake and seashore, on mountain tops and slopes, in valleys where hot springs and geysers spout, on the open roads that lead through gorges and canyons, steaming up through the northwest passage or swimming the Catalina Channel.

Hundreds are touring Europe. Others are in Canada. But the average Californian, who can spare but two or three weeks away from business, is hardby, having the time of his life. He may be paged at Feather River, Lake Tahoe, Santa Cruz, Klamath Lake, Crater Lake, Kings River Canyon, Yosemite Valley, where, by the way, the new Ahwahnee Hotel will open July 14, or in any of the towns of the Bret Harte country.

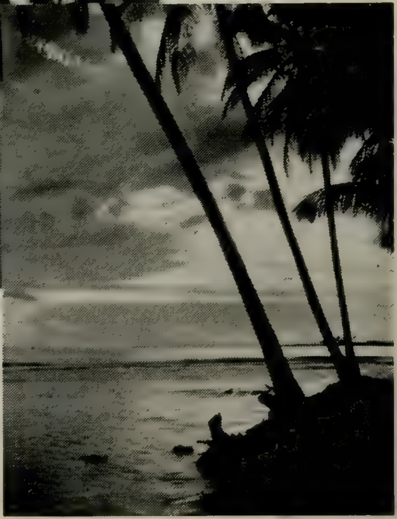
Havana, Cuba

San Francisco has many phases and features that are common to all great cities, but in addition to all these is one unique attribute that is peculiar to itself, that it is the gateway to the Land of the Heart's Desire.

Here wanderlust is given every encouragement and allowed full play.

No matter what form of travel appeals, be it for a day or a year, by boat or by rail, the opportunity to satisfy this age-old craving is at hand. At no time are the facilities greater than during the summer season.

The finest and fastest of ocean liners, the best and most comfortable of coast steamers, the last word in railroad rolling stock, the latest development in comfort and speed in



Courtesy Panama Mail Steamship Company

Travel to
NEW YORK
by **PANAMA MAIL**
the Vacation Route

FARES—First Class, $275.00 and up one way. *Special low Summer rate:* $380.00 and up round trip, one way water and one way rail. Fares include bed and meals on steamer.

Lazy hours in cool breezes on broad promenade decks; organized sports and entertainment; captivating jaunts ashore in historic and romantic Mexico, Central America, Canal Zone and Cuba—this pleasure-cruise on a Panama Mail steamer offers relaxation, exhilaration and education. Modern American steamers. All outside cabins—only two beds in a stateroom (no upper berths or bunks)—electric fan in every room—dining room open to all breezes; salt water swimming tanks, orchestra, deck sports.

Vacation Sailings from San Francisco

S. S. Colombia	July 9
S. S. Venezuela	July 30
S. S. Ecuador	Aug. 20

From Los Angeles 2 days later

Also, sailings from New York to California about every three weeks

Illustrated booklets and tickets from

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548 South Spring Street · Los Angeles
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Please mention Women's City Club Magazine when writing

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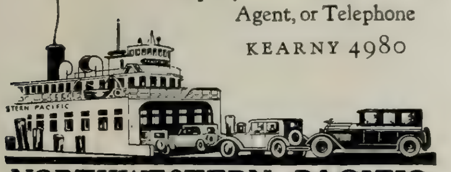

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Now
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—convenient Pullman service every evening via Overland Route, Lake Tahoe Line . . .

A swift, comfortable trip, assuring the maximum amount of time at the lake. Every vacation sport is there—Golf, tennis, horse-back riding, hikes, swimming, fishing, dancing. Steamer trips around the lake, only $2.40.

You leave San Francisco (Ferry) at 7 p. m., Sacramento at 10:55 p. m., arriving at the shore of the lake in time for breakfast next morning. Returning, leave Tahoe Station 9:30 p. m., arriving San Francisco 7:50 a. m.

Day service, offering an interesting scenic trip up the Sierra, leaves San Francisco at 7:40 a. m., Sacramento 10:45 a. m., arriving at the lake for dinner, (5:30 p.m.)

Reduced roundtrip fares are effective throughout the summer. For example, only **$13.25 roundtrip** from San Francisco, good for 16 days.

Ask for illustrated booklet about Tahoe Lake region; also booklet "Low Fares for Summer Trips".

Southern Pacific

F. S. McGINNIS,
Passenger Traffic Mgr.
San Francisco

motor transportation, all are here waiting and ready to serve.

The list of one-day outings to nearby points of interest is unlimited and varied, including every form of modern transportation.

The Coast Range Mountains, westward from Colusa County into the County of Lake, present some of the most striking features of natural beauty to be found anywhere.

Bartlett Springs is situated in the very heart of these mountains, at an elevation of 2,160 feet, and embraces an area of three thousand acres. All the elements combine to make this a wonderfully pleasant place for a vacation. The altitude is sufficient to insure cool, restful nights, and the days are moderately warm.

The presence of streams of pure cold water adds a distinct charm to this region, and is a pleasing contrast to the uniform dryness encountered in most parts of California during the summer. There are no mosquitoes.

"Round the World" steamers leave San Francisco at regular intervals, the summer sailings to Europe offering a better selection of accommodations to prospective passengers than ever before.

Havana and other places in the West Indies have a lure now that is unique but not inexplicable, and these points are reached via the Canal.

The Panama-Mail's canal trips to New York are in higher favor with many who want the ocean travel for a fortnight, with its opportunity for rest and relaxation, away from telephones, yet in touch with the world through the medium of the radio. The ocean trip is frequently balanced by a return trip overland.

The Redwood drives in the northern counties have been popular for several weeks, owing to the recent dedication of a beautiful grove of the giant flora, given to the state by Mrs. William Delaware Nielson.

Round-the-world tours are being arranged by several of the big steamship companies, one in particular scheduling its itinerary that the passengers may be in the Holy Land at Christmas.

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PARK 1322

New Chryslers to Rent U-Drive

For Town or Country Driving

* * *

Carmichael's U-Drive Autos, Inc.

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Club Comforts

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One need not sacrifice the comforts and refinements of life to enjoy mountain air and outdoor diversions. Feather River Inn offers both the exhilarating recreations of the Feather-River-Lake-Basin and accommodations that rival the comforts and service of your own City Club.

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Write FRED HARTSOOK
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—Courtesy Matson Navigation Co.

The sub-tropic moon, rising over the rice fields, makes one feel that Hawaii is a place of romance --- of the poetry of magic nights.

One of the centenarians seen from the windows of the new Ahwahnee Hotel in the Yosemite Valley

Answers to Furniture Questionnaire on Page 36

1. Colonial, Revolutionary and Early Republic.

2. Claw and ball foot, and cabriole leg.

3. William Henry Stiegel, popularly known as "Baron" Stiegel.

4. George II of England, while hunting near his castle at Windsor, was caught in a storm and sought shelter in a peasant hut. Here he found a chair unlike any he had ever seen. This chair had been made by the peasant. When the King sat in it, he was so pleased with its comfort that he had it copied for his castle—thus the vogue of the Windsor chair.

5. Simon Willard in 1802.

6. Samuel McIntyre.

7. An oblong mirror with golden urn or flying eagle at the top, and carved wood or plaster garlands in gilt along the side. So called because they came into being in 1776.

8. High chest.

9. In the neighborhood of 1820.

10. At Wistarberg, New Jersey, by Caspar Wistar.

11. Duncan Phyfe.

12. Chests.

13. Mahogany.

14. It is a table with drop leaves, which when the table is open are held up by brackets, which turn under the top. The top may be square, round or oval. The Earl of Pembroke first ordered and designed this table, according to Sheraton. Hence the Pembroke table.

15. Court, livery and presse cupboards.

16. 1703.

17. The Revolutionary period.

18. The Windsor chair.

19. Thomas Shearer was a contemporary of Hepplewhite. He made exceptionally beautiful sideboards.

20. Maple, oak, cherry and mahogany.

21. The drop handle which appeared on all early chests.

22. August Edouart.

23. Manwaring, Ince, Johnson.

24. Tavern, pie crust, butterfly tip top, card, and tea Pembroke and Gateleg.

25. A girandole is a circular convex glass in a gilt frame of a very elaborate nature, usually ornamented with the familiar eagle. They come in large and small sizes.

26. Vermont. It is known for its many naive and crude figures made of pottery, of a molasses brown glaze of high lustre. Among the figures are the familiar cow cream pitcher, the poodle and the china dog.

28. Large bottle used for many years to hold vinegar, cider or applejack. Mostly green in color.

29. A stove invented by Benjamin Franklin in 1745 in which a current of heated air is directly shipped through the room from an open box. They are nice to look upon with their brass knobs decorating the top of the fenders.

30. 1795 to 1847 approximately.

31. Thomas Harland.

32. An early form of lamp in the shape of a shallow dish with a spout-like projection at one end and a raised handle at another. The dish was filled with oil and the wick protruded over the spout.

33. After 1815.

34. Cotton Mather.

35. In Holland.

36. Drunkard's Path, Log Cabin, Rising Sun, Blazing Star.

37. Inlaying, painting, and trimming in brass.

38. The stool.

39. Because its modest value furnished little stimulus for local manufacture.

40. In the importation of rich silks and damask.

41. Chamber. Lantern. Terry. Banjo. Bedpost. Birdcage. Wall.

42. Tea drinking.

43. 1725-1780.

44. Block front, bow, and serpentine.

45. China and the Orient.

46. Empire.

47. Strawberry pattern, English cottage.

48. Swell and serpentine front bureaus, and sideboards.

49. It tells the town in which the article is manufactured and year of manufacture by means of a letter of the alphabet.

50. Washington. The frigate *Constitution,* steamboat *Robert Fulton.* Single of Henry Clay.

—VIRGINIA PACKARD HART.

* * *

CARMENCITA

(*Spanish Love Song*)

By NANCY BUCKLEY

Carmencita! Carmencita!
Little Rose of old Seville,
With your castanets' gay twinkling
You have set my soul athrill!

Rose-red lips that smile so brightly,
Dancing feet
That skim so lightly,
Carmencita! Carmencita!
You are wild and sweet.

Carmencita! Carmencita!
Dusky eyes aglow,
Velvet finger-tips,
Dream you of the drowsy patio
Far away,
Where I told you how I loved you
One delightful day?

Let me still
My heart's sad beating
In your arms, for time is fleeting.
Carmencita! Carmencita!
. . . . I kiss your scarlet lips!

(From "Cameos")

RECIPROCAL RELATIONS

By MERCY S. NUTTING

(Mrs. Franklin P. Nutting)

TWO years ago, I went to Europe and used reciprocal cards at the Clubs in Paris and in London. I found the English Club a particularly delightful old mansion very near our Ambassador's in its situation and a restful place to enjoy meeting friends over a cup of tea. My time there was early summer and the sheltered bit of garden within the walls and the murmur of cultivated voices in such a setting was very typical of the country that we were visiting.

In Paris, the most delightful impression remains with me of the ladies who were the volunteer hostesses and of the pictures that were the chief decorations of the house and which I was told were a constantly changed exhibition of the work of American artists in Paris. It made the unique feature of a most homelike Club where I had several happy hours.

The following October, I had occasion to go East alone and used my reciprocal cards in New York, Boston and Chicago. The Boston Club was a long familiar friend and the meeting place for many old friends and I remained there several days with much comfort and a feeling of being at home, indeed. In New York, I arrived after a Y. W. C. A. Conference from one of the suburbs without hotel reservations and found the hotel where my companion had reservations so full that I could not be accommodated and her room must be waited for several hours before she could occupy it. I telephoned the City Club and had a prompt and pleasant reply that I could come over at once, bring my friend and we could have a room and bath and dinner immediately after. It was near the station where I expected to take a midnight train and everything that we could desire was cordially done for our comfort. In our fatigued condition, it was the most blessed haven.

At Chicago, the new quarters of the Woman's City Club were being moved into. I found a bright-eyed lady who was much interested in telling me of the political activities of the Club so that I have an impression of a sort of Centre for Women Voters. The Restaurant was open to hungry people and I enjoyed its pleasant hospitality. There are no bedrooms at this Club and my train took me on my way after a very brief glimpse.

Last summer in the Orient, I went into the Club at Shanghai and each time I found ladies who took pains to greet me and make me feel at home and to talk of the conditions of foreigners in such a community, and I enjoyed a luncheon there with a feeling that I need not question the sanitary conditions that I could not see, as I had been forced to do at the hotel, since my little girl was with me. It was a restful room in the midst of confused, bustling humanity of an alien race.

This is distinctly a traveller's impression of Clubs that would have a quite different aspect to one who could make longer sojourn in them.

In former years, I have been in the Cleveland City Club with my friends of that City and enjoyed some of their mid-day programs for business women. Both in their old rooms down town and in their present attractive home, I have had happy, cordial contacts with interesting ladies and the comforts of a homelike place in a convenient location.

* * *

MEMBERSHIP MEETING

Members are reminded that the Quarterly Membership Meeting takes place at 3 o'clock July 18 at the Women's City Club Auditorium. A large attendance is requested. Mrs. Parker Maddux will preside.

* * *

THE DARKEST HOUR

I turn from dreams of what I long to do
Unto the humble task, the dull routine.
Is it that too much discipline has been
And robbed me of the gift of being true
To my real self—that part which is not me,
But which within me used to burn and flame?
I have denied this master to my shame,
Refused his call to earn some petty fee.

Now my desire is keen, my talent rust,
My pen is sharpened, but my hand is weak.
Thought dies within me and the words are gone,
And leave my tongue an idle thing. In trust
I had—I know not what I had. I seek,
I long, I hope. Can there be second dawn?

—*Joyce E. Lobner.*

FASHIONS

NO sweeping statement can be made with regard to midsummer fashions.

Hats are large and small; colors are rampant, yet black and white are smart; sleeves are long or not at all; skirts run the gamut from the graceful "robe de style" length to the very abrupt sports skirt, and sartorial latitude is as wide as the variety of uses to which clothes may be put.

Sports raiment may be said to be monarch of the realm of fashion at this time, for there is not much use for evening clothes on trains, in camps or even at summer resorts. For informality is the rule more this season than ever before, and a sleeveless silk or crepe de chine frock that is suitable for the afternoon hour of bridge on the porch is eminently appropriate for the dinner hour.

The shops are showing much white. Crepe de chine, pussy willow, raw silk and the several varieties of kasha vie with flannels and other light wools in white. Of course there are hats to match, and always there is the flamboyant artificial flower or the cluster of white violets. The smart woman has in her wardrobe a larger variety of shoes, perhaps, than of hats, dresses, purses, wraps or anything else save stockings. For shoes have infinite variety this summer. White kid, serpent skin, satin . . . almost any material is correct. But the shape must conform. The heel is high and the toe rounded. Pumps are smartest, but many women cannot wear pumps. Hence the compromise of the single narrow strap around the ankle to pre-

New
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We cordially invite you to visit this Oriental Bazaar

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129 GEARY ST. 782 MARKET ST.

25 Stores on the Pacific Coast

vent the maddening slipping up and down which is so hard on the hose as well as the epidermis of the heel. Shoes and furs are the two items of milady's clothes that do not yield to the urgency of summer sales. Tub frocks and hats may succumb, undies and hose, gloves and accessories, but shoes soar into the 'teens and twenties.

Several of the best-dressed women of the peninsula have been wearing veritable cartwheel hats of leghorn, the only trimming being a black velvet ribbon bow. The straw may be natural or black, but the ribbon must be black to be ultra smart.

Black and white prints in chiffon or smooth silk have been much in favor, with trimming limited pretty much to picot-edging or pleated ruffles.

◆

IN APPRECIATION

By Beatrice Judd Ryan

Within your portals after stress of day they come to find refreshment—weary limbs to stretch in waters of the pool or else to dine in halls where peace pervades—an atmosphere of home, of comfort blending into beauty. Books, lectures, concerts to delight, so much in service given—but in acceptance let them not forget to pray:

"For these our many benefits we thank you, Founders of our City Club."

◆

Members of the Women's City Club who have forgotten their membership cards may procure temporary passes from the elevator starters or telephone operators for ten cents.

ATTEND MEMBERSHIP MEETING

Members are urged to attend the quarterly membership meeting July 18 at 3 o'clock in the City Club Auditorium.

◆

EDUCATION DEPARTMENT

Mrs. Parker S. Maddux, *Chairman*

Notice of proposed classes.
Enroll at once.
Dates dependent upon sufficient enrollment.
Enroll at Information Desk, fourth floor.

FREE

1. INVESTMENTS FOR WOMEN
   A series of 8 or 10 lectures by experts in specific lines.
   Miss Edith Treanor, Chairman.
   Miss Carlie I. Tomlinson, Adviser.
   A morning course; no fee.
2. PROGRAM PLANNING FOR CLUBS (by request)
   Round Table discussion.
   Mrs. Parker S. Maddux, Leader.
   Time to be determined by membership, which is limited.
   No fee to members of Women's City Club; small charge to non-members to cover expenses of outlines and syllabi, bibliographies, etc.

PAY COURSES

1. PARLIAMENTARY LAW, Advanced
   For those who have already studied the rudiments.
   Evening class.
   Size of fee dependent upon enrollment.
2. PARLIAMENTARY LAW for Beginners
   Morning class, day to suit the members.
   Fee dependent upon number of enrollments.

MARTHA JANE'S RHYMED RECIPES

By Mrs. Charles M. Reynolds

DUMPOKHT

In Scheherazade's magic days,
They made this Dumpokht many ways.

Contents: Chicken or rabbit, stuffed with raisins, chestnuts and rice, same of each; 1 ounce coriander seeds without husks, 4 onions, 12 peppercorns, 6 cloves, teaspoon ground ginger, 12 ounces butter, 1 quart white broth, 12 ounces rice, 2 ounces each of raisins, chestnuts, blanched almonds, cut up.

Pound together until smooth, the onions and the spice,
Then rub it over chicken,
When it's stuffed with nuts and rice.

Then fry it in the butter,
Be sure it does not burn,
It should be brown and tender,
And crisped just to a turn.

Have boiled in broth, the raisins, nuts.
Twelve ounces of good rice,
Strain off the broth when rice is done,
If you would have it nice.

Then add this to the chicken,
Stirring 'til the rice turns gold,
And this will beat the stories
Which Scheherazade told.

(*This was given me by a Britisher returning from a five years' stay in out-of-the-way places I met on an ocean liner — a Christchurch man — who had eaten this in Scheherazade's country.*)

SOUPS

ONION SOUP

Each Wednesday noon at old Pierre's
We sat us in accustomed chairs.
And onion soup with fragrance rare
Was served with true Parisian air.

Contents: Stock made of six pounds soup bone, cracked, ham bone, stock meat, 8 quarts water, 6 onions, 2 tablespoons butter, salt, pepper, celery salt, parmesan cheese grated.

Within a big soup kettle
Put water, bones and meat.
Until it comes up to a boil
Just very slowly heat.

Six hours then let it simmer
And strain in pan that's flat.
For then you'll find it easier
To skim off all the fat.

Next slice the onions very thin
In butter fry 'til soft.
And so the onions will not burn
Stir carefully and oft.

Add onions, pepper and the salt
To six cups stock that's boiling.
If anything is added cold
The whole thing will be spoiling.

Put grated cheese on slice of toast
On plate that's piping hot.
Pour over this the soup at once
And serve it on the spot.

CONFECTIONS

ORANGE TURKISH PASTE

My Aunt Sally Jones was a wonderful cook,
I think she bought this from a Turk.
I hope you're not lazy, for I'll tell the world,
This will make you considerable work.

Contents: 3 teaspoons Knox granulated gelatine, ⅔ cup orange juice, 2 cups granulated sugar, ½ cup cold water, 2 tablespoons lemon juice, grated rind of 1 orange, ½ cup candied cherries.

Soak gelatine in orange juice,
While over fire turned low,
The Sugar and the water stir
Till they're dissolved, you know.

Then put this all together,
For twenty minutes boil,
Remove and cool it slightly
E'er adding fruits that roil.

When this has been cooled slightly
Ingredients put in,
Then let it stand the whole night
through
In an unbuttered tin.

When ready to serve sift sugar,
Confectioners is the best,
All over the paste, and onto a board
Just liberally sprinkle the rest.

With a flexible knife you must loosen,
The paste from the sides of the tin,
Turn bottom side up on the sugared
board,
It will readily drop from within.

But if it should stick, dip your fingers,
In sugar and pull from the pan,
Then cut into strips, rolled in sugar,
You must keep in dry place, if you
can.

POSTSCRIPT

Fit-for-a-King

In Saxony we knew an aide,
Who waited on a King,
This entree was his favorite,
The best of everything.

Contents: I large onion, salt and pepper, butter, lamb kidney.

Parboil the onion
And set it to drain.
Then scoop out a fairly big hole.
But first cut a piece
That will make a good lid,
Just as though 'twas a little French
roll.
Cut the kidney in quarters,
Add butter and salt,
Stuff in onion and put on the lid.
If you don't skewer tightly
With toothpicks of wood,
You surely will wish that you did.

As many prepare as
Are people to serve.
In buttered dish set them to bake.
In moderate oven,
Two hours will do,
Before from the oven you take.

DESSERTS — HOT

Date Pudding

When guests arrive and the larder's
low,
A package of dates are handy.
A little of this and a little of that
Will make dessert that's dandy.

Contents: I cup dates cut fine, 1 cup pecans chopped fine, 1 cup cracker crumbs, 1 cup sugar, 1/3 cup milk, 1 teaspoon baking powder, 2 eggs.

Of dates and pecans,
Use one cup of each.
Chopped very fine,
The recipes teach.

One cup of crumbs,
Of sugar a cup.
Then the milk and the flour
Well stirred up.

The baking powder next,
Should sifted be.
With a bit of flour
For harmony.

Beat the whites and the yolks
And stir them in.
Then mix and pour
In a baking tin.

Bake half an hour,
In squares divide.
With whipped cream serve
With righteous pride.

AHWAHNEE HOTEL OPENS

SET so knowingly in the place it was designed to fill that at first view it seems almost part of the natural environment, the new Ahwahnee Hotel in Yosemite Valley has drawn into its lovely appointments all that is best in the primitive art of the California Indians, stylized to fit modern needs.

The outside of the hotel is of a rugged chalet type, with great peeled pine trees for uprights, and high ruggedly constructed balconies. A few enormous windows are cunningly placed to frame the special views of the Yosemite Falls, the Half Dome, and other spectacular outlooks at the upper end of the valley. The whole group of buildings gives a sense of strength and permanency that is in proper key to overcome the natural sense of almost primitive discomfort that might come from gazing too long at the titanic beauties of the valley, especially in the rigors of the winter. One feels even in the summer of softness of the valley, that the hotel would be a safe and cozy refuge from the storm or the avalanche of the winter snows.

The interior is consistent with the outward structure. The entrance is through a covered way at the back of the building. The administration rooms and other necessary business service space is all at this point. No automobile road, nor any traffic, nor the obvious gestures of civilization that so often mar the vista in the most picturesque of lodges will be visible from the community rooms of the hotel.

The simple, rugged motives of Indian art form the basis of the decorative features in the great lobby, and from all over the world, Phyllis Ackerman and Arthur Pope, the chief decorators, have brought other primitive designs in carpets and rugs and hangings and pottery to fit in the charming setting.

The formal opening of the Hotel, which has been set by Secretary of the Interior Work for July 14, will find a host of notables of state and society at the new Hotel. It is not hard to predict that the place will be a new Mecca for the artistically-minded travelers from all over the world.

Best Foods Gold Medal Mayonnaise
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Perfect Salads

[Ask your Grocer for "*The Salad Bowl*"]

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BEST FOODS

HICKMAN PRODUCE CO., *Distributors*

FOLLOWING THE VISION

By ELEANOR PRESTON WATKINS
(*Member Women's City Club*)

Tell me battle-stories, boy, until the day is done,
How you heard the rallying-call ring out from Washington.
How you laid the ploughshares down, and put the khaki on,
When you were following the Vision.

(Now wake! awake! the battle is not lost.
Awake! awake! and did you count the cost?
Now rouse you from your lethargy, from East to
Western sea,
All you who followed the Vision!)

Woman-heart, who cast away the thing you thought most sweet
To make a gracious highway for the coming of His feet,
High you held your banner that should never know retreat.
While you were following the Vision!

(Awake! awake! the battle is not lost.
Awake! awake! the gain is worth the cost.
Now rouse you from your hopelessness, from East to
Western sea,
All you who followed the Vision!)

Greatheart, you who went away in bravery and mirth,
Counting life a little thing, glory nothing worth,
Does your cross point out the path for the coming "Peace on
Earth"
While you still follow the Vision?

(Awake! awake! your cause shall not be lost.
Awake! awake! you did not count the cost.
Now rouse us from our selfishness, dear dead across
the sea,
You who followed the Vision!)

* * *

HIGH PLACES

By INGLIS FLETCHER

Eagles are above me
high in the thin blue air
with outstretched wings
waiting.
High peaks rise about me
snow-crowned aloof
jagged peaks that shut off
sheltered valleys
where people seek
warmth and soft living.

The trees that grow
on high places
are windswept
they struggle endlessly
to press their roots
into the thin soil.
Winds whip about me
strong winds
that sway my body
I brace myself
against strong winds
struggle against the storms
that rage within me
for I would hold my soul
in high places
like the windswept pines
on the mountain peaks
below me
bending — swaying
to storm winds
yet unyielding —
holding myself free
to rise
to the thin clear air
of high places.

SAN FRANCISCO LAUNDRY

This Laundry does its work with all the care and nicety of the best French laundries. Both use the same machinery and equipment, and this laundry has better paid operatives. Thru membership in the Laundryowners' National Association, and its connection with the Mellon Institute of Pittsburgh and the American Institute of Laundering, this laundry is in touch with the latest improvements and refinements in laundering processes as nonmembers are not.

TELEPHONE WEST 793

CLUB CALENDAR

July 1 - August 10, 1927

July 5	League Bridge	*Assembly Room*	2:00 P. M.
	League Bridge	*Assembly Room*	7:30 P. M.
July 6	Current Events	*Assembly Room*	11:00 A. M.
July 7	Thursday Evening Program	*Assembly Room*	8:00 P. M.
July 11	Symphonylogue by Victor Lichtenstein	*Auditorium*	8:15 P. M.
July 12	League Bridge	*Assembly Room*	2:00 P. M.
	League Bridge	*Assembly Room*	7:30 P. M.
July 13	Current Events	*Assembly Room*	11:00 A. M.
July 14	Thursday Evening Program	*Assembly Room*	8:00 P. M.
July 18	Quarterly Membership Meeting	*Auditorium*	3:00 P. M.
	Current Events	*Assembly Room*	7:30 P. M.
	Symphonylogue by Victor Lichtenstein	*Auditorium*	8:15 P. M.
July 19	League Bridge	*Assembly Room*	2:00 P. M.
	League Bridge	*Assembly Room*	7:30 P. M.
July 20	Current Events	*Assembly Room*	11:00 A. M.
July 21	Mrs. Herbert Stanley Boone Subject: "Travels in Spain"	*Assembly Room*	8:00 P. M.
July 25	Symphonylogue by Victor Lichtenstein	*Auditorium*	8:15 P. M.
July 26	League Bridge	*Assembly Room*	2:00 P. M.
	League Bridge	*Assembly Room*	7:30 P. M.
July 27	Current Events	*Assembly Room*	11:00 A. M.
Aug. 1	Current Events	*Assembly Room*	7:30 P. M.
	Symphonylogue by Victor Lichtenstein	*Auditorium*	8:15 P. M.
Aug. 2	League Bridge	*Assembly Room*	2:00 P. M.
	League Bridge	*Assembly Room*	7:30 P. M.
Aug. 3	Current Events	*Assembly Room*	7:30 P. M.
Aug. 4	Thursday Evening Program	*Assembly Room*	8:00 P. M.
Aug. 8	Symphonylogue by Victor Lichtenstein	*Auditorium*	8:15 P. M.
Aug. 9	League Bridge	*Assembly Room*	2:00 P. M.
	League Bridge	*Assembly Room*	7:30 P. M.
Aug. 10	Current Events	*Assembly Room*	11:00 A. M.

OTHER THAN CLUB ACTIVITIES

Unity Temple Services in the Auditorium at 11 A. M. July 3, 10, 17, 24, 31 and August 7.

The League of Business and Professional Women, dinner in Assembly Room, July 15 at 6:15 P. M.

(Open meeting. Reservations must be made in advance.)

SUMMER IS HERE

Aquatic activities are in full swing. Everyone is swimming swimmingly.

Come and join the happy throng.

Interest in class lessons is steadily increasing, the requirements of which are given here:

ELEMENTARY—Beginners.

INTERMEDIATE—Good working knowledge of elementary back stroke and side stroke. Ability to float.

ADVANCED—Ability to scull and float. Swim elementary back stroke, and side stroke. A good working knowledge of the crawl, racing back stroke, trudgeon, and ability to execute a plain dive.

The schedule for class lessons are as follows, subject to change according to demand:

LESSONS

Elementary

Monday	10:00 A. M.
Wednesday	10:00 A. M.
Saturday (children)	9:30 A. M.

Intermediate

Monday	7:30 P. M.
Tuesday	11:00 A. M.
Thursday	2:30 P. M.

Advanced

Tuesday	5:30 P. M.
Friday	4:30 P. M.

Classes will also be given in life saving. Members interested please call at the office of the Swimming Pool.

Though all of us realize how necessary a knowledge of life saving really is, who knows when we will be called upon to use it, and possessing that knowledge we are able to render invaluable assistance in saving lives.

Everyone who swims has an obligation to fulfill, and that is to become an expert life saver, not only for your own benefit, but for the benefit of your community to whom you become a great asset.

The junior members and the children of the members are doing great things to put the Women's City Club Swimming Pool on the map aquatically speaking. We have many champions in the embryo even among our tiny tots, all of whom compete in our various events with the air of veterans. So if you have a big or little friend who is not a member bring her along to join our band of Joyous Seals.

Last, but not least, are our small boys under eight who are acquitting themselves with flying colors, the little boy who won third place in the Boys Race at the recent Easter Party only had two lessons, which goes to prove that anyone can learn to swim in a short space of time.

The old idea of teaching swimming was very exhausting to the pupil besides being most unpleasant.

The modern method is a delight to both pupil and teacher because the pupil learns by a series of simple exercises how to take care of herself with confidence right from the start, which, to the beginner, is the most important thing in swimming.

To be 100% efficient learn to swim and swim well.

The medicinal value of swimming is unlimited.

Come and take advantage of your pool, which is rated by experts as the finest of its kind in the country.

Let us make it so "swimmingly."

WOMEN'S CITY CLUB SWIMMING POOL

PRIVATE LESSONS (Half hour lessons)	
Members (single lesson)	$1.00
Members (course of ten lessons)	7.50
Double lesson (two members simultaneously)	1.50
Guests (course of ten lessons)	10.00
CLASS LESSONS (half hour lessons)	
Class for members (four or more persons) (ten lessons)	5.00
Guests (joining members' classes) (each time)	.75
Swimming party with unlimited number	
Swimming party with over 50% members	4.00
Swimming party with less than 50% members	6.00
Two members taking lessons simultaneously (per person)	.75
Fifteen-minute lessons to be given only when guarantee of two within thirty minutes (per adult person, each time) (Children may use Course tickets)	.65
Double lesson (one member and one guest)	1.75

SWIMMING RATES

Members	.35
Daughters and wards of members under 8 years of age	.35
Sons under 8 years of age	.35
Guests	.50

(Admitted only when accompanied by member.)

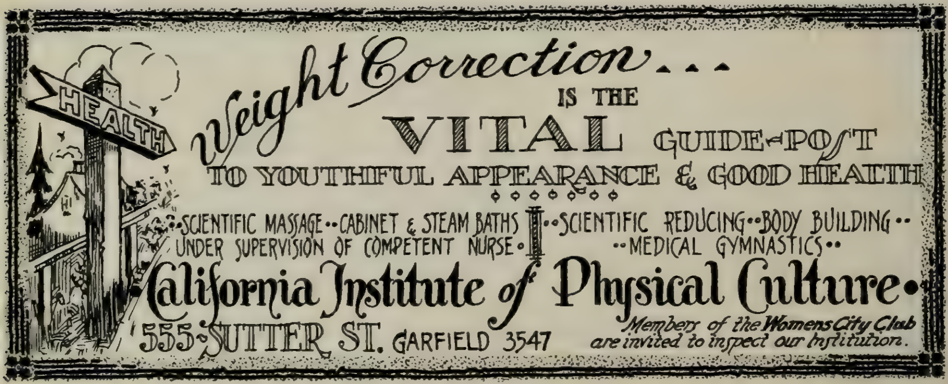
(*A member may bring any number of guests at this rate.*)

Members must show cards.

Daughters and wards of members must be accompanied by the member or must have letter on file in swimming office.

A member may bring guests in the pool but must show her membership card. The number of guests she may bring is not limited.

The charge for a guest of the member to enter the pool each time is 50 cents.



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* * *

OUR GENERATION

By Christine Este Gibbons

in Magazine of American Women's Club of Paris, June, 1927

HAVING reached the venerable age of seventeen without too much damaging my humorous outlook on life, I endeavoured in *Our Generation—by One of Us,* a flippant but not altogether untruthful little book to expound "the naughty young generation" from a naughty young angle.

Any American child brought up in Paris will find many adjustments to make in becoming a vital part of American life after a Luxembourg and governess childhood. Unless a girl is seriously contemplating an education let her stay in Paris, the queen city of frivolity. One can be more artistically frivolous and more frivolously artistic in Paris than anywhere else in the world.

Superficiality and nonchalance are the dominating traits of American youth. Delving a little, one will find that beneath the seeming banality there is enthusiasm, earnestness and many of the characteristics that will make worthwhile people later on. A group of girls alone discuss quite freely the absorbing subjects of life, religion, marriage and careers. Were you to see the same group of keen, intelligent girls at a dance you would wonder where such little asses dropped from until you realise that they are using their "lines" or small-talk. They are afraid of being themselves.

Youth loves to show off and gets a tremendous kick out of shocking older people. Indeed, if parents were shockproof, they would find less to shock them. What toreador would enjoy waving a red flag if the bull didn't respond?

Girls in America are very independent or at least, would like to think so. Every girl wants to do something. The day of feeding canary birds, watering ferns and practising scales is over and multitudes of girls throng offices, colleges and art schools.

Boys and girls seem to play an eternal game of hide-and-seek trying to conceal from each other the fact that they have brains, but they often catch each other at their own game and friendships are formed. Lines are like the varnish covering personality, and friendship is the boiling water.

College is a strange conglomeration of people. The Paris American will find it bewildering at first, because of the nonchalance of the students who, however, seem to accomplish their work. Water seeks its own level and they will always find a congenial crowd. Youth really is much the same everywhere—questioning, baffled and careless. There is the racy, nouveau-riche crowd in all places and their ostentatious display is only a pathetic desire for notoriety. This element is more noticeable in America because wealth is newer there. They do not by any means compose the majority which is a jolly, ambitious crowd eager for experience and adventure. Adventure is, after all, the eternal quest of youth the world over.

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Ask us for evidence.

When You Dine at the Club

In order to inform members of the wide variety offered by the menus in both the Main Dining Room and the Cafeteria, there is posted on the bulletin board a complete chart of menus for the month of June. Here you will find your favorite dishes listed, and the days on which they are served. Your suggestions will always be appreciated.

A la Carte Service *from* 7 A. M. *to* 8 P. M.

Special Women's City Club Breakfast, 25c. to 75c.
Table d'Hote Luncheon *and* Dinner $1.00 per plate
Sunday De Luxe Dinner $1.25

No Reservation Charges after 1 p. m. for Luncheon
and 7 p. m. for Dinner

Private Rooms also for Bridge Luncheon, Tea, and Dinner.
Card Parties with Refreshment.

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EDUCATION NUMBER

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THE
WOMEN'S CITY CLUB
MAGAZINE
OF
SAN FRANCISCO

VOLUME 1 AUGUST, 1927 NUMBER 7

WHAT IS ADULT EDUCATION?

By HERBERT R. STOLZ, M. D.

Assistant Superintendent of Public Instruction for the State of California

THE traditional meaning of education is broadly hinted at in this couplet: "I want to know a lot of things; with curiosity I'm cursed. But teacher says I must complete my *education* first."

Because institutional schooling bulks so large in time and interest during childhood, popular practice connects the words "children" and "education" as naturally as it connects the words "college" and "football." Consequently, it is not surprising that newspaper reporters, ever on the alert for incongruities, consider the idea of adults going to school good "copy," and play it up accordingly. They are probably correct in assuming that a large number of men and women will agree with them that there is humor in such a situation. But why is it funny? Each person must answer this for himself, but it seems probable that the underlying reason in many cases is the belief that education is merely preparation for serious living and should be finished at the age of twenty-five. From this viewpoint adult education means giving a second exposure to men and women who failed to grasp knowledge during their pre-adult years.

In the minds of some, adult education signifies training in vocational techniques and skills such as typing, bookkeeping, dressmaking, automobile mechanics, which men and women need in order to increase their effectiveness on the job or to permit of a change of gainful occupation. The relatively great number of persons in this country who change from one occupation to another has produced correspondence schools, university extension service, special private schools and special day and evening classes in the public schools. This has been an outstanding feature of the past fifteen years and there seems to be a steady increase in the demand for such education of adults.

There is, however, still another meaning in the phrase "adult education"—a meaning more in accordance with up-to-date thinking and which has a significance broader than either of the two which I have outlined. It rests upon the belief that living is successful only when each succeeding year gives to the individual a fuller understanding of his significance and responsibility in the world. This growth does not necessarily end at twenty-five or thirty or sixty, and adult education is the conscious effort to stimulate men and women to continuous growth in sympathy, appreciation, and understanding of life, long after they are physically grown up. The experiences of adults in the vital relationships of business, marriage, and citizenship fit them peculiarly for deliberative thought, for the discussion of social problems and for the application of theories to concrete situations. Adult education aims to give organized opportunity and leadership for such development.

Thus, through the efforts of the Extension Division of the University of California and the Divisions of Adult and Vocational Education of the State Department of Education, as well as through the more local programs of many public and private institutions of learning, adult education in California has risen to considerable prominence and is serving the needs of many thousands of men and women who are unwilling to believe that they are beyond the hope of further development. It is a significant fact that during the school year 1925-26 one person out of every four in this State was enrolled in the public school system.

The continuation of organized opportunity for education beyond the compulsory school age requires a new method of leadership which is well illustrated in the parental education classes that are at present so popular. In these study groups which meet once a week for two hours the lecture method has been discarded and the chief function of the leader is to guide discussion rather than to distribute expert opinion. Books are used as reference material but only as supplementary to the personal experience of the men and women in the group, never as the initial basis for discussion.

The effect of this increasing development of adult education upon the content and method of organized education for children is difficult to predict, but there is every reason to believe that experience in organizing learning for grown-ups will lead to significant changes in the technique of directing children and it may very well happen that the study of some of the subject matter now crammed into the secondary school curriculum will be deferred until later in life.

Sanitary engineering and preventive medicine have succeeded in adding appreciably to life expectancy measured in years of existence. Applied science and mass production in industry have given an increasing measure of leisure time to men and women. Adult education represents the conscious effort to make the added hours of leisure and the added years of existence really worth while both to the individual and to the race.

EARTH

By Emily Dickinson

What inn is this
Where for the night
Peculiar traveler comes,
Who is the landlord?
Where the maids?
Behold, what curious rooms!
No ruddy fires on the hearth,
No brimming tankards flow.
Necromancer, landlord,
Who are these below?

PENINSULA SCHOOL OF CREATIVE EDUCATION

By JOSEPHINE W. DUVENECK, *Director*

"WE have just two more weeks of school, children, and then comes vacation."

"What! Already?"

"Oh heck! I don't see why we have to have vacation. There's nothing to do at home."

"Why can't we have two extra weeks of school?"

"Why not three weeks?"

The foregoing conversation took place last June in one of the group rooms of the Peninsula School between boys and girls thirteen and fourteen years old and their teacher. It is typical of the attitude towards school that these children have, in spite of the fact that they are normally active youngsters, full of the zest of life. Far from being an unnatural attitude for a young person to feel towards work, we believe it to be essentially natural and logical. Touch a child's interest and enthusiasm and he will not spare himself effort in the pursuing of further knowledge or skill. The fact that schools so rarely awaken intellectual curiosity, that they do not stimulate originality, nor increase the power of concentration, is surely a reflection on the dry-as-dust methods in which the heritage of the ages has been presented to these sincere and eager young minds.

Three years ago a group of parents in Palo Alto and its vicinity came together to discuss education. For every one it was an immediate problem, for their own children were involved. A course of lectures by Mrs. Marietta Johnson aroused considerable interest in the community and an effort was made to induce the Board of Education to turn one of its schools into an experimental school. This proved to be not possible. A good many people felt the need of much more study and deliberation before venturing to start a new school; some of the rest of us felt this need no less poignantly, but felt also that the children were growing older every minute and if we were going to do anything for them it had to be done at once. Accordingly an old mansion with ample grounds was rented in Menlo Park, a group of teachers, some with previous teaching experience, some without, were gathered together and enough children signed up to risk the experiment. Gifts to the amount of $2500 furnished the equipment, which is of the simplest. In many ways, indeed, it seems to us inadequate, but after all have we not, perhaps, been exalting school equipment far beyond its deserts? One never hears much about the equipment of Socrates' school in Athens. And if all material things are not provided, how much greater is the urge to resourcefulness and ingenuity among the pupils!

This was well illustrated in the play of "Odysseus." This play the children wrote themselves and one scene ambitiously called for a ship

Drawing by child in Peninsula School of Creative Education

with rowers to pass by the rocks on which the sirens sat. Odysseus himself was to be tied to the mast of this ship. The grownups were somewhat appalled at the idea, but the children said, "Oh yes, we can easily do that," and do it they did, and most effectively. They cut out a big piece of beaver board and painted it to look like a Greek ship, eye in the prow and all, then mounted it on two pairs of roller skates, so that it could be pushed across the stage easily. The rowers stood two abreast, pulling on their long oars as they walked along with the boat. Four old sheets sewed together and painted to resemble dashing waves served as a backdrop, and the sirens played their harps and sang their enticing songs on the top of a pile of chairs covered with burlap. Who will doubt but that these children will not only remember their Homer, but in addition will find any situation of life easier to cope with from having met this particular situation with ingenuity and enterprise?

One of our first big problems in the school has been to establish confidence between pupil and teacher and between the children themselves. We have watched almost reverently how their emotional natures have pulled free from the restraints of self-consciousness and convention. At first only a few of them dared to let the creative impulse work its way. But now most of the children have come to know the joy of spontaneous expression. It manifests itself in big colored chalk drawings, in the orchestras, of which there are two, in the singing classes which are pure joy, in their writings which tend more and more to take on a rhythmic character. Manifestations of the creative instinct appear also in the shop, in the laboratory, even in the mathematics department. An outlet for much of this individual and group activity is provided through the school assemblies.

If a school is to be experimental in fact as well as name, one of the chief tasks for the teachers is to devise activities of real concern to the children which shall likewise have educational value. An example of a successful project satisfying both these requirements has been that of the cafeteria bills undertaken by our Second Group (Grades 3 and 4). It has been a genuine need of the school that these accounts be handled, and the children have been intensely interested to undertake and discharge this very real responsibility. The position of accountant is given only to those who demonstrate their proficiency in computation. This makes an excellent incentive for drill, since the positions of trust are not held by one child more than a certain length of time. Next year the plan is to be extended to include the purchase of supplies, which should provide still more opportunities for purposeful work and bring in all the fundamental arithmetic processes. The school store is handled by the Third Group, the bank by the Fourth. The shop and the kitchen provide excellent opportunity for training in mathematics. You can hardly imagine how easily a child can comprehend fractions when it is concretely put up to him through the medium of a recipe for muffins that he wants to make for the school luncheon or how clear and reasonable measurements appear when they are involved in the construction of kites or cabinets or animal traps or boats.

For a general outline of the aims of the school I shall quote from the new prospectus being issued for the coming year:

"In starting the Peninsula School, we have had for guiding principle the belief that children no less than adults learn through doing, and that the business of a school is to provide situations and environments that engender activities of many different kinds. Of late education has become too much a matter of memory and too little a natural growth of all the faculties. With this in mind the school makes a special effort to cultivate the hand as well as the head; it seeks to encourage artistic expression, however crude a form it may at first assume, ample opportunity being provided in art, handicrafts, music, shop, poetry, dramatics, and the science laboratory for the evolution of individual capacity and intellect.

"In addition to this unfoldment of personal powers, we hope that our children may establish with us standards of taste which are the inevitable result of association with what is excellent in the past and in the present; that they may come to appreciate good craftsmanship wherever they meet it and feel respect for the job *well done*.

"Tolerance for other people's habits of life and thought is encouraged everywhere and the teachers seek to bring out the co-relation of the different subjects the child is studying, so that a unity may be established in his mind. For this way leads to understanding and to the ability to form reasonable, independent judgments.

"The world today is in process of change; ethical standards are shifting, the old restrictions no longer hold and society has not yet built up new ones in their place. Young people are faced very early with the burden of self-direction. How can they succeed unless they have had some training in responsibility and initiative, some introduction to the cooperative needs of society and the obligation of each individual to his group? The school endeavors by studying each child and his reactions to other children to provide situations that shall encourage growth along these lines. We seek to cultivate self-discipline, without which the most brilliant intellect achieves little. We know that in spite of shifting standards, moral fibre is the same today as it was yesterday, and it is our aim to develop in each child a feeling of his own inner integrity and a deep sense of the obligation that being free puts upon a person."

SOME INTERESTING "REACTIONS!"

Here are several examples of the work, or play, if you will, done by children of the Peninsula School of Creative Education, of which Mrs. Duveneck writes.

They are spontaneous expressions, not written to order, or for any occasion or lesson, but just because the children feel the urge to speak of what to them is new and unexplored territory.

The stuff is there, volumes of it, waiting to be tapped, or developed, or discovered, or encouraged, or ambushed.

WHAT TIME CAN DO

The dog used to bark at the passer-by. The old men and women walked by the old and rickety houses. Young men sat drinking in the beer shop. Girls washed and swept the houses. Birds hovered overhead and looked down on all.

But now the old men and women sit on the porch and talk of the fashion. The young men walk briskly to do their job or work. Girls drive past in a cloud of dust to some party or play. As for the dogs, they are little house pets now and tall chimneys from factories look down on the changing scene below.

Julian (*Age* 12).

CHRISTMAS

The sun sets on the mountains
And casts its last rays on the firs,
Making them look like Christmas
trees in our own home.
The lonely trapper pauses on his way
And thinks of home,
Where the little children romp by the
fireside,
Playing with the gifts given them on
this glad Christmas eve.

Burt (*Age* 10).

FISHING

I like to fish in a lonely stream
With waters flowing down the rocks
And trickling through my woolen
socks,
And all of a sudden I feel a jerk,
And when I pull him in at last
I grab him right and hold him fast,
And when he's tired, tired out,
Before my eyes a full-grown trout!

Francis (*Age* 10).

MY SENSES

When I awake I want to look out of a window all covered with vines and see a bank with a green weeping willow, slashed now and again with a streak of sunlight. Bending over a stream of ruffled silver lace, a bridge of old grey boards is tired of bending over in an arch. Little does it know how I feel when I gather this scene into my satisfied eye!

When I awake I want to hear the distant song of a meadow lark contrasted with the note of a weary church bell. The lark is free, but the bell is like a prisoner condemned to hard labor.

When I awake I want to taste the sparkling dewdrops of a fresh morning rose.

When I awake I want to feel the fresh autumn rain, the nip of frost in the air and a whirlwind of golden brown leaves dancing.

When I awake I want to smell the salt air of the sea.

When I awake I want to go out into the wide world as the sun is coming up, and sing with the birds.

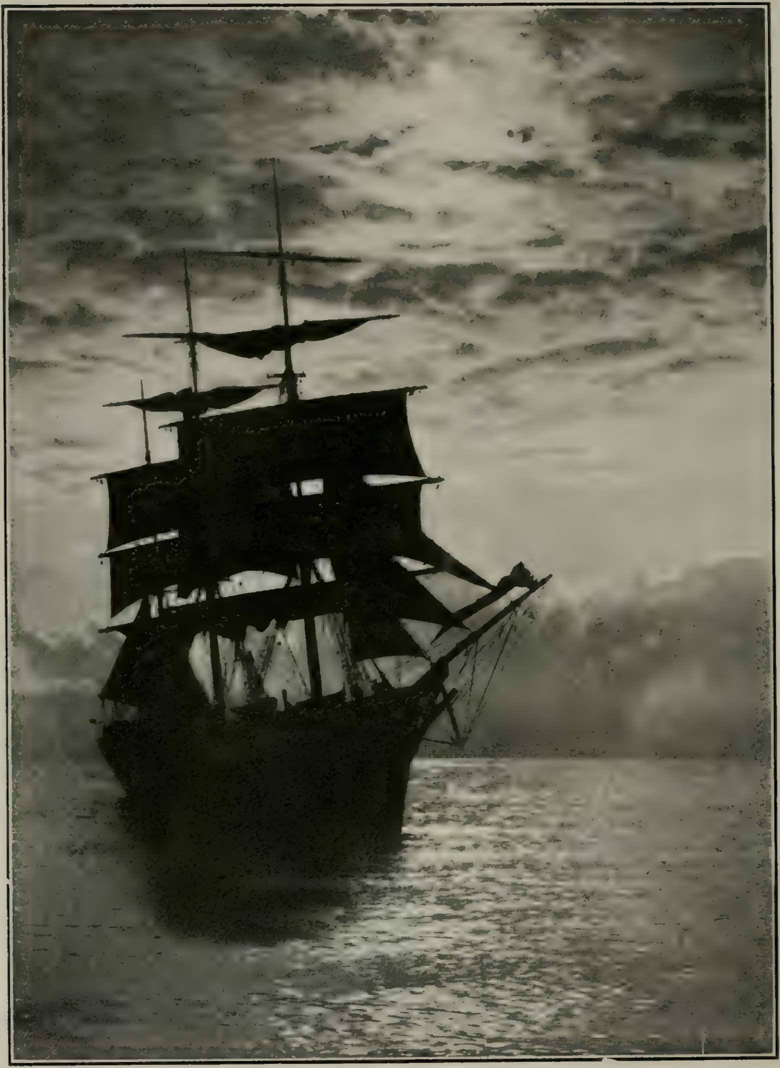
MARGARET (*Age* 12).

THE EVENING STAR

In the night
There is a light
So bright.
It shows right
Overhead,
In the night
O so bright!

JEAN (*Age* 7)

Work of very young student who is being led by Creative Education in pleasant by-paths



Courtesy of Camera Craft

"*And a star to steer her by*"

San Francisco Bay

CONTINUATION OF EDUCATION

By ETHEL RICHARDSON

Assistant State Superintendent of Public Instruction

IN an interesting address before the British Institute of Adult Education, the Archbishop of York said:

"Society, after all, does not mean merely the arena in which individuals are free to develop themselves. It ought to mean a community which makes the best of its common life, drawing out the best in its members and giving them the best that has been treasured in the records of human thought, achievement and experience. The fulfillment of this ideal depends on education."

And again:

"Adult education must be the center of the whole educational system, the goal to which all its parts converge. At present it is largely regarded as a by-product. We give our main thought and care to the education of the young, to the origins rather than the ends of education * * *. All education — elementary, secondary, university—must be held together by one question, dominant at every stage: 'How can the largest number of adult citizens become and continue to be educated men and women?' "

This newer conception of education is as yet scarcely given general recognition anywhere. We still are committed to the theory that all formal learning ends when the individual sets out to earn a living, marries and becomes a part of a new family unit.

The exigencies of earning that living, however, established one kind of adult education — namely, vocational education — and so long as a man needed a special skill in order to get or hold a position he attended a class organized to teach the subject. Therefore, education for adults which has the definite aim of increasing their earning capacity has become generally accepted. The wider purpose of education as conceived by Aristotle, "To help men to use their leisure well," or by Plato as "The training for citizenship," has scarcely found its rightful place in our scheme.

Certain beginnings have been made in that direction. The United States of America, with its rapidly increasing foreign-born population, millions of whom could not speak the English language, had a specific impulse to adult education. That impulse, so strengthened by the war, has now given Americanization, or adult immigrant education, a firm footing in the public schools. California is well in the vanguard in this movement. On January 1, 1928, California will have had for eight years a Department of Adult Education charged with the instruction of foreign-born adults.

The first efforts for the education of the immigrant were directed toward the man and woman quite unable to speak English. Much study and thought was, therefore, put upon the methods in the classes for beginners. With the coming of the northern European immigrant in such large numbers, and the lessening of the illiterate immigration, it became necessary to improve the work in the classes where some English was spoken and a richer vocabulary required. Many of the adults in these classes came from countries where the system of education was as good, if not better, than in the United States. There were men and women of maturity and ideas, often greater maturity and more ideas than the teachers; their only handicap lay in their lack of means of expression. To develop this, the teacher must find lessons in the current of everyday affairs; lessons which would give the student the vocabulary of modern science; of the political and social discussions in the newspapers and magazines which would help him to read modern poetry and express his views on all the subjects which keep adults abreast of the times. Such teaching is much more difficult than the simple language lessons which equip an adult to orient himself in his physical environment, find his way about the streets, or make his purchases in the stores.

During a study of adult education which was made in a five months' trip through Europe several years ago, the Director of Adult Education for the State Department was impressed with the widespread movement to continue education at public expense, in order to keep the citizens of the country more alert to the problems of democracy and give them more capacity for managing their own affairs. The folk high schools of Denmark, the houses of the people of Belgium, Workers' Education Association and educational settlements of England, the Sokols and their educational bodies in Czechoslovakia are all carrying on liberal education in classes which are attended by all groups of people and particularly by working men and women.

The demand for education of this sort is limited in America because of our prosperity and freedom from political or religious pressure so that no one is very much concerned with problems of government and material advancement stifles our interest in intellectual growth. The fact that there is no widespread interest in the continuation of education in other than vocational fields here does not relieve the school of its responsibility. Because 100 per cent or even 50 per cent of the population could not be interested in studying social questions or keeping up with the trend of literature and science, is no excuse for failing to offer opportunity to even the 2 per cent that would avail itself.

The State Department of Education has, therefore, attacked this question in three ways. First, through conferences with the evening high school principals. The evening high schools are giving most of their work in the vocational field; the same effort has never been made to interest people in the study of history, or social questions, or English literature as to study Spanish or commercial geography or business law. Outstanding teachers in the liberal subjects have not been found for the adult classes. During the past two years a new attitude on this question has been growing up. Through the high school principals' conventions, the evening high school principals have become eager to see that adult education in the evening high school is not merely an unimportant adjunct of the day school. The principals have been committed to the idea that the evening school is definitely responsible for raising the educational level of the community. An effort has been made to find outstanding speakers in various subjects of public interest who would give short unit courses which were well advertised. These subjects have covered such questions as *Political Conditions in Europe With Their Effects Upon the United States, Current Events, Modern Poetry, Astronomy, What Psychology Teaches Us About Ourselves, Keeping Up With Science, League of Nations and the World Court, How Public Opinion Is Formed, and California Botany, etc.* These classes have reached a group of people who do not ordinarily attend evening high school and the educational range extends from those who have had practically no schooling to university graduates. The essential difference between these classes and those ordinarily offered in the evening high schools is the teacher. Someone is always chosen who is an outstanding figure, very well qualified in the subject with a capacity to present simply and authoritatively the material of his field. In addition, the teacher must be some one who understands adults and can make a strong appeal to an audience.

The second possibility for a liberal education movement comes from the advanced students in the classes for foreign adults. In several instances, they have been organized into a class in current events with a university instructor. One of these classes met in Oakland and another in Los Angeles. The instructors giving the extension courses reported them exceptionally interesting because of the mixture of nationalities and the eagerness of the students to learn. The adult foreign population, once a sufficient knowledge of English has been gained, is an eager recipient of further educational opportunities.

For the purpose of more rapid development, it seemed advisable to carry on experimentation under private auspices, as well as under the public schools. A state committee was formed, coordinating the work of the public educational agencies in the hope of reaching adults in every community which could not be reached by any of the opportunities now available. This committee, which formerly represented only the three public educational agencies, has been enlarged to include representatives of private colleges and universities and outstanding leaders throughout the state. A corporation has been formed with a board of directors of seventeen members, called the California Association for Adult Education. The State Director of Adult Education has raised private money to finance the work of this association to carry on a program of social and political education in the state.

There is an important aspect of adult education which has not yet been given statewide leadership. It has become very popular for classes and study groups to be formed by volunteer organizations to assist parents in the problems of child training. Throughout the United States many centers under universities and other educational bodies have been set up for experimentation and study of the development and growth of children. California felt the necessity of giving some authoritative leadership to this movement and experimenting to discover what part the public schools should play in the education of parents. To this end, the State Director made two trips to New York and assisted in negotiating a grant from one of the large eastern foundations to carry on a program of parent education under the public schools. A well qualified director for this work has been found in Dr. Herbert R. Stolz and classes were started in the school year 1926-1927.

We are at present very much on trial. The leaders in all the important adult education movements in the world say that adult education cannot be carried on by the public schools. The burden of proof is on our side and the data is all in the future. We cannot begin critically to study the question too soon. We have been conducting adults' classes in public schools many years; in October, 1926, we had 2,318 classes with 80,735 people enrolled and yet most of our philosophy is still undeveloped. But in California we have accepted the challenge. The next ten years will be the test.

Courtesy of Camera Craft

CAMPANILE
University of California

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Volume 1 AUGUST, 1927 *Number 7*

EDITORIAL

THIS is the time of year when families with young children are thinking about the general subject of education. Vacation is about half over and the next school semester looms.

Also, "adult education" has now taken its place in the scheme of things.

Elsewhere in this issue of the WOMEN'S CITY CLUB MAGAZINE Miss Ethel Richardson, Assistant State Superintendent of Public Instruction, who is in charge of the department of adult education, explains what it is and what it is endeavoring to accomplish.

The movement is one that has conferred distinction upon California as a leader among the states in a field of work which has "turned Americanism from a word into a reality."

Because she has been a pioneer in the realm of adult education Miss Richardson has recently been awarded a prize of $1000 for being "the individual who, in the opinion of the jury, has been responsible during the calendar year 1926 for the creation, introduction or development of a distinctive contribution to the social, civic or industrial welfare."

Specifically, Miss Richardson won her prize for her work in the California Department of Education in furthering adult education, for under her direction fifty thousand adults, native and foreign born, are being educated and led into paths of useful citizenship.

California has carried on a big project and now in the eyes of the nation, through Miss Richardson, is given a distinction for something that is basic in its relation to society, and for something which one of her citizens has achieved. We have been charged with being unduly complacent over honors for which we have not been responsible, our climate, our far spacious skies, our gold mines and our high mountains.

But we are, as a community, entirely responsible for having made "adult education" a powerful force, and Miss Richardson has been designated the "animating genius of the whole undertaking."

She has won a championship which means something. The award has been made by the Harmon Foundation through Survey Associates, Inc., a national civic organization.

The largest dahlias, turnips, cows, movie studios, skyscrapers, and bank clearings are very good, in their way.

But leadership in the human equation is incalculable, measured only in spiritual values, imponderable, reaching into ten thousand tomorrows.

Patio of California School of Fine Arts, San Francisco

ART AND THE PEOPLE

By E. Spencer Macky

Dean, California School of Fine Arts, San Francisco

A PEOPLE can become a great spiritual force, not merely by possessing able artists, but by being themselves artistic in everything that they do. To do our duty thoroughly is the best step in the appreciation of what someone else can do supremely well.

A complacent, self-satisfied people could never be an artistic and creative people, and this restlessness of our time is the best assurance that we will not attain that plane of satisfaction until we too have blossomed into great art, as other civilizations have done in ages past.

If our art schools were merely for the discovery of a few geniuses they would be hopeless failures as far as broad civic usefulness was concerned. An Art School such as we have in San Francisco today is a little community in itself where there is ambition, emulation, and inspiration. Many a one comes seeking a way out to wider horizons and finds a medium of expression that is not only beautiful, but creatively useful.

True education reveals man to himself, and historians, philosophers, and psychologists, and all those who seek the secret of life, are forced sooner or later to come back again to the study of man through his own manifestation—his work—his art.

Art expresses life and its driving force is that same mysterious energy which has made this the greatest age of conquest the world has known. We have conquered time and space, our horizons have been immeasurably expanded, the captive has been set free, knowledge knocks at every door and is free to all. And yet, with all the vast increase of mechanical and material science and well being, there is a wistful desire on the part of many to know something more of art, which is really born of the same creative spirit.

It would be a mistake to imagine that only young people study art, or that an art school is confined to those privileged few who may "reach the top." Many older people find here that release from prejudice, that philosophy of life, and that outlet for innate skill which was once commonly believed to belong only to the professional. The great periods of art in Italy and France were those times when the guilds elevated the craftsmanship of the common worker to a place of honor, and herein lies the hope for our new democracy.

Our Art School is a non-profit-making institution which forms an intimate part of the historical and cultural life of San Francisco.

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THE EMANUEL WALTER COLLECTION

By BEATRICE JUDD RYAN

COMPARATIVELY few people in America have yet learned the joy in collecting works of art. We have been busy gathering to ourselves wealth and the facilities of comfort and pleasure. It is only when a people has reached the ultimate of physical accomplishment and have found it wanting that they are ready to turn inward and search for those higher satisfactions which come from culture.

There is a general idea abroad that the collector always must be a person of wealth, whereas the compensation that is derived from owning a collection of well chosen drawings and keeping them in portfolio, if there is no space to hang them, is as personal a joy as one's favorite books gathered upon a nearby shelf.

There are in San Francisco a number of private collectors of art who are constantly adding paintings and sculpture from abroad, and a few who are also collecting the outstanding work of the American school. The Emanuel Walter Collection is at present one of the few of this latter character that has been given to the public.

In 1904, when the old Mark Hopkins was the center of a lively art interest in San Francisco, Emanuel Walter bequeathed to the San Francisco Art Association his private collection of painting and added besides a sum of $50,000.00 for maintenance. The collection was not large, but contained examples of English, Dutch, German and Italian painting—a landscape by Constable, a pastrole by Mauve, a portrait by Lembeck, an example of Fortuny; also many drawings by Millet, Barye, Delacrosis and Kans. A year later, when the earthquake and fire destroyed the Mark Hopkins, a part of the fund was used to rebuild a special wing to house the collection. In the years since, with the interest from the remainder of the bequest, Edgar Walter, Trustee of the Collection, has, from time to time added the work of American painters.

Last year, when the collection was rehung in the beautiful new building of the California Art School, at Chestnut Street, we greeted again some of the old favorites, a portrait by Robert Henri, the "Faune and Kid" by Arthur Davies, Scenes from Monterey by Armin Hansen, E. Charlton Fortune and Bruce Nelson; landscapes by Ann Bremer, Piozzoni, Poore and Raphael and a portrait by Clark Hobart.

Recently Mr. Walter has been carefully adding the work of outstanding California painters, and in the years to come this collection will be a valuable history of our art growth, to the people of this community.

Recently Mr. Walter purchased a portrait study in oil, and a "nude" drawing by Ralph Stackpole; a water color "Nude" by Frank Van Sloun, and a landscape in black and white, an Arizona desert scene by Maynard Dixon, and "Earth Patterns," a scene from Santa Clara Valley, by Rinaldo Cuneo, which is reproduced in this issue of the Women's City Club Magazine.

The last purchase for the collection is a decorative painting by Ray Boynton, and as I stand before this panel at once so modern and poetical, I can't help wishing that John Erskine could see how a California painter has handled the departure of his heroine "Helen of Troy."

AN exhibition of Paintings by Western women was assembled as a special courtesy to the National Convention of Business and Professional Women's Clubs, and is being shown at the Oakland Art Gallery from July 15th to August 15th.

The exhibit occupies three-fourths of the Oakland Art Gallery and has been segregated as much as possible into schools. The paintings exhibited were chosen by the three-jury system used always by this Gallery, the conservatives, progressives and radicals being represented.

A few of the women artists whose work demands attention are: E. Sievert Weinberg, of San Francisco, who is showing three canvases, a still life, a landscape and a portrait.—"Rosie" by Margaret Bruton, formerly of Oakland, now of Monterey; a "South Sea Maiden" treated modernistically.—Two water colors by Anita Delano of Los Angeles.—"Magnolia Leaves" by Marion Simpson of Berkeley. Mrs. Simpson's canvas is black in color, but very strong and modern in its arrangement. — Luvena Buchanan Vysekal, of Los Angeles is showing a canvas called "The Little Cloak Model," so well liked in the Pan-American Exhibition.

"EARTH PATTERNS" by Rinaldo Cuneo

PORTRAIT STUDY *by* FLORENCE SWIFT

MY PRAYER

By ELSIE JANIS

God, let me live each lovely day
  So I may know that come what may
I've done the best to live the way
  You want me to.
Forgive me if I do not pray
  The ultra-sanctimonious way
In church on every Sabbath day
  As some folks do.
Just let me know if I should stray
  That I may stop along the way
At any time of night or day
  And talk to you.

WOMEN AND TRUST SERVICES

By FRANCES K. ANDLOVIC
Women's Trust Advisor

BUSINESS men in increasing numbers are availing themselves of the services offered by banks and trust companies through their Trust Departments, but few women seem to realize that these services are equally available to them and are especially designed to meet their needs.

Women as a class have become an important factor in the business and economic life of the country and this is especially true in California where our community property laws give women a large measure of control over the joint property of husband and wife.

Every woman should make a will so that in the event of her death her property may be divided and distributed in accordance with her wishes and not in accordance with the hard and fast rules of law. The same care should be given to planning the distribution of one's estate as is given to its accumulation. It happens too frequently that an estate which has taken years of work to accumulate is dissipated almost immediately after death and the heirs of the deceased are left dependent upon friends or charity.

It is possible by the terms of one's will to prevent such a condition from arising. A trust fund may be created in the will and in this way the principal of the estate may be conserved, the trustee investing and reinvesting it and paying out the income to the heirs.

In investing trust funds left in its care as trustee, the trust company is strictly regulated by law and must invest in securities of the highest type. These securities must first have the approval of the State Banking Department.

A "Living Trust" may contain exactly the same provisions as a trust established by will but it differs from the latter in that it takes effect immediately. The maker of the trust delivers the trust property to the trustee and an agreement is entered into setting forth the terms under which the trustee shall manage it.

It is clear that the responsibility which a trustee assumes is a vital one. Trust companies, through long experience, have acquired the technical and legal knowledge so necessary for proper trust administration. A trust company is financially responsible. Its officers are experts in the management of trust funds. It has a continuous existence and is subject to governmental supervision.

Trust Department services should appeal particularly to women. The ownership of property carries with it numerous burdens. The ever increasing mass of tax legislation brings up new problems. It is difficult to choose what securities are suitable for investment. It is hard to find the proper person for advice regarding business and personal matters.

All these problems may be brought to the Trust Department and turned over to it, thus relieving the owner of property from the thousand and one bothersome details incident to such ownership and at the same time assuring her that these matters will be competently handled at a cost that is surprisingly low.

BOOKS OF THE MONTH

By Inglis Fletcher

THE CROOKED STICK

By Pauline Stiles
Geo. H. Doran Company—$2.00

THE announcement by the George H. Doran Company of a new author is always of immediate interest to the critics and to the reading public. The Dorans have an uncanny way of picking good writers "out of the blue" and adding them to their already long list of famous literary names and authors of best sellers.

They picked Pauline Stiles, author of "The Crooked Stick," somewhat in this way, if one has the temerity to call one of the most widely read woman's magazines "out of the blue." Miss Stiles, sometime last year, published a delectable short story called, if my memory serves me correctly, "The First Star Falls," in a woman's magazine. It had to do with the inner workings of a small boy's mind—his bewilderment, chagrin—and, yes, defeat—when he came up against the more subtle feminine mind of a small girl, bent on having what she wanted.

The story was so well done, its originality so evident, that two of the best publishers in America each wrote Miss Stiles asking if they might see a novel from her pen. She submitted a synopsis to the Doran Company, and she had her contract for a novel before it was written. When we consider the number of novels that go a-begging and the number of well-known novelists who have their wares returned or ordered redone, we wonder how it happened. Perhaps Miss Stiles, some day, will divulge the secret of how she "crashed the gate" to the House of Doran. Was it because her work caught the imagination of the astute John Farrar, or Stanley Reinhart — or even George Doran himself? Miss Stiles maintained a discreet silence when she gave a talk recently at one of those delightful Author's Afternoons that Paul Elder gives at his Gallery at the Paul Elder Bookshop.

Some critic says that Miss Stiles has the delicacy—the subtle beauty of Margaret Deland — others that she has more the touch of Ann Douglas Sedgwick. It seems to me that she is not anyone but Pauline Stiles. She has a style that seems to belong to her individual way of thinking. A delicacy—a sharp sense of beauty with a sudden swift thrust of delicate irony that leaves you rather breathless. You don't expect a philosophical turn of mind in a young writer. But Miss Stiles has it and she shows also, in "The Crooked Stick," that she has a background of deep reading, a knowledge of art and music. These things come into the story naturally and easily, they are not dragged in to show erudition.

In fact, the outstanding thing about Miss Stiles' work is simplicity and a direct way of going to her point. Her novel has plenty of action, indeed it might be called an action romance if we were to classify our fiction as meticulously as we do our movies. There is "quite a lot of plot." The heroine, born in San Francisco, is an orphan, her home destroyed by the earthquake when she was a small child. That sets the time; the place is London, Paris, San Francisco and rural England. English, French and American characters live in her pages.

There is a very definite plot; situations growing out of situations making the book very entertaining reading. With Miss Stiles' ability to see through people and comment on them with a gentle irony, I wonder whether her next book may not well be one of less action and more comment on society and manners. We have very few women writers who have that ability and a great many who can write straight action stories—or romantic ones. But there is room at the top for an author who understands American life, especially Western life, and comments and interprets and spices her story with humor—as does Booth Tarkington in his books on the Middle West. Miss Stiles is a California writer residing at present in San Bernardino and her already large public will be looking forward to her next novel.

ETERNAL LIFE

Engravit is the inscription on the
tombstone where he lies,
Dead he is not—but departed, for the
artist never dies.

—LONGFELLOW

JOURNEYS

By EDITH BRISTOL

You may not sail so far away
Across the distant sea,
But I am with you, night and day,
To guide you back to me.

In darkness—or in dawning's glow—
Close to your side I lie
In thought, and wait — content to know
So near your heart am I.

"THE DAWN OF THE DONS"

By Tirey L. Ford
A. M. Robertson Company

WE are accustomed, here in the West, to speak about romantic California with the easy assurance that everybody must know the story of California under the Spanish rule. I wonder how many of us know anything more about that fascinating period of pioneer history than the fact that Portola, with whom we are on familiar terms because of the colorful Portola fiesta some years ago, discovered San Francisco or Monterey Bays or was the first white man in California or something. . . .

As a matter of fact Portola did not discover San Francisco Bay or Monterey Bay. On December 16, 1602, eighteen years before the Pilgrim fathers set foot on Plymouth Rock, Sebastian Vizcaino carried the banner of Spain to the Harbor of Monterey. Twenty-three years before Sir Francis Drake had sailed past the harbor of what is now known as San Francisco Bay in a fog and landed at the small inlet that bears his name, twenty-six miles north. Here he stayed thirty-six days without ever discovering the great body of water, in which, we boast, the combined navies of the world could easily be lost from each other.

Some of these fascinating things come to life again in The Dawn of the Dons, by Tirey L. Ford, published by A. M. Robertson of San Francisco. This beautifully printed and illustrated volume deals ostensibly with Monterey and Carmel under the early Spanish rule, but it really goes far back and gives interesting and illuminating data on the great era of exploration that led Columbus out into uncharted seas. It is a worthy book and Mr. Ford has given a remarkably interesting and instructive picture of those romantic days. He has written his book because he was steeped in the romance and the adventure of those times. And being something he loved doing, he made a first rate job of it. "The Dawn of the Dons" is not a history. It is an interpretation of an interesting and unusual phase of California life.

It is worth reading just to find out the things you don't know—or "know wrong." The book is happily conceived and happily executed.

One chapter seemed to me to have particular value at this time when we have just been having a statewide wrangle about what Californian, beside Father Junipero Serra, should go into the Hall of Fame. That is the chapter that deals with the now famous junta in Monterey in September, 1849. This was the time when the constitution was framed asking for statehood. "There were a few native Californians among the delegates, the most notable being General Mariano Guadalupe Vallejo of Sonoma, born at Monterey. He was a man of exceptional ability and had long been a staunch and loyal friend of the United States." Other historians have given General Vallejo the credit of swinging the junta to the North, against slavery. Private letters and the diary of the General now in the possession of Mrs. Charles McGettigan of this city, a grand-daughter of General Vallejo, bear out this statement. Bayard Taylor, world famous traveler, was in California at the time and went to Monterey to witness the deliberation of this unusual assemblage, according to Mr. Ford's book.

The vignettes and sketches by Joe Mora are a delightful addition.

FAMILY LIFE

FAMILY life really presents on a small scale the same problems as the State. We have to learn how to combine liberty with democracy, order and discipline with opportunity for each to develop on their own lines. The relations between young and old cannot be so simple as they were in the past when the old ruled supreme. It is this new idea of relationship on the lines of fellowship, of comradeship in the pursuit of a common goal, of liberty for each combined with a willing acceptance of discipline for the common good, that we have to leave the spirit free to work out and help us to apply in the regulation of our family life. . . .

At present there is a tendency to fuss much too much about the young. They are being treated and spoken of almost as if they were a caste, even if we do not go so far as to treat them as untouchables. We isolate them, we plan separate organizations of all kinds for them, and we grieve when they refuse to fit into the organizations which we create.

We watch and notice and criticize, but though we may persuade ourselves to the contrary, that does not mean that we understand. We generalize from our imperfect observation, and so the young, like the working classes or our domestics or the profiteers or those we speak of as "the poor," really become a caste in our thinking. We generalize about them, but we do not understand them. —MRS. CREIGHTON at the Church Congress.

* * *

Members with gardens are asked to communicate with Miss Gedney when they have flowers to spare for decoration of the City Club.

"I WANT TO KNOW"

By EDITH WALKER MADDUX

(*Mrs. Parker Maddux*)

UNTIL recently when the question was asked "Why a woman's Club?", the usual reply was "Well, why a man's club?", this being an age of assumed equality. Yet somehow that answer fails to satisfy the present conditions. In a modern woman's club social intercourse, a library, dining rooms, living quarters, a downtown base—all laudable excuses for luxurious club quarters—are rarely considered sufficient in themselves, and educational activities of an increasingly scholarly character are now quite universally a demand of every woman's organization. "Live and learn" has become "live by learning."

In its resumé for the past year the Education Committee of the Women's City Club takes pride and pleasure in recalling the success of its courses and lectures; those on modern literature by Professor Lehman; on the classics of literature by Brother Leo; on life in the Orient by Mrs. Bertha Cole; on Parliamentary Law by Miss L. G. Leonard; and the Forum Course covering a general field of women's present-day interests. These were all courses for which a fee was charged and the intellectual standard was very high. The literature courses will, it is hoped, be renewed this coming season at the earnest request of the enthusiastic subscribers; so, too, will the Parliamentary Law courses, elementary and advanced; and the ever-successful French classes of Mme. Olivier, as much a foundation of the club as the building itself. In lieu, however, of a continuously diversified lecture course such as last year's Forum, the Education Committee proposes to stress special attractions from time to time when celebrities and experts can be secured; and to offer several specialized series of perhaps four or six or ten lectures on such subjects as World Political Events, Oriental Philosophies, The Trend of Modern Art, Phases of Home Making,—each to be presented by the best available authority. The last subject merits some explanation.

Of all the lecturers of last year's Forum course, which included among others such outstanding people as Leo Katz on Art, V. Stefannsson on Exploration, Professors E. T. Williams, Alexander Kaune, Mary Roberts Coolidge and Chester Rowell on International Affairs, Kathleen Norris and Cornelia Stratton Parker on women in the home and in industry, by far the one who made the most exciting impression was Mrs. Frank Gilbreth (Lillian Moller) on "The Psychology of Management." Herself an engineer, member of learned societies, writer of books, efficiency expert, and mother of eleven children, she spoke with convincing authority on the intelligent simplification of household mangement. The members of the Education Committee were especially fired with zeal at her words because they had been thinking along similar lines with a view to filling a real need in San Francisco, i. e., the inauguration of certain courses in home economics not only to satisfy the requirements of the members of the Women's City Club, but gradually to amplify the plan with a view to the final establishment of a complete school of housekeeping. "Old-fashioned housekeeping in the new-fashioned way" as some one has happily phrased it. Woman's work may now be done each day before she is completely overdone herself, time being no longer the crucial factor, nor physical strength, but intelligence and brains to make the most of the modern skills and labor-saving devices. It is or ought to be the most interesting subject in the far-ranging curriculum of adult education, at least for women. Even in this "day of emancipation" it is every woman's privilege and responsibility to feed some one, if only herself; and it is *nearly* every woman's problem to reduce her expenditures or reduce her figure, or both. All modern women must face the fundamental economics of a standard of living; namely, to make both ends meet with a little, or big, margin for comfort and culture and beauty. Moreover, there are some very insistent questions centering about the subject of woman's traditional place and they are quite worth discussing. For example: Must every woman "do her own work" and cease doing man's? Is the American home doomed to be servantless? What is the statistical connection between divorces and poor cooking? Women are urged to let everything do their work from Gold Dust Twins to rubber-tired tea-wagons, and yet the cry for "help" is still heard even above the hum of electrical labor-saving devices; there is also an "unemployable" middle-aged group: can these facts be mutually helpful? Can a moron run a dish-washing machine? Are American housewives snobs? Is the average woman lazy? Are these real problems? Some of these queiries are flippant, some embarrassing, some maddening, but they *are* being asked.

Of course the subject is too big for the current phraseology, this adjustment of the modern woman to her present environment, and indeed a new word has been coined to define the "science of controllable environment"—*Euthenics*. When Vassar College can get unique distinction for its Euthenics Department, woman's work in all its phases is indeed raised to the dignity of a learned profession.

The first courses offered in this new department of the Women's City Club will be "Cooking and balanced menus for Business Women," and a series of lectures for housewives.

One final word as to the function of the Education Committee: it strives to interpret and introduce adult education only in terms of the genuine desires of the membership. Will all the members keep this in mind and make their wishes known to the Committee? Provided they do not involve too great expense all requests will be considered as possibilties if they are supported by a large enough group, but the genuine financial support of the members is necessary. Good speakers demand good fees. There are, however, many educational activities which entail no expense; for example, the course on Current Events, and Mrs. Stoddard's delightful Weekly Meetings for the reading of modern plays which might well suggest equally successful classes for the appreciation of the best in modern poetry. Critical essays, biographies, discussion groups are possible where there is vital interest. Our seven thousand membership includes women who have made genuine contributions to world thought and scholarship and our ideal of volunteer service inspires even the busiest woman to give of her best achievement to the club. Meanwhile the individual has a lurking desire "to know" some subject, the Education Committee has a frank desire to know the wishes of the membership. Let these desires come together in the livest kind of an education program.

EDUCATION DEPARTMENT

Enroll now at the Information Desk for 1. Elementary Parliamentary Law (Mrs. L. G. Leonard, teacher); 2. Advanced Parliamentary Law (Mrs. L. G. Leonard, teacher); 3. Investments for Women (experts in various lines, Miss C. I. Tomlinson, adviser); 4. Round Table: Program-making for Clubs (Mrs. Parker S. Maddux, leader); 5. Cooking and Balanced Menus for Business Women (expert to be engaged); 6. Phases of Home-making (for the housewife or prospective bride; lecture series by experts). A class or course cannot begin until a sufficient number enroll to pay expenses. Individual fee sometimes dependent upon number of enrollments.

* * *

THE LAST ADVENTURE

By FREDERICK FAUST

He has stepped lightly on the long road out,
  The gray road, old with dust,
The stern road, never-ending as our doubt;
  For he was strong in trust:

That as it ran, whither he could not know,
  It might dip now and then
Into great vales where speaking rivers go,
  Unvexed by ships of men;

That it would lead him, neither slow nor fast
  But at a proper pace,
Into the upland silences, at last,
  Quiet before God's face.

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Pony with Pointed Fox Shawls
Sealine with Natural Wolf
own Fox Shawls

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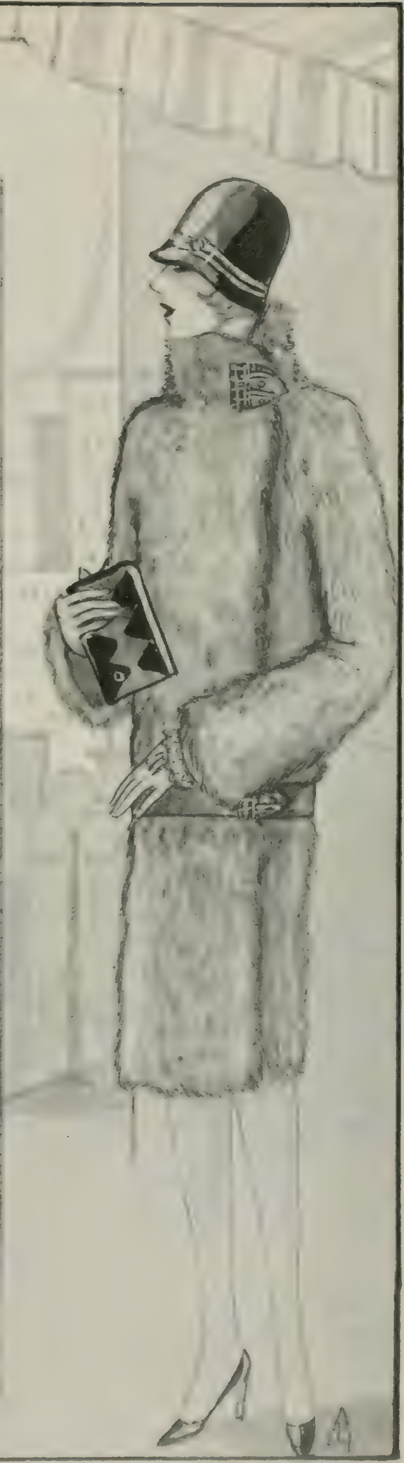


YOUTH AND THE CHEST

By ALAN McEWEN

WITHIN the last few years the American city has developed a method of dealing with social problems that is distinctively its own. It is embodied in what is known as the community chest or welfare federation movement. It has been adopted in upward of 300 American cities and is now responsible for the raising and dispensing of more than $50,000,000 a year—all of it going toward the alleviation or prevention of human suffering, toward improving the general level of living among the less fortunate.

Time was when "charity" consisted in the doling out of alms by the wealthy and benevolent. Charity, in that sense, is a word and practice that is now all but obsolete.

Relief of the destitute, to be sure, is the first charge against a city's generosity, but, today, the whole trend of social work is toward the eradication of causes that make for poverty, toward the "prevention" of the things that bring families to the condition of public charges, toward the prevention of juvenile delinquency, toward the prevention of sickness.

And, with the advancement of knowledge as to causes, these things have come to be recognized as community problems rather than a question of dealing here and there with an individual in distress.

It is in those cities where the widest recognition has been given to these needs and causes that the solution of social problems has been most rapid and the community chest have been most successful.

San Francisco ranks high in its per capita giving for social work, and it also stands well in the forefront in its successful address toward certain social problems. But the city does not occupy front rank in its population's general understanding of social needs nor in public participation in that work.

The San Francisco Community Chest has approximately 120,000 annual contributors. But for most of them their contact with the city's social work ends with the payment of an annual pledge. Only a few, comparatively, feel a continuing obligation, a sense of responsibility for an understanding of the city's social needs and for personal participation in their solution.

And in consequence there is a widespread lack of appreciation of the tremendous things that are being accomplished here in the various fields of social work.

This, unquestionably, is one of the chief reasons, why the Community Chest in its last two campaigns has been able to raise less, by several hundred thousand dollars, than is actually needed for the effective operation and maintenance of the 107 agencies composing it.

On the other side of the picture: It is true in San Francisco that no child need go hungry or homeless. It is true in San Francisco that no "unmarried mother" — as was once the case—need tramp the streets until the very hour of her travail. It is true in San Francisco that hundreds of lives are now saved annually that once would have been claimed by the "white plague." It is true in San Francisco that the mortality rate among foundling infants has been cut in the space of a few years from 58 per cent to less than 3 per cent. It is true in San Francisco that tremendous strides have been made in the training and guidance of youth towards good citizenship and lives of usefulness.

But those are only high lights. There is still almost unlimited room for accomplishment; there are still crying needs that are not answered.

Colonel C.W. Bourne of the Salvation Army, whose work takes him often to San Quentin prison recently visited the "death chamber" where the State exacts ultimate penalty from those it has condemned to death.

"I saw twenty-one ropes stretching there," he says. "On each is a noose, waiting, waiting, ready for its victim. It will be several years before all of those ropes are used. Perhaps one noose is waiting for some boy now in a San Francisco high school. Waiting for him to make the misstep that will carry him down along the road that leads to the condemned cells. Others, who were good San Francisco High School boys have trod that path before."

The prison records show that most of the prisoners in recent years have been young men; many of them mere boys.

Juvenile delinquency is one of the most pressing of present day problems. The juvenile detention home has been called the "largest institution for boys in San Francisco."

And the work of the boys' clubs such as those affiliated with the Community Chest, has been proven the most effective counter-agent to the demoralizing and character-disintegrating influences that confront the youth of today.

The police authorities say that no Boy Scout has ever been sent to prison from San Francisco!

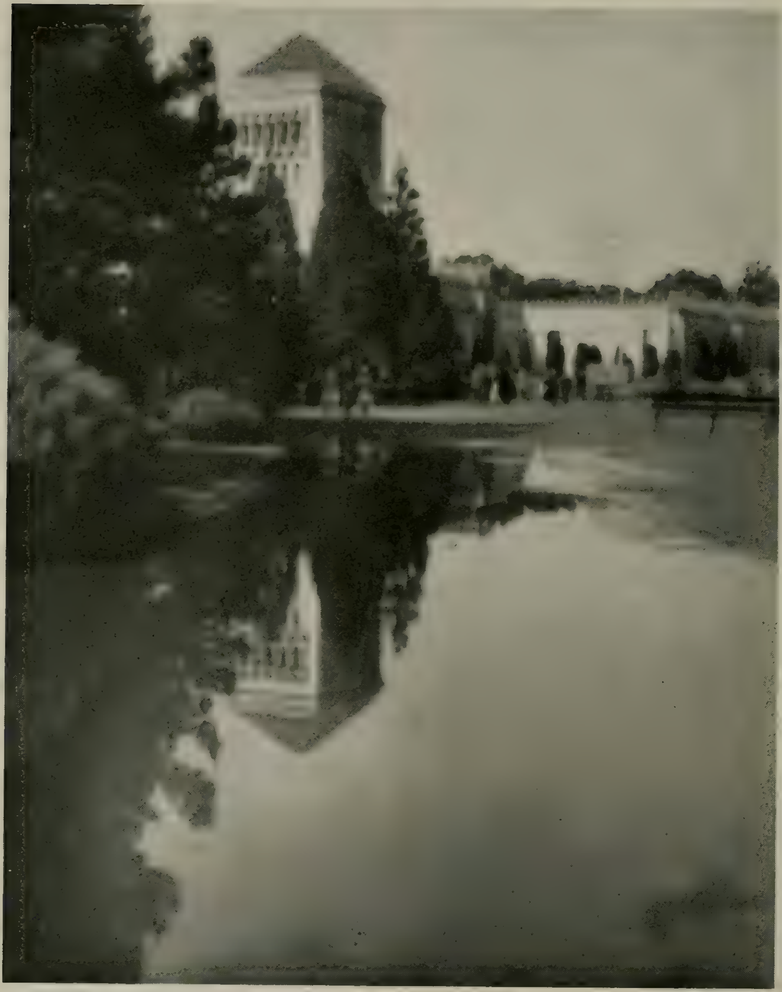
San Francisco's Community Chest is striving for public understanding of such things as these; an understanding that is of far greater importance than the annual money contribution.

To this end it has organized under Mrs. M. C. Sloss what is known as the Cooperation Department. Through this department knowledge of the work of the chest agencies is being spread through the schools, the churches, the men's clubs and the women's clubs. A course of study in social work is to be established this year for the first time in the San Francisco schools. Similar courses, in appropriate form, are to be made available for other organizations of all sorts.

It is the objective of Mrs. Sloss' organization to bring to every woman of civic consciousness in San Francisco an opportunity to know and to serve. Plans for this endeavor are shortly to be laid before every organization of women in the city.

While this work is educational it is none the less work that deals with subjects of absorbing interest, since the agencies of the Community Chest, reaching into every corner of the wide field of social work, deal daily with the problems and difficulties and aspirations of thousands of human beings.

Under a retrenchment policy of the Central Organization of the Community Chest, whereby personnel has been drastically reduced, it becomes more and more necessary to call in volunteer workers to carry on the necessary work in connection with the correlation of the social work of the community through one center. The Community Chest will more and more call upon the members of the Woman's City Club for the efficient and voluntary service which many members of the Club can give.



Courtesy of Camera Craft

MEMORIAL MUSEUM

Golden Gate Park, San Francisco

HOW DO YOU RUN YOUR HOME?

By ANNE PAGE

Executive Secretary of the San Francisco Center of the California League of Women Voters

MOST women and all men believe firmly that "woman's place is in the home." And yet this phrase has probably caused more friction, more quarrels, family and otherwise, and more divorces than any other catchword ever invented. On analysis, however, the only difference in the brawlers' points of view is in the interpretation of the word "home."

What is a home? Any of the older generations since the world began will tell you that home is not what it used to be. And the much maligned present generation will say the same thing to its descendants. The amusing part of the statement is that it is quite true. How could it be otherwise? Times have changed since the days of the caveman's family when the head of the house warned his wife that if she stuck her head out of her home she would get socked on the cerebellum by some neighboring gentleman who would be seized with an impulse to have her stay in his home. In those good old days a wife was an economic asset and a possession of the man who was physically strong enough to hold her. He hunted and she prepared the food and conserved the family resources. The family was an independent economic unit, beholden to no one for aid in living.

The caveman discovered after awhile what our forefathers later used as another catchword that "in unity there is strength." Civilization began with the working out of this idea. Common interests brought about organized production, hunting and fighting. The hunting and fighting were masculine prerogatives, of course, and production was by general (masculine) consent known as woman's work. The cerebellum socking process was reserved for inter-village amenities. When one village needed more agricultural laborers, there was promulgated a war for the necessary feminine labor.

In modern times, the community organization has developed from the village to the nation, but feminine labor still continues to be based on needs of the home. The home, however, has expanded to take in all forms of human activity. One home can no longer stand alone. It is dependent on the activities of all other homes. Our civilization is based primarily on the needs of the home and on the conservation of energy for the dwellers in the home. Organized effort, which is all that civilization is, means the turning out of physical or mental products by experts in exchange for different physical or mental products turned out by other trained individuals.

From the inexpert caveman days all work, as a matter of fact, has been based on the conserving of the home. The masculine prerogatives of hunting and fighting were for this purpose. Modern hunting and fighting are done in the market places. What is earning a living for one's family but hunting and fighting? This generation's hunting and fighting for the home are being done by both men and women, and are being done on more and more equal terms. Their products, whether physical or mental, are being turned out on an organized basis for the benefit of the home. Bakers turn out their loaves of bread in the thousands to give the housewives more time to devote to other activities. Butchers relieve men of the necessity of killing their own meat. Electrical and mechanical contrivances provide for the saving of labor and time. All these developments of modern industry involve individual competition in the fight to survive.

Survival is made easier by the turning out of mental products by experts in education. The experience of past human activities is taught the young in order that when they become adults they may be better equipped to deal with the conserving of that fundamental unit of the nation—their own homes.

The safeguarding of the home is relegated to another trained group, our governmental officials. They in turn give their mental services in exchange for the mental and physical products of others. And they too are part of an organized endeavor to conserve energy.

The various governmental departments are all directly or indirectly connected with the home. The police, fire, health, public works, education, and other branches have an obvious direct connection. They are all a part of the public home.

Indeed, yes, it is true that woman's place is in the home. Her place is in whatever part of commercial, educational, or governmental activity she can render the best service. And the conservation of energy developed by our civilization gives her an opportunity to render invaluable services.

Safeguarding the home is a function which women are well fitted to perform. Safeguarding the public home is a service which the National League of Women Voters considers the foremost duty of woman, the home-maker. Miss Belle Sherwin, President of the National League of Women Voters, has most ably defined the League as follows:

"The League is an experiment in political education to promote the participation of women in government. The League is an experiment in politics, first, because education solely to qualify citizens to meet their responsibilities to government has never been tried. It is an innovation which challenges criticism and challenges us. It is an adventure which runs the risks that pioneers meet and which calls for the courage that pioneers must use. It is a unique adventure in patriotism, a sober, determined, even dogged adventure to use the voting capacities of a great body of citizens for the largest public service, namely, helping the government to work as was intended when the fathers drew up the Constitution.

"The League is an experiment in education. We are trying out, testing in the hope of establishing, methods which if not new have never been so specifically applied and which have never been so widely used. Along with the courage of the pioneer and the dash of the adventurer our experiment calls for the invention of the educator, for the patience and devotion, the faith and the critical attitude of the scientist. For the experiment must be carried out for a considerable period of time to show its worth, and it must be carried out under all sorts of conditions, in every section of the country, among all sorts of groups of women of various occupations and different habits of life. This we have only begun to do.

"The League, as an educational undertaking, is in the van of the new movement of adult education. It is surprising to see how instinctively and how practically the League has made use of three of the features which characterize that very hopeful departure from conventional education. For political education in the League begins with the situations of learners, with personal necessities, with having to vote, and having to answer pertinent and pressing public questions. It insists upon responsible experience as an educative process, work related to situations, such again as voting as serving in election booths, as going to court either to observe or to sit on a jury.

"Finally, the League depends upon discussions — upon the exchange of ideas and experience between learners and certain types of teachers, live teachers who go to groups, such as the League assembles in many places, to get at the facts of situations, seeking political wisdom. So gradually, between learners and teachers, there is developed among us a wider and a deeper understanding of the situations in which we find ourselves—a setting for situations, as it were, which helps to account for them, making clearer what government can rightly do and what it cannot; what expectations we may entertain of it for the good life of all people; making definite what direction helpful work of loyal citizens must take."

The San Francisco Center, the local branch of the League of Women Voters, in line with League activities is a non-partisan organization devoted to:

Training for efficient citizenship;
The study of civic problems;
The discussion of public questions;
The support of needed legislation in city and State.

One of the most interesting committees in the Center is the City Government Committee whose chairman is Mrs. Ludwig Frank, a woman whose wide knowledge of San Francisco and its city departments has been built up through many years of study and experience. Mrs. Frank is the official observer of the San Francisco Center at the meetings of the Board of Supervisors. Her assistant as official observer at these meetings is Mrs. Alfred McLaughlin whose activity in constructive civic affairs is known to all San Francisco. These official observers extend a cordial invitation to all women, whether members of the San Francisco Center or not, to meet them on Mondays at the Board of Supervisors. They feel that it is a part of their duty in running their homes to cooperate with the governmental officials in safeguarding all homes.

How do you run YOUR home? Do you try to run it in the caveman style as a separate entity, or do you run it in modern style as a part of the community?

* * *

A group of volunteers has organized for the purpose of meeting the second Monday of each month to address envelopes for the magazine.

If other groups would like to meet to do similar work, Mrs. Louis Carl, Chairman of Volunteers, will be glad to hear from them.

"GARDEN OF THE APOSTLES"
Mission San Juan Bautista by Rowena Meeks Ashby

CREDO

If I should die and leave you here awhile,
Be not like others, soon undone, who keep
Long vigil by the silent dust and weep. . . .
For my sake turn again to life and smile,
Nerving thy heart and trembling hand to do
Something to comfort weaker hearts than thine. . . .
Complete these dear unfinished tasks of mine,
And I, perchance, may therein comfort you.

THOMAS GRAY.

QUARTERLY MEETING
CITY CLUB INAUGURATES NEW CUSTOM

By Beatrice Snow Stoddard
(*Mrs. T. A. Stoddard*)

THE first of the newly planned quarterly meetings was held July 18 in the Auditorium of the Women's City Club.

The reports selected for this meeting were of the following standing committees:

Education and Training, Vocation Information Bureau, Thursday Night Program and House Rules.

Mrs. Parker S. Maddux, chairman of the education and training committee, presided. She was introduced to the members by Mrs. Cleaveland Forbes, president of the Women's City Club.

Mrs. Charles Miner Cooper, chairman of the vocation information bureau was the first speaker. She reported that a very real contribution to the Club and the community had been begun in a proposed course of classes for Volunteers in Social Service. A preliminary survey is being made, after which definite plans will be drawn up. The course of open meetings, started in November and closed in May, dealt with:

Stenography as a Stepping Stone.
The Fascinating Field of Advertising.
Is a Woman Happier Working in a Business of Her Own or in the Financial Interests of Another?
Insurance as a Profession for Women.
Women in the Business World.

Mrs. Cooper continued: "These meetings were preceded by dinners at which our president, board members, committee members, club members and speakers met informally. We shall continue these meetings in the fall, starting about the middle of Septemper with the subject, "Social Service as a Profession."

"Our Bureau is visited by every type of person, those who wish 'a place where they can think aloud,' as one visitor expressed it, and those who are seeking placement information. We are used by other organizations as a consultant bureau. We touch many angles in life."

The Bureau was represented at the Conference of Social Work in Oakland, the Women's City Club in Berkeley, at luncheons of the California Management Association, and in other less formal meetings.

"In brief, our activities on behalf of the community are more than sitting in an office and talking to people. They mean going out and gathering information, making contacts wherever any new thing may be learned, working up subjects of interest to our club members and to the community at large. All this is imperative if we wish to keep up our growing reputation for accurate information."

Mrs. H. Owen, member of the faculty of Mills College, also secretary of the Education and Training Committee, told of the ideals and hopes of this committee.

Mrs. Maddux followed with a brief outline of the plans of her committee. Since every woman, nowadays is potentially or actively engaged in making a home, some of her needs may be met by a newly planned course, "Phases of Home-making." The lecture courses in Literature, by Professor Lehman and Brother Leo are to be continued and a series of lectures on "Art is in the Making" are scheduled.

Mrs. Maddux stated that the Forum lecture course had cleared eight hundred dollars.

Miss Rose Adler spoke briefly of the very workable plan of the Town Hall of Boston. This is, that yearly tickets are purchased by the members for certain specified amounts, which ticket entitles the members to several courses of lectures, both afternoon and evening, during the year.

On the point of smaller discussion groups, the chairman asked for suggestions. Miss Cora May made a plea for an interpretive reader of fine poetry and fine drama. Miss Martha Ijams suggested a group speaker on the beauty and charm found in good reading, Mrs. C. E. Curry urged for a competent speaker on "The Formation of Taste and Appreciation in Art."

Mrs. T. A. Stoddard, whose volunteer service is the direction of several groups who meet to read modern drama, spoke of her work. These groups meet every Wednesday in the committee room on the fourth floor. The afternoon group meets from three to half past four and the evening group from half past seven till nine o'clock. There is no fee attached.

The purpose is the reading aloud of plays by the members, and a free and cordial discussion of these plays, but from a scholarly aspect. Among the plays read are the following:

The Enemy, Channing Pollock; The Great God Brown, Eugene O'Neil; The Goat Song, Franz Werfel; Juarez & Maximilian, Franz Werfel; Aren't We All, Lonsdale; Ned McCobb's Daughter, Sydney Coe Howard; The Silver Cord, Sydney Coe Howard; The Constant Wife, Sommerset Maugham; The King's Henchman, Edna St. Vincent Milley; The Play's The Thing, Franz Molnar; Caponsacchi, Arthur Goodrich.

The plans for the future are, in brief, the study of play construction, the establishment of a prize to be given by the City Club for the best one-act play written by a member of the club, the production of this play under the supervision of one of our members, the costumes to be planned and made also by members, and finally, the play to be presented in the Auditorium, as a compliment to the membership.

Mrs. A. P. Black, chairman of the Thursday Evening Program Committee, reported: Since the annual membership meeting in March a program has been presented each Thursday evening in the month, making in all, nineteen. A great variety of subjects has been presented. We have had three illustrated Travel Talks.

A Trip to Hawaii, by Roy Murray; A Circular Tour of the National Parks, by G. C. Judah and Around the World in Sixty Minutes, by Deane H. Dickson.

Three Art Talks:

Persia and Its Art, by Dr. Ali Kuli Khan; Color in Everyday Life, by Rudolph Schaffer; Chinese Art, by Martin Rosenblatt.

The other addresses have been:

The Woman Movement, by Anne Martin; The Modern Woman, by Dr. Daisy A. Hetherington; The Newspaper Mother in a Jazz Age, by Alice Elinor; The Debt of the Adult Modern Youth, by Dr. George O. Jarvis; Modern Theories of Nutrition, by Dr. Agnes Morgan; Uniform Marriage and Divorce Laws, by Mrs. Genevieve Parkhurst; The Wonders of Radio, by Hugh Barrett Dobbs, William H. Hancock; The Character and Influence of Colonel Thomas Lawrence, by Mr. Maxwell Pierce; Investments for Women, by Miss Carlie I. Tomlinson; An Inside View of Moving Pictures, by Mrs. Walter McGinn; Reading—The Play's The Thing, Miss Lillian O'Neil; The Romantic Escape in Literature, Mr. Charles C. Dobie; Books and Experience, by Dr. J. Duncan Spaeth.

A new set of House Rules is about to be printed for the use of the members. Mrs. James Theodore Woods, Jr., briefly discussed the main points of this project.

MEMORIAL FOUNTAIN (*and detail*) by Ralph Stackpole
at Sacramento, California

MUSIC IN THE WOMEN'S CITY CLUB

By Anna Cora Winchell

OSSIP GABRILOWITSCH was a visitor to the Symphonylogues which are given every Monday evening by Victor Lichtenstein at the Women's City Club. He attended on July 18, which was the occasion of Mr. Lichtenstein's analysis of the program to be conducted by Mr. Gabrilowitsch the following evening at the Civic Auditorium.

Scriabin, Russian modernist, came most prominently under discussion that evening, and, during the outline of the composer's C minor Third Symphony, Op. 43, the speaker called upon Mr. Gabrilowitsch for an additional word. The latter modestly replied that Scriabin was the least well known to him of composers and that Mr. Lichtenstein was doing the subject much justice. "I came, too, to learn, tonight," the noted conductor said most graciously, and his friendliness showed itself again when he engaged in a short discussion with Mr. Lichtenstein concerning a phonographic record of the Schubert "Unfinished" Symphony.

Piano excerpts from the Scriabin "Divine Poem," as it is more generally designated, were played by Mr. Noah Steinberg who has given to the Symphonylogues competent and artistic cooperation. The series will close August 22 and in the interim Mr. Lichtenstein will have touched upon the Tschaikowsky "Pathetique," Rossini's "William Tell," Dvorak's "New World" Symphony, Respighi's "Pines of Rome" and other works of similar note, not announced at this writing, to be conducted by Willem Van Hoogstraten, Vladimir Shavitch and Hans Leschke.

Next month, beginning Sunday evening, September 4, the Music Committee of the Club will open its second season of the evening concerts which proved so successful with their launching last March.

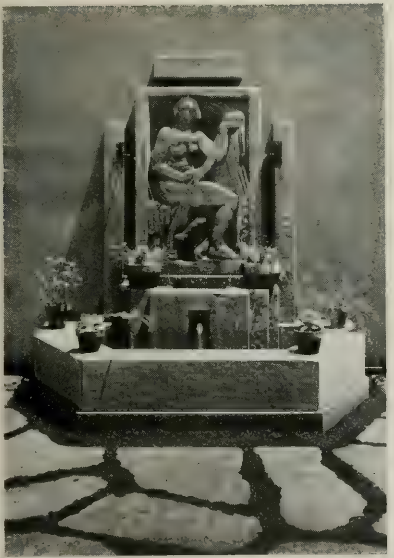
Mrs. Leonard Woolams, chairman, will be in Europe until December and during that period the concerts will have the chairmanship of Mrs. Paul C. Butte. Hostesses have been invited to preside on the succeeding dates and have responded with the same interest which marked the Sunday evenings of last spring. The following outline will indicate what may be expected in the way of musical pleasure under these hostesses:

September 4, Mrs. Charles H. Holbrook, Jr.; September 11, Mrs. Percy Goode; September 18, Mrs. J. E. Birmingham; September 25, Mrs. Charles Christin.

October 2, Mrs. Francis Shaw and Mrs. Alan P. Cline; October 9, Mrs. Sidney Van Wyck, Jr.; October 16, Mrs. Horatio P. Stoll; October 23, Mrs. Shirley Walker; October 30, Mrs. John A. Traina.

November 6, Mrs. Frank Allen; November 13, Mrs. Alfred Hurtgen; November 20, Miss Ruth Davis; November 27, Mrs. Carlo Morbio.

A special program, appropriate to the season, will be given on Christmas Eve and, during the fall, there will be varied types of music, offering operatic works, chorals, dance classics, folk music.



THE fountain against the wall of the roof garden on the fourth floor of the Women's City Club was given by Mrs. Marcus S. Koshland, a pioneer member of the National League for Woman's Service and subsequently one of the first to help in the organization of the Women's City Club. The fountain was designed by Ralph Stackpole, San Francisco artist, and is symbolical of the bounty which is distributed by the hand of woman.

ROOF GARDEN on Fourth Floor of Women's City Club and Fountain given by Mrs. Marcus S. Koshland.

RESOLUTION

At the meeting of the Board of Directors held on July 18, the following resolution was adopted:

Resolved: that upon application and upon the payment of six dollars, annual guest cards be issued to the wives of consuls of foreign countries whose legal residence is outside the United States, and the wives of officers of the Army and Navy of the United States in active service, while stationed at San Francisco or immediate vicinity.

A bridge party which is being arranged by the Golf Committee will be held in the Auditorium of the Club, Tuesday evening, August 23, at 8 o'clock. Tables are three dollars each, which includes refreshments and prizes.

All the members of the Club are invited to come and play bridge and hear of the plans for golf play in the Women's City Club.

The arrangements are being made by the Golf Committee, of which Miss Evelyn Larkin is Chairman. The other members of the committee are: Miss Evelyn Larkin, chairman; Miss Harriett Adams, Mrs. William Johnston, Miss Sadie Kuklinski, Mrs. Marie Maloney, Miss Helen Raggsdale, Miss Christine Ramsey and Mrs. E. C. Weber.

* * *

DRAMA READING GROUPS

The Drama Reading Groups will resume meetings on the afternoon and evening of the first Wednesday in August at three to half past four o'clock, and half past seven to nine o'clock, in the committee room on the fourth floor. It is hoped that all the members will be present.

BRIDGE PARTY

There will be a bridge party at 8 o'clock the evening of August 23, the proceeds to be devoted to purchasing equipment for the golf committee's department. Refreshments will be served after the card game. Tables may be reserved for three dollars each.

The affair is in charge of the following committees:

Tickets: Miss Harriett Adams, Mrs. E. C. Weber.

Refreshments: Miss Christine Ramsey, Miss Evelyn Larkin.

Prizes: Mrs. Wm. Johnston, Mrs. Marie Maloney.

Decorations: Mrs. Pearl Baumann, Miss Sadie Kuklinski, Miss Helen Raggsdale.

* * *

COOKING CLASSES PROPOSED

In response to a request from several members, the Educational Committee is investigating the feasibility of arranging a course of practical lessons in plain cooking to be given in the evening to accommodate business women, provided the enrollment justifies the formation of the classes. All members who are interested are requested to leave their names at the Information Desk on the fourth floor.

* * *

Mrs. Coffin van Rensselaer, vice-president of the National League for Woman's Service, was guest of honor at a luncheon given today, August 1, by the board of directors of the Women's City Club and a tea by the members.

ELLEN SWALLOW RICHARDS AND VASSAR COLLEGE

By JULIA C. LATHROP

Reprinted from the April (1927) *number of the Journal of Home Economics by special permission of its editor, Helen M. Atwater.*

THE editor has kindly offered me the privilege of sending a note upon the influence at Vassar of Ellen Swallow (later Mrs. Ellen Swallow Richards).

She entered Vassar in 1868 when the College had been in existence three years and she was graduated in 1870. It is clear that the faculty at once recognized her unusual intellect and her astonishing industry. Her fellow students, of course, saw her ability and they found also a sweet, friendly companion, but one of a high, independent spirit. She came from the conventional New England life where there was courage, much love for study and culture, and little money. She had taught before she entered Vassar and tutored through her college years. Naturally she turned to teaching when she left. Yet she embraced the opportunity for something more thrilling than the usual teaching at home and signed a contract to teach in Argentina. Fortunately or unfortunately political changes compelled the Argentine government to cancel the agreement.

After a delay of some months she decided that she would try to be a professional chemist. She applied for an apprenticeship in various commercial firms in vain. Next she applied to be allowed to enter the Massachusetts Institute of Technology which up to that time had received no women students. Surprisingly enough Dr. Runkle, the president, persuaded the board to allow her to slip in. When she found herself admitted she wrote to a friend, "You will know that one of my delights is to do something that no one else ever did." Her work at the Institute was a marked personal success. But that was not enough for her. She wanted to make it easy for other women to enter the door she had opened. And gradually she was able to obtain the creation of a Woman's Laboratory at the Institute. This meant more for the advancement of women than meets the eye at first, for no school in Boston was open to women students in which they could obtain the instruction in chemistry necessary for the study of medicine. For seven years Mrs. Richards took charge of the Woman's Laboratory, worked in it without salary, and gave in money to its support, an average of one thousand dollars yearly.

Others will tell of the leadership and organization which she gave to home economics in its beginnings and will remind us that she was not patient with those who insisted upon more study before applying the knowledge already acquired in the field of home economics. But she was too great to stop there or anywhere and it is significant that in 1910, the year before her death, she published a little volume entitled "Euthenics." She coined the word and defined it as "The betterment of living conditions through conscious endeavor for the purpose of securing more efficient human beings." She knew that study and scientific research in many lines were implied in such a wide definition. The stream of discovery must be enriched from many springs in that long effort to overcome "the inconvenience of ignorance"—a phrase she quoted from the colonial Eliot.

Vassar had watched with pride the career of its gifted daughter and made her a trustee in 1894, an honor she at once repaid by devising a system of sewage disposal for the college so excellent and at so modest a cost that it was said no alumna at that date had ever given so valuable a contribution to Vassar. In 1915 the alumnæ of Vassar created the Ellen Richards Lectureship Endowment in her honor.

In 1924 the division of euthenics was created by the trustees of Vassar with a generous endowment given by Mrs. Minnie Cumnock Blodgett, an alumna who in her own city had done much to show what could be done in that area of euthenics we may call child welfare. The director appointed by the Board is Dr. Annie Louise MacLeod.

Necessarily such a departure from the conventional arrangement of college courses as the new division of euthenics entails requires time and experiment for its development. But at hand are found many interrelationships among the courses now existing and the new division will give a new synthesis. The framework of euthenics at Vassar at present consists of a research and graduate school for the study of parenthood and the family; a summer school of post collegiate grade; provision of undergraduate courses. With the division of euthenics guided and developed in the keenly scientific, wisely human manner of Ellen Swallow Richards, is not her influence fitly honored by her alma mater?

* * *

SET FREE

By Mazie V. Caruthers

A mystic in whose strange, clairvoyant eyes
The shadows of the unseen world seem clear,
Tells me that e'en in fairest Paradise
You are not happy, Dear, my Very Dear,
Because my sorrow and my anguished cries
Re-echo through the miles 'twixt Heaven and here!

If what the seer says indeed be true,
And in that blessed land of pain's release
Your soul is fettered yet to earth cares through
My weeping—then such selfish tears must cease.
See? I am smiling as I used to do!
Be free henceforth, Beloved, and at peace!

A NEW VOCABULARY IN AN OLD CALLING

By Cornelia McKinne Stanwood
Principal Sarah Dix Hamlin School

ON his way to the Institute of Pacific Relations at Honolulu, our fellow Californian, Mr. Chester Rowell, sends home some of his illuminating "Comment." Among the other delegates to the Institute aboard the steamer are many of the leading educators of this country and the talk which Mr. Rowell hears naturally turns to education. Practically all admit the futility of most of their work. Methods are wrong; aims are wrong. Yet they either do not see what other course to pursue, or they lack the initiative to strike out bravely.

This is a day of conflicting ideas and ideals in education. Different theories and practices of manual training and vocational education have had great vogue during the last ten years but not without vigorous protests. These protests have ranged from the instinctive cry of parents that fads in the schoolroom are crowding out the time-honored "three R's" to the better considered and more broadly based objections of many experts. Within a few weeks a distinguished professor and department head in one of our western universities has complained to me of the time his daughter—a public high school student—had been obliged to spend in the elements of a trade far outside his scheme or hers.

Compulsory attendance has swamped the schools with young people indifferent to every phase of education. Hand in hand with this, the idea that every boy and girl should have a college course has had parallel results in higher institutions. So that now we find university authorities taking drastic measures of relief, ranging from severer examinations planned definitely to eliminate definite numbers of students, to the recent proposal of that generous supporter of university education, Mr. Rockefeller, Jr., that tuition fees be substantially raised.

Dissatisfaction is expressed from every angle. Only last week a trustee of our largest library was lamenting to me the lack of preparation of applicants for library positions—all of them high school graduates—many of them college graduates. In the examinations the favorite magazine of the applicants was often "The Red Book." Many could not tell who wrote "Our Mutual Friend."

What does this mean? We know that more books and magazines are being published and read than ever before. They are more expensive and young people are reading constantly.

In the days when our library trustee learned to know books and to love them, there was glamour in the world. The father of her household probably quoted Byron, Pope, Shakespeare and the Bible. There was reading aloud around a student lamp in a library. Books were inherited. They were beautifully bound. They were bought one by one and became part of the personality of the house. There weren't too many poets or novelists or scientists to fill the library shelves of those generous comfortable days. It was a blessing to have such a heritage in education. It made for simplicity, honesty and fineness in living.

But what have we now in its place? The apartment is too small and the rooms too expensive and we have to move so often that there is no place for books; especially inherited books. So they are moved on very promptly to the Seamen's Institute.

"The twenty bookes, clad in blak or reed, at the beddes' head" of this library trustee when she was a young girl are not the books we find today on bedside tables. Our books have the same gay black and red covering but they come from the nearest circulating library and the plan is for them to go back at once.

The young applicants for the library positions not only had no library inheritance to draw on but they owned no copies of the poems or the novels they themselves studied in the high schools. The free text book law has had that effect on the children of this generation. They lost the joy of possessing those books in which they first met the poets. They studied Chaucer's Prologue, all of them, once. But they turned the book in when it was finished and now they are not quite sure what it was about. Maybe it had something to do with Una and the Red Cross Knight.

The theory that "Self-Expression" rather than discipline is the aim of education has been having its day on the platform and in the classroom. Certain schools have claimed that pupils must not be asked to do anything they do not want to do—or anything that is hard. But at this point too there is coming a storm of protest. Within a month a national "weekly of current life" has contained a forceful article boldly referring to "The Great Self-Expression Delusion" as a "passing phase in education."

Again an educational program which has captured the attention for the last several years is that of the junior high school and junior college. Now, within four months—to mention only one leading review—there have appeared a criticism of the junior college movement by no less a person than Professor George Herbert Palmer, of Harvard, and an anonymous later article with the unequivocal title, "The Junior College Menace—as Seen from Within."

Futility—delusion—menace. These are strong words of denunciation, and all used by educators of experience and authority.

In this confusion of counsels is there no safe ground? It is manifestly desirable to try out new ideas in education, and some schools are performing a service of great value by carrying on this work of experimentation. But what of the schools which are not able to give themselves over to these tasks? And what of the parents who are not willing that their chil-

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dren should be merely material for these laboratory tests—or, to put it more strongly, sacrifices on the altar of this or that new cult? What is the sound position?

It seems that in education as in other activities of life true wisdom is to be found in the trite advice to hold fast to what is proved good in the old, yet to welcome the promise of the progressive educational program.

And is not that what has been done, consciously or unconsciously, by the best teachers always?

A score or more of years ago a man of genius in a specialized department of knowledge and of education, Sir Frederick Pollock, after surveying from his outside and impartial English point of view certain new methods of professional education which have originated in the United States, gave them his approval, but concluded that, after all, the method did not make so much difference—that it was the teacher who counted. The right one could make any method work, and the wrong one could do nothing with the best method. The good teacher considers himself in relation to the pupil before him and by keeping a listening ear and an open mind to the experience of other teachers, chooses the plan most suitable to the pupil's personality.

After all, the only program is whatever is best for the individual child. Adapt the program to the child and remove every obstacle which hinders the child. For nearly six years it was my responsibility to help in removing obstacles from a group of pathetic children—the wards of the State and the Counties — children deserted by parents, crippled, misshapen — sometimes with blank faces—to see that these youngsters had their chance for such education as was best for them. And it was a joy to see them growing and developing when they did get their chance.

So, to an extent, it is with all children. There are obstacles to be removed from each, so that he can be free to develop to his best. This notion of education has its parallel in the then new notion of the physician's practice as told by Dr. Oliver Wendell Holmes when occupying his chair in Harvard Medical School, namely, that to "cure" was, properly, nothing more than to do what the derivation of the word indicated—"care for" the patient and remove obstacles so that Nature of itself might restore health.

At the annual meeting of the Na-

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tional Council of Primary Education held at Dallas, Texas, in March of this year, much time was devoted to a comparison of the results of "formal" and "informal" teaching. Prominent in this discussion was Lucy Sprague Mitchell, well known and much loved here by the many who remember her in her California days. The result arrived at may be expressed in everyday language—"both are good."

So, in teaching, it is easy to lose one's way in this new vocabulary. We are met in education as in religion by the "modernists" and the "fundamentalists" and wonder whether there is an inevitable opposition. We find in teaching that we begin with the formal, proceed to the informal and are soon back again at the formal.

The real teacher will succeed with one system or another, with many pupils or a few, in a public school or a private one. In some ways the public school has advantages, but the private school has in this conflict of old and new a very favorable position. It is independent. It has no dictation from outside. The teacher makes her own policies. The school is small enough for her to work with the parent on the individual needs of the child. She can insist on simplicity, sincerity and honest preparation as a basis for the responsibilities that come with living.

A clear-thinking woman, Emily Newell Blair, wrote a magazine article last year, which attracted attention, telling "Why I Sent My Children Away to School." Mrs. Blair had put both her girl and her boy into private schools. Her reasons for doing so were, in a few words, to get them into a place where they would have hard, regular work, under teachers whose personal influence would be good and where the classes would be small enough for that influence to have play and for the individual pupil to be understandingly dealt with by the teachers.

Questions and theories did not enter into her choice — she merely wanted to bring the right teachers into close touch with her children. And isn't that, and that only, what we all want?

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By WILLOW B. SWAYNE
(*Mrs. Warren H. Swayne*)

WHILE abroad recently I had the great privilege of taking luncheon at the American Women's Club both in Paris and in London.

The club in Paris was formerly the fine dwelling of a French family and is splendidly fitted to accommodate the needs of a woman's club. It is dignified and extremely beautiful, but very simple too, and has about it a friendly air that makes you feel immediately at home there. It is a house of not many rooms and adjoining it is a lovely garden where one may lounge or have tea during the warm summer months.

The club in London is quite different and has a story attached to it. As I understand it, it was built at tremendous expense, before the war, by a German gentleman. In order to finish and furnish his home as he wished he purchased two chateaux, one in France and one in Italy, dismantled them, and brought to London their finest treasures — beautifully carved wood for interior trim, wonderfully beautiful chandeliers, statuary, art treasures of all sorts which made of his London home a veritable palace. It is very large, having thirty bed chambers beside the usual spacious rooms which go to make up a handsome residence.

At the outbreak of the world war, the English, for national reasons, confiscated this home and turned it into a sort of government building, using the lower apartments for military of-

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fices, and the upper floors for war invalids.

When the war had ended, it was suggested that the American Women's Club might procure the property from the government at a very low figure. This plan was pursued and soon the club was ensconced in the most luxurious and handsome surroundings possible. They are very proud of it and well they may be for surely a finer building and garden for the purpose could hardly be imagined.

I look back with the greatest pleasure to the time spent at these two beautiful clubs where hospitality seems to be the watchword. Surely such evident cordiality goes right to the heart and leaves me with a sense of very warm interest in the well being and success of these two splendid clubs.

* * *

USE THE CLUB

Members are requested to use the Club as much as possible—for teas, luncheons, dinners and the shop.

GODS

I fear to pray the God who lit the universe
And hung the silver lantern of the moon
Midway between the darkness of the sky and earth,
A God who made the gold magnificence of noon!

I cannot ask a favor from the Hand
That struck a million anvil sparks across the night
And called them stars. I fear the God
Of glittering constellations and of meteor light.

But I can kneel before a God of little household fires,
Who lights the small swift scarlet of the flames that leap
On little waiting hearths,
The God of lamplight over men asleep.

I ask my boons from One who lit the kitchen coals
We thought we kindled all ourselves;
I have no fear for that kind God of candle flames
On nursery shelves.

—*Kathryn Worth*
in the New York Times.

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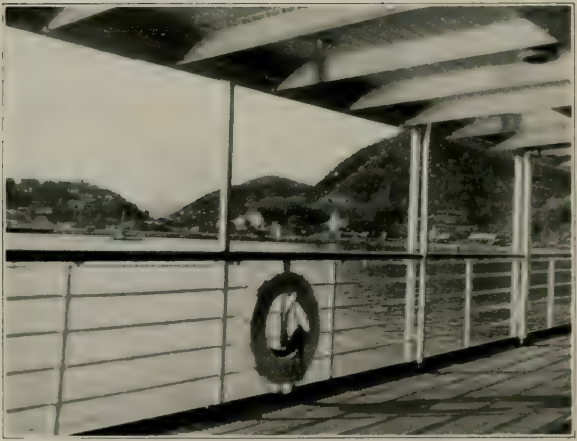

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The Plutocrat—Booth Tarkington.
Brother Saul—Donn Byrnne.
The Magic Garden—Gene Stratton Porter.
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Aug. 1	Current Events—Mrs. Parker Maddux, Leader	*Assembly Room*	7:30 P. M.
	Symphonylogue—Victor Lichtenstein	*Auditorium*	8:15 P. M.
Aug. 2	League Bridge	*Assembly Room*	2:00 P. M.
	League Bridge	*Assembly Room*	7:30 P. M.
Aug. 3	Current Events—Mrs. Parker Maddux, Leader	*Assembly Room*	11:00 A. M.
Aug. 4	Thursday Evening Lecture	*Assembly Room*	8:00 P. M.
Aug. 8	Symphonylogue—Victor Lichtenstein	*Auditorium*	8:15 P. M.
Aug. 9	League Bridge	*Assembly Room*	2:00 P. M.
	League Bridge	*Assembly Room*	7:30 P. M.
Aug. 10	Current Events	*Assembly Room*	11:00 A. M.
Aug. 11	Thursday Evening Lecture	*Assembly Room*	8:00 P. M.
Aug. 15	Current Events	*Assembly Room*	7:30 P. M.
	Symphonylogue—Victor Lichtenstein	*Auditorium*	8:15 P. M.
Aug. 16	League Bridge	*Assembly Room*	2:00 P. M.
	League Bridge	*Assembly Room*	7:30 P. M.
Aug. 17	Current Events	*Assembly Room*	11:00 A. M.
Aug. 18	Thursday Evening Lecture	*Assembly Room*	8:00 P. M.
Aug. 22	Symphonylogue—Victor Lichtenstein	*Auditorium*	8:15 P. M.
Aug. 23	League Bridge	*Assembly Room*	2:00 P. M.
	League Bridge	*Assembly Room*	7:30 P. M.
Aug. 24	Current Events	*Assembly Room*	11:00 A. M.
Aug. 25	Thursday Evening Lecture	*Assembly Room*	8:00 P. M.
Aug. 30	League Bridge	*Assembly Room*	2:00 P. M.
	League Bridge	*Assembly Room*	7:30 P. M.

OTHER THAN CLUB ACTIVITIES

Aug. 4	President's Assembly, Meeting Mrs. A. E. Buckingham, President	*Board Room*	3:00 P. M.
Aug. 7	Unity Temple Services	*Auditorium*	11:00 A. M.
Aug. 8	Upsilon Alpha Convention	*Board Room*	10:00 A. M.
Aug. 9	Upsilon Alpha Convention	*Board Room*	10:00 A. M.
Aug. 10	Upsilon Alpha Convention	*Board Room*	10:00 A. M.
Aug. 14	Unity Temple Services	*Auditorium*	11:00 A. M.
Aug. 21	Unity Temple Services	*Auditorium*	11:00 A. M.
Aug. 25	Theatre Arts Club	*Auditorium*	8:00 P. M.
Aug. 28	Unity Temple Services	*Auditorium*	11:00 A. M.

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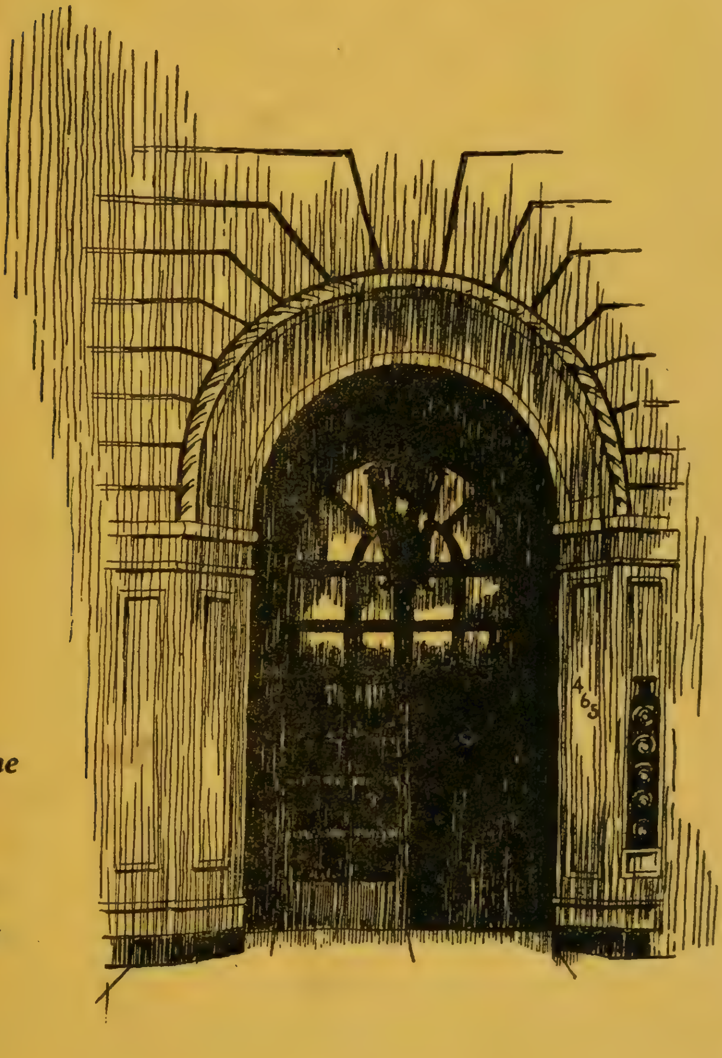

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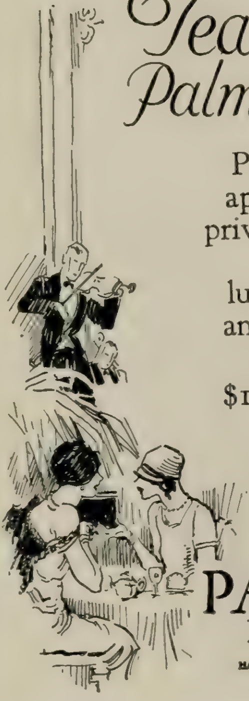

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Parliamentary Procedure—Mrs. Annie Little Barry, Thursday, September 15, 7:00 p.m., room 317 Shreve Bldg.

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Picture taken at Women's City Club August 1—when tea was given for Mrs. Coffin Van Rensselaer

Left to Right—

Back Row: Mrs. W. H. Middleton, Mrs. R. D. Brown, Mrs. G. Chester Brown, Mrs. John Stanton, Mrs. Frank White, Miss Elizabeth Mansell, Mrs. A. R. McKnight, Mrs. Robert H. Donaldson, Mrs. Hardy-Ballance, Miss Edith Leale, Mrs. John L. Taylor, Mrs. William Rader, Mrs. E. J. Turkington, Mrs. D. E. Bowman.

Center: Mrs. E. Van Coevering, Miss Maud Hurford, Mrs. W. S. Leake, Mrs. R. Marsh, Mrs. Frank Hennessey, Mrs. William B. Ryder, Mrs. Ben McCulloch, Mrs. B. Cerf, Mrs. Jessie D. Ashley, Mrs. A. Musgrave, Mrs. John Leale, Mrs. Louis Haber, Mrs. E. A. Hables, Miss Barbara Funston, Mrs. Charles Clough, Mrs. H. B. Gibbs, Mrs. R. J. Martin.

Seated: Mrs. Henry K. Shaw, Mrs. Ruth Miller, Miss Elsa Garrett, Mrs. Cleaveland Forbes, Mrs. Coffin Van Rensselaer, Mrs. Pheobe C. Rockwell, Miss Anna S. Knox, Mrs. Paul Shattuck.

THE
WOMEN'S CITY CLUB
MAGAZINE
OF
SAN FRANCISCO

VOLUME 1 SEPTEMBER, 1927 NUMBER 8

THE VALUE OF THE INSTITUTE OF PACIFIC RELATIONS TO A CALIFORNIAN

By MRS. ALFRED McLAUGHLIN

Only woman member from California to the Institute of Pacific Relations.

WE have had for several generations in California a vivid and tragic example of what happens when East meets West. So it would seem ridiculous to even mention the advantage it is to California that certain wise people, with a long vision, plan an institute where East would meet West and attempt to diagnose the causes of the friction when they do meet and the means to prevent that friction, if possible.

Since the institute was composed of individuals, not delegates, and since there were no resolutions, and no conclusions, only a careful exposition of scientific facts and an equally careful and conscientious discussion of those facts, from every angle, and by every sort of person, from every sort of race around the Pacific, I can only tell you what I, as a Californian, learned and concluded.

We had a problem here in California of an alien race in the Chinese and, in another generation, an alien race in the Japanese. That this problem was not solved by mere exclusion was evident to anyone, even with the simplest sociological training, so at the Round Tables at Honolulu I followed conscientiously the Round Tables, discussing food and population and concomitant problems. It was thrilling beyond words to see scientists quietly presenting facts so objectively that the most opposing points of view could meet, if not agree.

And it was thrilling, for when one harks back to the Peace Conference in Paris and knows that at that great gathering the Japanese had gone with one tenacious and persistent demand, namely, "The right of free migration, unrestricted and irrespective of color." It is no secret that the Shantung cession was the compromise on this matter. Even two years ago at the 1925 meeting of the Institute of Pacific Relations the Japanese were still insisting that free migration was an inalienable human right. So it was a great surprise to find that the

Japanese economists agreed with our economists, that migration was no solution of the problem of surplus population. They plainly said that their resentment of our exclusion act was the resentment of the method, not of the fact.

So the question comes, if population be not fluid, in a world sense, what happens to this island whose population has doubled in the last sixty years, and whose available agricultural resources have been developed practically to the limit, and whose raw materials for manufacture are practically nil? That is the question that was earnestly discussed for three days. The many ramifications touched on international loans, on tariff barriers and on the possibilities of an effective industrialization (by this I mean the manufacture of those articles which would find a free and ready market in the world), all holding the center of the stage and receiving careful attention.

No quick solution was or can be found for a condition so pressing and so serious, and no one solution will ever be the answer. The only hopefulness in the thing was, I should say, that the leaders of the Japanese people now realize the folly of throwing themselves in a mass against the stone wall opposition of the world to migration, for they realize, or at least those in Honolulu did, that, even given free migration and suitable lands, all the ships in the world could not take away from their small island enough people to make any impression. So, facing the fact that migration is no solution, it is hopeful they will bend all their energies to find other solutions. They had statesmen and scientists at Honolulu of the highest calibre and in their anxiety over the possibility of their people being hungry and underfed it was easy to foresee that they only anticipated by a century or more the problems of all the countries of the world.

Why is there restlessness and friction between people in the Pacific? Because of their different standards of living and because their leaders fear what will happen when a people, vibrant with the sense of nationality, know that they are hungry while some places in the world are well fed. Of course there are political, as well as economic and racial problems, but the very basic thing makes all the world akin. No man is going to see his family hungry, or go hungry himself.

And so since we cannot see our neighbor in a town struggling alone with a problem like this and survive ourselves, can we safely allow our neighbor in the world struggle with a problem like this without friendly understanding and helpful interest?

I have only touched on one phase of one group of Round Tables from which I got a great education and as the result of which the group of scientifically trained people feel they must go home and do much research in order that, in the Institute two years hence, they may have some really helpful and constructive suggestions.

Surumi, the leader of the Japanese, in his final speech, rose to heights of real spiritual greatness when he said that the Japanese were ready to be patient, though they wanted to be put on the quota system in regard to exclusion in America along with the rest of the world. They were ready to be patient until such time as the usual magnificent American sense of fair play was revived, so that the relation of the Japanese to America could be seen in the true light.

ORIGIN OF INSTITUTE

By SUSAN F. HIBBARD

Regional Director for Illinois and Central States of League of Women Voters.

THE Institute of Pacific Relations, formed in 1925 following the abrogation of the Gentlemen's Agreement with Japan, had for its objective the discussion of the problems of the Pacific by other than diplomats and politicians. Its second meeting in Honolulu in July of this year proved that men and women of different countries representing neither government nor institutions may bring new facts to light and gain understanding through frank discussions carried on around a table.

Certainly its 128 members—from Australia, Canada, China, Great Britain, Hawaii, Japan, Korea, New Zealand, the Philippines and the United States — came away feeling themselves richer in facts, in personal contacts and in a will to find a peaceful solution to their common difficulties, political, economic and social, which must always arise in intercourse between people of different race and culture.

The membership of the Institute was of a high character, capable of presenting a definite picture of its country's policies and problems.

In view of the recent developments in China, the program was adjusted so that the first three days of the Conference were given over to her problems. Four Round Tables, presided over by a Canadian, a Japanese and two Americans, respectively, were held each morning. There were about thirty people in each group, all taking part in the discussions. In the evening the results were pooled in a general meeting.

Publicists, international bankers, men of big business interests, missionaries whose lives had been spent in China, men who were specialists in international law and those who had already set up governments, experts on population and food supply, professors of economics, anthropology and sociology, a member from the League of Nations and one from the Labor Bureau at Geneva, other labor leaders and men in public life concentrated their attention on China's immediate problems. Tariff autonomy, extra territoriality and foreign concessions were the subjects of these meetings. They were subjects in which 17 countries are deeply concerned, but perhaps no country so fully as Great Britain, who for three-quarters of a century has played a large part in China's affairs.

Yet it was the British who were in the van in recognizing that the time had come for the Chinese to dictate their own policies. The British members of the Institute were the first to indicate their readiness to assist the Chinese members, all of them Nationalists, in working out a progressive scheme and a definite time-limit when China should take over entire responsibility for its government. Young China—definite and determined in its policies — asked on its part for an understanding of its nationalistic ambitions by the western world and for a fair attitude toward it. Intervention by foreign powers would only delay attaining the goal set and would throw the doors open in China to the Communistic ideas of Russia. These, they said, would be a menace to their high ideals, which the Chinese wish fervently to maintain.

Round Tables were held on Emigration and Immigration. Many phases were discussed, such as their causes, the reasons for friction, difficulties in assimilation into a population, the right of a State to determine who it will accept and whether the question is a domestic one or to be controlled by international law. Mr. Tsurami, a brilliant man of affairs in Japan, made plain Japan's attitude towards the Gentlemen's Agreement with America. Japan hopes some day what it regards an insult will be wiped out and that the suggestion made that it be put on the quota system will be adopted. Meanwhile, it abides by the decision. It does not ask to emigrate to America; that would in no way solve the almost insolvable problem of food and population, but it would go far toward forming better relations between the two countries if Japan were put on a plane with other nations.

In the Round Table on Missions, a new valuation was made. The Chinese delegation — which was mostly Christian — expressed the conviction that missionaries in the future must come only at the invitation of China and must be willing to conform with China's policies rather than to dictate their own. Young China is open to many new ideas. Christianity it feels will always have a place among the religions of the country.

Many other subjects were discussed at the Institute, such as population and food supply, industrialization and mandates. Printed and mimeographed material was distributed before and during the conferences, so that each member has in permanent form the result of this fact-finding body. For three weeks at Punahou College in conferences, at the dinner table, in groups of two or three when friendly conversation went on far into the night, knowledge and experience was pooled and views were modified and occasionally reconciled.

A minimum of agreement on the most controversial subjects was found, often of larger area than one would have supposed possible. More facts were demanded. Further research projects were planned. The members left the Institute feeling the Conference had offered an opportunity and a technique for promoting human understanding.

* * *

MEN

By PAUL RYAN

A race of men have the power of their God.
A single man is weak.
A race of men, from many a pen,
Its whole soul can speak.

The toiling hand of a single man
Can only seek
A small part of his great heart
To speak.

A small part of a great soul,
One fragment of a mighty whole,
While other fingers toil with ink
And minds on other problems think.
On other fingers God has blessed
The sacred talent to say the rest.

Only a part of what I feel
Into my verses seems to steal,
And all, when said, would be one part,
One throb of a mighty human heart.

THE INSTITUTE OF PACIFIC RELATIONS

By ALICE DRAPER CARTER

Mrs. Edward C. Carter, wife of the secretary of American group of the Institute.

THE history of the last twenty-five years reveals great strides in the closer relationship of the nations, both in the spiritual and material spheres. Today it is a commonplace to say that no nation can live unto itself. By earth, by sea, by air, bands of intercourse have drawn the world together. The Atlantic basin has in the past laid chief claim to international attention. The present sees the center of interest moving toward the Pacific. But not only is the international situation changing, but the method of dealing with such a situation is changing, too. Since the Great War, people are no longer willing to leave the settling and unsettling of international relationships in the hands of a few. The voice of the common people demands a hearing and consequently the education of public opinion has become one of the most important tasks of our modern time. The power of ideas is the greatest power in remaking the world. How to discover the truth, how to make that truth the desired and common possession of all, and how to ensure the wise and unprejudiced use of that truth is a task that commands the best brains and the most faithful and untiring effort.

Some years ago a group of men in Honolulu realized these facts and conceived the idea of gathering representatives from the countries bordering on the Pacific, to the end that they study together their civilizations and cultures, and from such a background of knowledge frankly and sympathetically discuss the great issues and disagreements existing between them. It was recognized that there was an inadequate international machinery working for peace in the Pacific, that the nations bordering on the Atlantic had come to grief because of lack of such machinery, and that steps should be taken in time to save the Pacific basin from similar catastrophes. The organizers of the Institute movement largely represented the Y. M. C. A., but they soon realized that the conception was one which could best be carried out independently of one organization. Before the first Institute was held in 1925 the Y. M. C. A. as such had largely dropped out of the picture.

The genius of the Institute is that it is absolutely unofficial and free. It it a gathering of citizens from the different countries who come as individuals and in no way represent their governments or any organization. It is understood that no ringing resolutions will be passed and broadcast to the world. No final conclusions will be reached and voted upon. Organizations and governments cannot be embarrassed and implicated. This makes frank talk possible. Day after day representatives met together in groups of two or three, at round tables and forums, and freely discussed burning political, economic and social issues. Understanding and great mutual respect and a state of mind evolved which served as a solvent in which the answers to problems might precipitate. To be sure, cut and dried answers were not found, but a psychology presaging agreement was created which augured well for the future. The necessity of further study and greater research in preparation for the next Conference in 1929 emerged and steps have been taken to meet this need. Each delegate cannot help but broadcast the spirit of the Institute as well as the facts brought by experts, men of affairs and publicists from the many countries represented.

The personnel of the Institute was interesting. There was a preponderance of educationalists. More business men, labor leaders and men and women of affairs would have added perhaps to the value of the discussion. Women came as members of each delegation; for it was recognized that there was no special sex prerogative of wisdom, and truth was sought from the minds and hearts of all citizens. The Institute will prove of special significance to woman, as it has given her an opportunity not always accorded her of entering on an equal basis with men, in the councils of international citizens. For men and women alike, those two weeks held a new experience in conferences. For it was definitely sought to bring together people of differing viewpoint and background and conviction. It was not a meeting of like-minded people. They did not come together knowing the program to be followed. In fact, the program grew from day to day and was built upon the outstanding issues as they presented themselves to the members of the Institute. It was a veritable experiment in democracy. The problems as they emerged dealt with China and the Powers, in Extraterritorial, Tariff and Concession relationships; with Emigration and Immigration; Population and Food Supply; Foreign Missions and the conflict of cultures and spiritual convictions as they come in contact with foreign civilizations; Diplomatic Relations in the Pacific; International Education.

Those who took part in the discussion not only learned new facts about other people but they learned new facts about themselves — their prejudices, their points of view. There was a time, and it is not long past, in fact to some it has not yet passed, when peoples came in contact with each other with eyes blinded and ears deaf and minds closed, and they then attempted to judge the other. The fable told by one of the Japanese delegates is a warning to such would-be Internationalist:

There were once two frogs. One lived in Kyoto and one in Osaka. Each heard of the greatness and beauty of the other's city and they started out to visit and see for themselves. They met on the top of a high mountain and after proper respectful salutations they told each other their errand. The mountain was so high and the air so clear that they suggested that if they stood up they might be able to see in the distance, the city to which they were going. And so they stood up and each said, "How wonderful, the city to which I am going is just like the one I have left! So why go further? I already know what I shall find." So they went no further and returned home. Neither realized that his eyes were on the back of his head and that when he stood up he looked back on the city from which he had come.

◆

DEDICATION

Take not the vision from my ken;
O, whatsoe'er may spoil or speed,
Help me to need no aid from men,
That I may help such men as need.
RUDYARD KIPLING.

IMPRESSIONS OF THE INSTITUTE OF PACIFIC RELATIONS

By Dr. Ada Comstock, *President of Radcliffe College*

THE first impression of anyone meeting the 137 members of the Institute of Pacific Relations must have been, I think, an impression of variety. Men and women, young and old, Chinese, Japanese, British, Canadian, Australian, American, Korean, Filipino, we were to name only the broadest classifications. We represented a number of religions and many sects. In occupation and economic status, we were various — rich man and poor man, lawyer and doctor and merchant and chief, teacher and preacher. Some, in reviewing the Conference, thought there were too many of us from the colleges; and some thought there were too many from the executive staffs of Christian associations; and Americans tended to think there were too many Americans. There seemed to be a general opinion that next time the Conference would be benefited by the inclusion of a larger number of persons described as hard-boiled business men. Whether gentlemen so characterized can be reduced to a state of captivity and brought in any numbers to such a conference, is another question.

But if variety of personnel was the first impression made upon the observer, the second assuredly was one of unity. Whatever their differences, all the members of the conference were people of training and of wide experience. They had in common—and it constituted their reason for being there — a recognition of the existence and the importance of international problems. There was no one in the group who could conceive of a Nation as living or dying to itself alone; nor was there anyone who did not with quite evident fervor desire that relationships between nations should be increasingly humane and just. The interest of the Conference lay in our variety; the feasibility of it rested upon our fundamental unity. Again and again the question rose to my mind whether blood is thicker or thinner than common training, common experience, common hopes and ambitions. As it was, however, a cardinal principle of the Institute that no conclusion should be reached, the question remained unanswered.

The results of the fortnight of meetings could be known only if one could somehow catch and formulate the impressions carried away in the minds of all the members. No resolutions embodied them, no minutes can record them. In general they seemed to me to be of three kinds. First of all, facts were vitalized and made significant. The population problem of Japan, the tremendous evolution going on in China, the unsatisfied Nationalist desires of Korea and the Philippines—such facts took on some of the reality of personal experience and first hand knowledge. With the facts thus realized, solutions for the problems they involved were necessarily proposed and discussed, but in no case were these solutions voted or given the backing of the Institute. Their value lay in the evidence they gave that members of nations whose rights and interests appeared to be in direct conflict can find grounds of agreement and settlement. An increased faith in the possibility of peaceful adjustments was one of the results of the Institute.

Other changes in attitude no less important seemed to be taking place insensibly in the minds of the members. It seemed to me that I noted a steady diminution in the tendency to generalize about races and nations. There was more talk of individuals and less of groups, more talk of the welfare of the Pacific area and less of conflicting interests in the Nations within it. If in the minds of 137 people emphasis shifted from points of difference to points in common, the Institute could hardly ask for more encouraging results.

There were naturally some moments which were of surpassing interest. Sometimes they occurred in the Round Tables, when in the course of the discussion someone flashed out a statement of fact or principle which illuminated the situation. There was such a moment in the Round Table on diplomatic relations in the Pacific when an authoritative speaker cut across discussion of obstacles to disarmament in the Pacific with the assertion that disarmament was a matter of principle and that the questions under consideration were only details. Another came on one of the days devoted to problems in China when an American speaker put into clearest, fairest words the justification for the existence of extraterritorial rights and was answered as clearly and fairly by a Chinese speaker with a statement of the principle according to which, with no loss to civilized custom, such rights might be relinquished. There was a great moment in one of the Forums when Lionel Curtis explained the aspirations of Great Britain in terms of the British Commonwealth of Nations; and another when Mr. Tsurumi, out of his wide experience in speaking to Japanese and American audiences declared that in each country the fundamental spirit was friendly and right and that Japan would await "in dignity and patience" the expression in our immigration policy of our essential good will.

Upon one member, at least, the final impression left by the Institute was a sense of the richness of civilized living which will be achieved when each people is in a position to make its full contribution. As the Institute would have been the poorer without the poetry of our Maori member the exquisite courtesy of the Japanese, the humor and astuteness of the Chinese, society in general in all the forms of expression which culture takes needs the enrichment which diverse races can supply. In describing the ideal University, Newman prescribed as one of its essentials the drawing of its students from all quarters of the globe so that they might have the benefit of contact. We say much nowadays of the economic dependence of each part of the world upon all other parts; we have yet to appreciate what culture will gain from a world organized for intercourse.

* * *

Mrs. Van Rensselaer Entertained

Mrs. Coffin Van Rensselaer of New York, vice-president and regional director of the National League for Woman's Service, was tendered a luncheon by the board of directors of the Women's City Club last month and a tea by the members.

THE INDIVIDUAL AND THE INSTITUTE OF PACIFIC RELATIONS

By GERTRUDE ELY

National Chairman for Young Voters in the League of Women Voters.

A NATURAL and I think, important, question which the members and guests of the Institute of Pacific Relations ask themselves is, "What, if any responsibility has the *individual* in trying to bring about peaceful, intelligent solutions of international problems and difficulties?"

There are increasing signs all over the world that factors quite apart from well-established political organizations or professional statesmen have influenced the decisions of governments when controversies between nations have arisen, and definite, and sometimes new policies have to be formulated. What are these factors and are they definable? It seems clear that since the Great War thousands of participants who have survived have interested themselves in what steps governments are taking in international affairs. Systems of spreading news have improved enormously, publicity has given news of the business of the League of Nations to people all over the world, and I also during a recent trip in the near East and far East have heard statements of President Wilson quoted over and over again. The individual has begun to take a new responsibility in political affairs which he has come to realize concern him in a very vital way.

When war measures were considered by Great Britain against Turkey in 1922, for the protection of the Greeks, we heard through the papers that Canada had refused to cooperate in any action which might lead to war, and recently when the United States Government seemed to be considering it necessary to send an army into Mexico, surely it was a newly awakened public—a better informed public—that demanded arbitration as a substitute for war, or at least a postponement of decision until a more extended investigation had been made.

No matter how many organizations exist for the prevention of war, or how much excellent machinery, such as that of the League of Nations, we may devise, still we are not safe unless we are protected from hasty action taken by governments when they, as well as the people, have not had time to get the whole story.

Herbert Croly in an article which will appear soon in the New Republic, says that when an increasing number of individuals in interested countries have been able to get and study the facts about international problems, we should be able to prevent governments from having to make a Hobson's choice or a choice between two evils, by releasing scientific and historical data which give a perspective not easily found in politics.

The Institute of Pacific Relations seems to fill particular needs in promoting new internationalism and is unique in the history of conferences, and during the discussions and forums on topics relating to countries and peoples in the Pacific area, one began to realize gradually that this was the first attempt made in the history of the world to consider and study a single ocean area as having its own especial characteristics and problems.

As to membership, there are no

delegates, no official representatives of any organizations or persons; members only speak for themselves and have no authority; no conclusions are reached; no resolutions are passed; the individuals go their ways into ten or more countries and many islands and nothing is done! But — here the new element in international affairs comes in. The *individual* members with no previous commitments—men and women alike—about twenty-five women and one hundred and fifteen men from ten countries bordering the Pacific, enjoyed the advantages of having the most recent research and correlated facts of history about these countries, given to them in printed form and informally by economists, bankers, men of affairs, international lawyers, geographers, students of cultures, anthropologists, social scientists, students with diplomatic experience, missionaries, medical men, presidents of colleges, journalists and publicists, and experts on food and population. With these facts before them, opinions and experiences were exchanged, members spoke frankly of national problems and ambitions and as a result of this unique opportunity for getting the other man's point of view, many old convictions were altered or inaccuracies wiped out, former suspicions and personal prejudices were sometimes supplanted by the gradual realization of common problems and the interest in finding a way out. One heard a man of diplomatic experience say he had sat up most of the night talking with a food expert. An anthropologist made a special engagement to talk to a missionary or a prominent labor representative, active in excluding orientals from Australia, or New Zealand, or the United States could talk very informally with brilliant, well-informed Japanese and Chinese — and several times I had members say the whole long trip and the time spent would have been worth while if only to meet *so-and-so,* generally someone of a different race or nationality, with a different point of view.

These members will continue to study and teach, will have informal talks with government officials, with clubs, and other organizations, with editors and reporters, and so Japanese, Chinese, Koreans, Filipinos, British, Australians, New Zealanders, Hawaiians, Canadians and Americans may come to feel a better informed responsibility toward their common interests in the Pacific, through the establishment of the Institute of Pacific Relations and the new method of conference for selected unofficial individuals.

Institute for Business and Professional Women

The first meeting of the Fall Series will be held on Wednesday, October nineteenth. Dr. Adelaide Brown will be the speaker. The subject, by request, will be "Social Service as a Profession for Women."

Owing to the interest displayed in the last series of public meetings, the Committee of the Vocational Information Bureau has decided to hold four meetings—one in October, in November, in January and in February. Subjects and speakers will be announced later. The policy of short talks with open discussion will be followed. All the meetings are open to the public as well as to club members.

PERMANENT PACIFIC RELATIONS

By EDITH WALKER MADDUX

Delegate from California in 1925 to Institute of Pacific Relations.

TO get the reports from the members of the second session of the Institute of Pacific Relations has been an especially stimulating experience to one who attended the first meeting and who served in 1925 on the permanent organization committee. Then, as now, we sought facts, frankness, fairness, friendship, the fundamentals of the conferences; two years ago it was a successful experiment, now it is an experienced success.

The Institute of Pacific Relations was described by one of its first members as an "adventure in friendliness" and its far-reaching motive was always the permanent peace of the Pacific. By talking over differences, by appreciating divergencies, by forestalling misunderstandings and by eradicating misinterpretations, unity of purpose even in diversity of opinion seems an ideal possible to achieve. It certainly has been achieved in the two meetings already held. The Institute is therefore practical and it appeals to the prudential spirit of present-day America. Someone has wisely said, however, that the United States is laying too much stress upon the prudential virtues and that this absorbing prudence is the cause of a growing discontent because our people are at heart a pioneering nation. Two years ago in Honolulu we were genuinely pioneering in Pacific friendships, and perhaps this fact more than anything else has assured the permanency of the Institute. For it is indeed a venture where the prudential virtues and the pioneering spirit working together conquer the dangers of misunderstandings.

So much for the purposes of the Institute which must of necessity remain the same from meeting to meeting. What of the program? The agenda of subjects discussed? Here, too, there has apparently been slight change; perhaps in the recent session there was more temerity in choice and more depth in attack. Naturally a preparation of two years could improve the subject-matter for discussion and deepen the research for the elusive "facts." Naturally also the sore points remained the same, with an abatement of some of the pain. And there must be more facts, year after year. Vide China!

As to the personnel of the members, whereas two years ago the criticism was made, perhaps unjustly, "Too many religionists," this year some of the members are saying "Too many academics." But how could such a conference be overweighted on the spiritual side, peace being, of all things, a spiritual message; and how could logical discussion, scholarly research and economic roots be attained without the college professors? Inasmuch as the brotherhood of man is often solely interpreted by the trade envoy, the same cry has gone up both years "We need more business men in the membership." In point of fact there must always be two large groups contributing and disseminating, the expert diagnosticians and the common carriers. If this year's membership contains more glowing names of world repute it is the most genuine tribute that can be paid to the importance of the work done by the pioneers two years ago. To distinguish personal influences in so large and distinguished a group would be manifestly impossible, if not indiscreet; but I venture to state that I am expressing a unanimous feeling when I say that the leadership of the presiding officer has been the greatest single factor in the success of both sessions. To lead an international forum through the discussion of such questions as restrictive immigration laws, racial "superiority," missionary "mistakes," and customs autonomy, and to show unerring fairness and tolerance, is the achievement of a statesman, and Pacific relations are safe when we continue to have such fair and enlightened chairmanship as that of Dr. Ray Lyman Wilbur.

No paper plan is a panacea for all the ills of the world unless based upon the genuine friendliness of its upholders, and every honestly tolerant individual on the face of the earth adds to the sum total of inter-racial friendship. To such simple truths, perhaps self-evident, is the Institute of Pacific Relations, the training-school for tolerance and peace, permanently dedicated.

FRENCH CLASSES

The winter courses in French, under the guidance of Mme. Olivier, will begin Monday, September 12. Classes for elementary, intermediate and advanced students will be held on Monday evenings and a conversational class will meet on Friday mornings at 11 a. m.

Members who are interested in these classes are requested to register as soon as possible, at the Information Desk on the fourth floor.

Fees (fifteen lessons): Members, $6.00; non-members, $7.50.

ADVENTURE

A boy, I had a strong desire
To break up boulders, just to know
Their crystal cores. I waded streams
For shells, to see their nacre glow.

And now, a man I love to look
Upon plain common men, and pry
Into their hearts; for each one holds,
If not a star, a trace of sky.

—*Charles G. Glanden*
in Will-o'-the-Wisp.

A SAN FRANCISCO FLOWER STAND

By HANNAH HINSDALE

The colors of the city all are there;
Rose, for the dawn that blooms upon the hills,
Gold daisies for the glory of her sun,
Bluettes to echo blue of sky and bay.

Largesse of her essence!
Like coins, the petals fall
On the curbstones of Market Street.
And the mignonette—it is the mist of memories
That befogs the heart,
So we may not forget.

BOOKS OF THE MONTH

REVIEWED *by* INGLIS FLETCHER

THE WOMEN AT POINT SUR

By Robinson Jeffers
Boni & Liveright—$2.50

"Why does your brand sae drop wi' blude,
Edward, Edward?
Why does your brand sae drop wi' blude
And why sae sad gang ye, O?

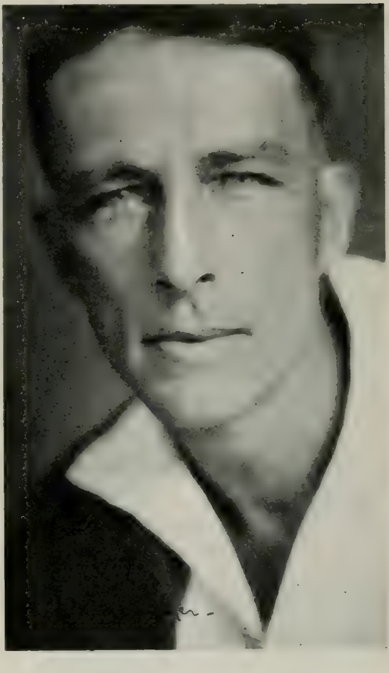
O I hae kill'd my hawk sae gude,
Mither, Mither;
O I hae kill'd my hawk sae gude
And I hae nae mair but he, O."
—*Old Scottish Ballad.*

How much of his inspiration Robinson Jeffers gathered from this ancient Scottish ballad for his long poem, "The Women At Point Sur," would be difficult to determine; for he used the theme over and over. It runs, a red stream throughout the book and the tragic rhythm of it beats like a drum throughout the drama.

For it is a drama. Whether the author uses the medium of what his publishers designate, "a long novel-like poem," or not, the fact remains that in theme and content, "The Women At Point Sur," is as truly a tragic drama as any of the plays of Euripides.

It is as controversial as "The Captive," and if it were a novel instead of a dramatic poem, we would begin to compare the author with D. L. Lawrence's writings in some of its phases.

Critics are constantly in danger of the overuse of comparison. When something unusual brightens the horizon, they search about for an author they are familiar with and begin drawing parallel lines. And so it is with the work of Robinson Jeffers. You think of Whitman and of Shelley and discard both—Keats, when Jeffers is in his highest poetic ecstasy, but only when you have gone clear through the book do you realize what Robinson Jeffers has done. He has hewed his way back to the Greeks with a broad ax. He disdains the "slender pointed sword" of Shelley. He smashes our modern forms, cuts through traditional barriers. But he does reach out for the classic form in beauty of line, in dramatic climax and in theme.



ROBINSON JEFFERS

He has the brooding grandeur of the Greek tragic poets and the only sense of present day life is in the names of the characters and in those Freudian dreams, that puncture the drama and bring the underlying theme to the surface. These are the weak spots in Mr. Jeffers craftmanship.

The theme is not a pleasant one. But we are growing up, in a literary sense, and we can sometimes read books that are not written in the so-called "typical American manner." In fact, Mr. Jeffers handles his material in anything but a typical American manner. He treats it as a Latin would treat the same subject matter.

Euripides, in the "Bacchae," handles the theme in a way to make it a great drama. Yet there is, in "The Woman At Point Sur" something of the heroic verse line that compares favorably with the older poet.

> "I was calling one of the great dancers
> Who wander down from the Aleutian rocks and the open Pacific,
> Pivoting, counter-sunwise, celebrating power with the whirl of a dance, sloping to the mainland.
> I watched his feet waken the water
> And the ocean break in foam beyond Lobos;
> The iron wind struck from the hills."

There are times when one feels that the physician rises beyond the poet, then Jeffers becomes clinical, and the drama suffers. He deals with inversions and inverted types as casually as did the Greek dramatists. In this he is very much in advance of our American poets, excepting always, Walt Whitman. But there is no doubt that Robinson Jeffers is an authentic poet of great spirit, intrepid and fearless. He has an exquisite sense of form and a classic feeling for pure beauty.

I do not think that the Carmel poet could ever be accused of choosing his story with the idea of "shock" in mind. He is not a sophisticated writer. He has knowledge in the same way a scientist has knowledge and he uses it, as I said before, clinically, at times.

The poet understands moods, not only of people but of land. He creates in the flow of his verse, the brooding almost savage atmosphere of Point Sur. A place where tragedy is born and nurtured must have its effect on the human beings who dwell there. They could no more escape from its inevitableness than they could escape death.

> "I drew solitude over me, on the lone shore,
> By the hawk-perch stones; the hawks and the gulls are never breakers of solitude.
> When the animals Christ was rumored to have died for drew in,
> The land thickening, drew in about me, I planted trees eastward, and the ocean
> Secured the west with the quietness of thunder. I was quiet.
> Imagination, the traitor of the mind, has taken my solitude and slain it.
> No peace but many companions; the hateful-eyed
> And human-bodied are all about me: you that love multitude may have them."

Barclay, the old prophet, carried forward a vast rebellion against life religion as he had practiced it for years, and against the four walls of his home. Half crazed at first, wholly, later, he gathers together those mountain people — lowly half developed souls and tried to give them a new Light. Symbolism is veiled and revealed, in rhythmical movement through the long story. The author struggles to say something much more vital than he ever puts into words.

> "The vulture that broods in the pitch of the blue
> And sees the earth globed, her edges dripping into rainbow twilights: eyed hungers, blind fragments: I sometime

> Shall fashion images great enough
>   to face him
> A moment and speak while thev die.
>   These here have gone mad: but
>   stammer the tragedy, you
>   cracked vessels."

There may be some question to Robinson Jeffers selection of material; the development of his characters: the ferocity, the lust and degradation through which they pass in their search for emotional or spiritual outlet. That is a matter for the individual to decide. Almost every well known critic in America has recognized Robinson Jeffers as a poet. This latest work is more ambitious than "The Roan Stallion" — and perhaps better writing on the whole. The judges will acclaim him—but the mob would tear him to pieces if they should read his book—which they are not likely to do.

Perhaps, fifty or a hundred years from now our descendants will say with certain boastful pride of possession, "In California, long years ago there dwelt a great poet by the name of Robinson Jeffers."

MARCO MILLIONS

Eugene O'Neill
Boni & Liveright—$2.50

AGAIN Marco Polo. Certainly no adventurer or hero of past is re-created and brought back out of oblivion as often as that old Venetian.

This time he assumes an entirely new character at the hands of our greatest playright, Eugene O'Neill. Polo emerges, something between the braggart Cellini and Lewis' Babbitt.

Marco Millions is the title of the play, according to his publishers Boni and Liveright, the first play of O'Neill's to be printed before production. There is no doubt it will have success, O'Neill is too sure of his technique to turn out anything that is not actable. He is great enough to break all dramatic laws, and get away with it. For the very simple reason that he has a complete knowledge of the rules he chooses to disregard.

That is the only way anyone can break dramatic rules—or social rules—from knowledge, never from ignorance.

There is opportunity in Marco Millions for a magnificent production. Fancy the combination of thirteenth century Venice and the splendor of the Oriental court of the Great Kaan, Kabuli, whose empire stretched from Eastern Cathay to the Danube.

A pathetic figure this great Kaan, who ruled millions and could not give his granddaughter, the Princess Kukachin, whom he adored, the one thing she wanted.

The play is filled with subtle irony against Christian, against Mohamettan, against Buddhist, all alike under the skin.

Chu-Yin, a Cathayan sage, voices the author, in his sane understanding of the complications of life. Even he cannot break through the magnificent self-complacency of Marco Millions.

Marco is the type of men we know today who have spent their lives amassing millions and have overlooked everything that makes life vital and splendid. They manufacture for themselves a mask of Babbittry and go their way in contentment.

In other words Marco Polo was a merchant with a merchant's soul; the great adventures that came to him were not of his seeking, they followed inevitably his pursuit of millions. There never was such absolute complacency indicated in all the history of the stage as this Venetian merchant, depicted by O'Neill.

The play is written in three acts, many scenes, a prologue and epilogue.

Marco is perfectly characterized in this speech.

"That'll be grand. There's nothing better than a good seat at a good play after a good day's work in which you've accomplished something and after you've had a good dinner, and just take it easy and enjoy a wholesome thrill and a good laugh and get your mind off of serious things—until it's time to go to bed."

Could anything be more bromidic? The T. B. M. personified.

It takes the genius of an O'Neill to give life to the old Marco Polo by showing that the standards of life in ancient Venice, run parallel to the life of today. Unquestionably Eugene O'Neill is head and shoulders above any dramatist writing in the English language. He is entirely his own master. He asks nothing from anyone who has gone before him but he will leave much to those who come after him.

* * *

MONTEREY

By Elizabeth Gerberding

Start from an old adobe wall,
Mud-made, white-washed, roofed with tiles,
That wheel the strong hot shadows
Of a dial's face.
Go straight adown an ancient street
To where it curves to the blue Bay,—
Sapphire and purple,
White waves on whiter sands
In perfect crescent.
Look out across to where the hills swing round,
Amethystine, pastel pink, against an opal sky.
Out in the west an orange and crimson glory
Pearls all the clouds with iridescence
That pulsates in a wave of change,
From frowning castles, pile on pile,
To fleets of little boats,
Like those that dance all day upon the Bay.
Now all the strata of the sky's wide rim
Softens and darkens, blue on blue.
Out on the water little lights flare out
To send a golden finger trembling
And touching fearfully the waves
Now that the sun has gone.
Behind, the pine-encircled town grows black.
Two towers beneath a twisted tree
Brood on the days gone by.

FRANCIS AND GENE McCOMAS

By BEATRICE JUDD RYAN

BEATRICE JUDD RYAN
Art Critic of Women's City Club Magazine

WHEN a lady says to a painter, "I want a decoration, but don't give me a landscape, seascape or figures," the artist might feel at a loose end unless he happened to be Francis McComas.

For that is just what happened recently when Mrs. James Murray commissioned him to paint a decorative panel for the living room of her Monterey home on the hill behind Gouverneur Morris, behind Marcey Wood, behind Percy Grey, behind Lucy Pierce.

A living room that invites one to linger, a combination of soft hand woven yellow cushions on a low divan, cigarettes, and the gracious lady of the house. As for the decoration (it belongs where it is) and is interesting from the viewpoint of material and beautiful in point of execution.

"A symphony of historic Monterey," it might be called—a composition of old landmarks woven together in intriguing color and pattern, done in the best McComas manner, which is always a knowledge of craftsmanship, plus a genuine feeling for beauty.

In these days of sloppy drawing it is a joy to find an artist who works with attention to detail. Each historic building was drawn large, separately in charcoal, with minute care, before the whole was fitted together, almost like a jig-saw puzzle—here is the old firehouse, there the courthouse, and there the Stevenson home. No wonder the price asked for the charcoal sketch goes well up in three figures for it takes the artist a week to complete it. I am repeating now what she of the canary yellow crepe shirt and cherry velvet jacket told us as she showed the drawings a day or two later.

Gene McComas, the artist's wife, and an artist herself—a woman of perfunctory manner, "coldly aloof," said my companion, but her eyes and her painting had told me another story. Wasn't her canvas of the South Sea Woman a contradiction? Alive, not wooden, as another artist had painted the same model. Then there was a mammoth screen that was insolent in its daring, an order done for a Spanish dining room. Much black and white and splashes of brilliant color. A Spanish courtyard with crowds of figures on the balconies. No, not cold, detached perhaps.

THE SAN FRANCISCO OPERA ASSOCIATION

By MARIE HICKS DAVIDSON

IF grand opera is, as has been poetically said, the flower of musical expression, then San Francisco may be said to be the topmost branch of the tree upon which grows "a concord of sweet sounds," for San Francisco has a Grand Opera Association which is neither endowed, subsidized nor supported by the municipal government.

The only revenue it has is that derived from the box office and the interest on the fund which was assembled in 1924 from the sale of "founderships" at fifty dollars each. That fund was something more than $100,000 and the interest upon it is added to the principal as it accrues unless it is needed in the giving of performances of unusual lavishness.

San Francisco is given dignified advertisement throughout the music-loving world as a city in which the people have vision and enterprise and means to support a grand opera association. Also it is known that the organization gives opportunity to aspiring students of voice or instruments to give expression to their arts. In chorus or orchestra, if the young artist proves worthy, time and place is provided for him or her to make the crucial first step upon which so much depends in any career. Thus is reciprocity the very keystone of the arch upon which the San Francisco Opera Association is built.

It is not something of, upon or remote from the life of the city. It is as much a part of the community as the schools, theaters, libraries or parks, a living, pulsating, permanent entity. How far reaching is its influence or into what lives it ramifies may never be computed.

The fifth season of grand opera in San Francisco is about to begin. When the curtain is raised on the night of September 15 upon "Manon Lescaut," Gaetano Merola will be standing there for the fifth opening night under the aegis of the San Francisco Opera Association. The chorus, orchestra and lesser artists will be San Francisco's own. The stars of greater magnitude will be from the Metropolitan and other eastern and European opera companies. The scenery, accessories and business management will also be California's own.

The policy of the Association is directed by an executive board of nine men elected from a body of fifty-one governors who are selected from among the founders of the organization at intervals provided by the bylaws. Thus, the administration is as democratic as the purpose and the incalculable influence of the Association.

In the last few weeks shop windows all over the city have bloomed with quarter cards giving the names of the artists, operas, dates and other specific information about the season of 1927. The newspapers and other media have printed much entertaining matter relating to the singers and their songs, so that it were superfluous to tell of them here.

The big fact is that one of the youngest cities in America has an opera association worthy of the traditions of any city in the world, and that, year by year, the attendance grows and the quality of the productions keep apace of musical progression.

THE THEATRICAL OUTLOOK

By Edith Bristol

September brings in oysters and theatrical managers.

Producer and press agent, alike, are quiescent in August.

But when the "r" of September returns, the bivalve gets onto the menu and the manager and producer burst forth into promises of dramatic events for fall and winter.

San Francisco confronts tempting items for the coming season's bill of fare.

"The Gospel," according to deMille, starts the season for the Columbia in September, when the spectacular picture "The King of Kings," based upon the life of Christ, is promised.

The picture appeals not alone to the established group of picture fans; it draws a clientele who are not film devotees in the ordinary sense of the term. It is expected to have a long run at the Eddy Street house.

Ruth Chatterton is popular with San Francisco audiences, and has been, since her earlier appearances here with Henry Miller.

Hence the Curran announcement of her return is welcomed. She comes in "The Third Day," a European comedy.

"Maryland," the Schuberts' musical comedy that ranked first last season in

SAN FRANCISCO
OPERA
ASSOCIATION
ANNOUNCES THE
FIFTH ANNUAL SEASON
UNDER THE DIRECTION OF
GAETANO MEROLA
at the
Civic Auditorium
September 15 to October 1

Manon Lescaut, Tristan und Isolde, La Tosca, Turandot, Romeo et Juliette, Il Trovatore, Cavalleria Rusticana and I Pagliacci, Falstaff, Aida, La Cena Delle Beffe, La Boheme and Carmen
with
Alsen, Peralta, Macbeth, Roselle, Donnelly, Seymour, Bourskaya, Marlo, Meisle, Bada, Laubenthal, Chamlee, Oliviero, Tokatyan, Martinelli, Amato, Pinza, Scotti, D'Angelo, Defrère, Sperry, Picco, Tibbett.
Ballet Master Kosloff,
Première Danseuse Fredowa

Seats now selling at
Sherman Clay & Co.
from $1.00 *to* $5.00
TAX EXEMPT

San Francisco Opera Association ❦ 68 Post Street
W

New York among operettas, is promised later in the season. Mitzi is coming, with a new vehicle for the Hungarian favorite.

"Broadway" Jed Harris' thriller that lifted 'em right up in their seats, and "The Spider," in which revolvers bark in so many parts of the house that the audience looks for the nearest exit — and can't move, for fascination—these are two of the New York successes headed Curranward.

Under the new Lurie regime — whereby the erstwhile Wilkes, now operated by Louis R. Lurie, gets the same attractions that the Belasco theater books in Los Angeles — that house is promised a season of meritorious entertainment. It starts with Johnny Arthur in "I Love You," followed by Taylor Holmes in "The Great Necker."

The Henry Duffy Players, at the Alcazar and the President, have their fall season nicely mapped out.

"The Alarm Clock," startling the echoes of the Alcazar, seems wound up for a long run without rewinding, and guaranteed to waken the most somnolent. "Pigs" is the comedy to follow the last tinkle of "The Alarm Clock."

"Two Girls Wanted" is the new comedy at the President, with "What Ann Brought Home," to follow, making its first showing on the Pacific Coast, and "The Gossipy Sex" scheduled after that.

The Players' Guild this season, launches a program that verges on the professional. Reginald Travers directing, the Guild players promise a four-weeks' repertoire of Shakespearian productions; a revival of Gilbert and Sullivan favorites; Shaw and Galsworthy for the serious side of the theater and "A Trip to Chinatown" for its lighter aspects.

Vaudeville houses, the Orpheum and Golden Gate, promise a season of big names for headliners and worthwhile bills to support the toppers. Pantages has signed up for all the Fox Films output, with such outstanding successes on the screen as "Seventh Heaven," "Loves of Carmen" and "East Side—West Side," a picture of the building of the New York subway.

Incidentally — if one cares to include the announcement among "dramatic" news — this house is to offer Peaches Browning, the "most talked about girl in America." What price glory!

The other picture houses, devoting August to the arduous efforts of "Greater Movie Season," pledge hearts and hands to "bigger and better" efforts. But as to what they are, explicitly, eager picture fans just have to wait and see.

For picture announcements are not dated too long ahead—they, again like the oyster, must be served fresh.

Altogether, the forecast is that the San Francisco theatrical reviewers won't have time to read "The World of William Clissold" this season.

They may have time for the comic strips.

* * *

At the request of many members, who are not returning to the city until later, the Play Reading Groups will not resume their meetings until Wednesday, October 5.

Sunday Evening Concerts

The Sunday evening concerts of the Women's City Club resumed August 28 after the summer vacation with Mrs. Charles Holbrook acting as hostess. Mrs. Paul Butte, chairman of the music committee, presided.

WOMEN'S CITY CLUB
MAGAZINE
Published Monthly at San Francisco
465 Post Street
MAGAZINE PUBLICATION COMMITTEE
MRS. WILLIAM PALMER LUCAS, Chairman
MRS. CLARENCE M. SMITH
MRS. CASPAR BROWN
MRS. LOVELL LANGSTROTH
MISS MABEL PIERCE

MARIE HICKS DAVIDSON, Editor
RUTH CALLAHAN, Advertising Manager

Volume 1 SEPTEMBER, 1927 *Number* 8

EDITORIAL

IT is possible that even Lord Berkeley, when he uttered his now bromidic "Westward the star of empire takes its way," did not dream that a point so far west as Honolulu would be chosen as the milieu of a convention of leaders of world thought.

That a locale and climate so like Greece and Italy when the south of Europe was the seat of the muses cannot escape a flowering of artistic genius is the belief of those who have observed the growth of a truly western consciousness and expression.

But that the Philosopher's Stone would be found away out in the Pacific Ocean was almost beyond likelihood. As improbable as flying there.

However, the Institute of Pacific Relations is a fact. President Ray Lyman Wilbur of Stanford University was elected July 29 to serve a third term as chairman and on the same day W. J. Pape of Connecticut, vice-president of the Associated Press, made a speech before the Institute which set forth the underlying principle of that or any other parley where men and women sincerely endeavor to openly arrive at mutual understanding:

"When the people are well informed," said Pape, "be sure that they will have something to say about wars. Wars grow out of misunderstandings. It is on record that some of the great wars of the past have arisen out of misunderstandings created by deliberate lying to the people. In most wars not one man in a thousand has really understood what he was fighting for. The rifle was thrust into his hands and it became his duty to shoot.

"But now that public opinion is daily better and better informed in so many countries, and in recent years there has been a world-wide demand for foreign news to show that the process is proceeding apace, public opinion is appearing in court. The governments must convince the peoples first. This takes time and time can be used for peace proposals and for possible settlements.

"Soon public opinion will be the real ruler of the world, with governments as its executives. Then, if ever, will come the time when nation shall not rise against nation, neither go to war any more."

Returning delegates, who began drifting in to San Francisco early in August, were agreed upon one thing, however much their opinions may have differed on many of the items considered,—that the session served a big purpose and that parleys of that kind are good for the race.

The "Locarno of the Pacific" is the appellation conferred upon Honolulu in its relation to the Institute. Is it too extravagant to look into the future and see Locarno somewhere labeled the "Honolulu of Europe?"

New Beauty Salon

Women's City Club to conduct its own establishment

* * *

Timely inauguration of Club's own service fills need felt by members since opening of Building.

* * *

Ravages of Summer Vacations to be erased.

* * *

Beginning September 12, Women's City Club will add another activity to its list of enterprises.

* * *

On the morning of September 12 there will be opened on the lower main floor of the Women's City Club a Beauty Salon, equipped with the most modern apparatus approved by science and fastidious women.

The Salon will be in charge of Mrs. Minerva Russ. The Club placed this unit of its affairs in Mrs. Russ' hands after learning that she has had fourteen years of training and practical experience. She trained in this country and in Europe and her methods are those used by experts of Paris, Vienna and other places where women place proper emphasis upon beauty and its care. Mrs. Russ was a student under the renowned Dr. Dyer of the Tulane Hospital, Louisiana.

The Beauty Salon of the Women's City Club will specialize in the Minerva beauty preparations, but patrons may be treated with any preparation of repute within the discretion of the operators, who will be expert in every branch of beauty culture.

The City Club announces a complete change from the policy governing the beauty parlor when it was a concession and not a part of the Club's activities. The service will be on a par with that of any other department of the Club, and the Club is responsible for its administration.

BEAUTY TALKS

By Minerva Russ

THE earliest people to give the cultivation of beauty any real dignity were the Egyptians, and their efforts originated through their vigorous attempts to guard against sunburn, which in turn led their thoughts to the general care of the skin.

There were several Egyptian Queens, as we know, and whenever one attained great importance there was generally a speedy development in the cult of their feminine loveliness. The opinion is held by a great many that we devote more energy to the care of our looks today than did the ancients. That opinion is quite wrong. The Egyptians received beauty treatments that kept them occupied for days at a stretch and which took weeks to complete. Certain Arabs of today still give themselves long treatments and spend three days in retirement to dye their hair. That their formulae resemble those of the Egyptians adds weight to the idea that beauty preparations in primeval days interested people, and fascinated them, quite as much as they do the up-to-date woman of today. The real difference lies only in the application. That the human craving for beauty is a mutual, natural and praiseworthy one is now established beyond question.

In very primitive races, the medicine man, or the witchdoctors used this desire for beauty to great personal advantage. They administered potions —they compounded horrid and gruesome mixtures which the superstition of the natives regarded with reverence and awe, and by which the shrewd medicine man made a living.

I have found that these resolved themselves into three types of preparations — one was merely full of

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coloring matter extracted from plants, and that impressed simply because they were colored, and, another was usually a herbal mixture that might have quite a wholesome effect upon the system generally and thus improve the appearance, and the third type really inspired the natives with the most confidence because they roused the imagination by suggestion of awfulness.

During the Dark Ages when the ascetic ideal dominated man, beauty was looked upon as something vicious, as was cleanliness. It was considered altogether earthly to seek to improve one's appearance in a period when the saintly openly bemoaned the fact that man liked to wash occasionally.

Then came the period when all who sought beauty or tried in any way to question the absolute correctness of the ascetics were designated as witches. For many years then, the care of beauty remained in the hands of those so-called witches, and like ordinary mortals, some were sincere and others charlatans.

The scepticism with which some people, even today, view the beauty specialist is simply a repetition of the attitude that was aroused toward the unhappy exponents of beauty culture in the Middle Ages.

All of those conditions naturally brought about an unintelligent point of view in regard to beauty culture. The sincere specialist, long after the Middle Ages, paid the penalty of his calling by being publicly regarded as what we Americans so aptly call "fakers."

There are, of course, beauty specialists who lack all scientific knowledge and have neither heart nor conscience, but with the ever developing intelligence of woman, these are being given shorter and shorter shrift.

GYMNASIUM AND MASSAGE

COMPLYING with an insistent request upon the part of members, the Women's City Club has installed a gymnasium and massage rooms on the lower main floor, on either side of the Beauty Salon. The rooms are in charge of Henry Nier, who comes to the Club with excellent recommendation and a long experience.

Nier studied law in Switzerland for three years and was instructor in physical culture for the five years of the war in the Swiss army. He came to the United States in 1919 and in order to become a citizen of the United States enlisted in the United States army and was director of physical culture at Camp Lewis. After an honorable discharge he entered Providence Hospital in Seattle to study anatomy, remaining there two years. He came to San Francisco in 1923 and established the San Francisco Academy of Physical Culture at 533 Post Street in 1924, since when he has built up a large and representative clientele. He is a member of the Chamber of Commerce.

The gymnasium will open September fifth.

Nier is said to be an authority upon weight reducing.

He is also an authority on correct posture, walking and specific exercises for different infirmities. Prices for courses and single appointments may be ascertained at the desk on the fourth floor.

The gymnasium and beauty parlor adjoin each other and both are on the same floor as the swimming pool, which makes for convenience of Women City Club members.

A GARDEN

By VIRGINIA FORD
(*Member Women's City Club*)

I'm thinking tonight of a garden,
Of a garden I owned long ago.
'Twas a quaint old-fashioned garden,
The kind we used to grow,

Where the shrubs grew near together
And the flowers there mingled too
In a riot of glorious colors
Of every shade and hue.

Of the sundial down near the arbor
That marked the fleeting hours;
Of the busy bees that winged their way
Among my glorious flowers.

Of the well with the old oaken bucket,
Its waters so placid, so cool;
Of the image there ever reflected
When I gazed in this deep mystic pool.

Of the children who played in this garden,
Happy, joyous and free;
Of one who has gone to the great beyond,
The dearest of all to me.

Of the walls that hemmed in this garden
Where the climbing roses grew,
One mass of blooms and blossoms
That were kissed by the morning dew.

How I'm longing tonight for that garden
With a longing akin to pain;
For that quaint old-fashioned garden
The one I shall ne'er see again.

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RESPONSE

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WOMEN'S CITY CLUB
MAGAZINE

HIDDEN VALLEY

By HANNAH HINSDALE

THE name has a charm and there is something in the reticence of the setting of the house that follows it through.

A little country home capping a low slope embowered in oak trees and gardens, it is reached through lodge gates and a bridge.

Wildflowers bloom sparsely along the first stretch of drive and the dry grasses of midsummer California are tall and brittle in the breeze. Over the creek bed are the graveled drives that girdle the lawn which is canopied and mottled with the oaks.

Everywhere are walks and flowers, the subtle blues and mauves of the hydrangeas, laurel, precious and exotic California shrubs, their glossy greenness mixed with the colors of the perennial fox glove and canterbury bells of other climates.

There are curious deep pink trumpet shaped blooms, there are the sapphire and rose of the annual larkspur, the stiff yellows of the calendulas. Masses of salmon colored geraniums and blue lilies grow under the trees with here and there a savage bronze zinnia.

It is a garden to live in, set about with tables and benches of buckeye wood. It has a puffy gray bark the buckeye tree, almost overdone in its elaboration of gnarls and wrinkles. The house is raised above the lawn slightly. The green shingled roof is pitched at the angle of the oak trees' crowns and the porch and windows are grown over with rose vines, garlanded with fronds of fragile coral fuchsias. The humming birds quaver and hum all day among the vines. It was in the early morning there I first saw a humming bird at rest. Their long bills almost overbalanced their round little bodies and they looked like written notes of music set askew on the bars of the wires above the drive.

Early morning at Hidden Valley calls to you in the pink ruffled hollyhock that stands at the guest room window and the long green locks of the moss trailing from a branch of live oak, like mermaid's hair with the sun on it.

Outdoors with only Pal and Laddie, the collies for company, you walk into the heart of the countryside into the intimate life of the new day.

Bluejays jump and scold in the bushes by Windsor Drive. A rabbit scutters away from the bend of the road with the dogs in full dash after him. On the driveway are the slimy and sinuous trails of the snails, crisscrossing the auto tracks and footprints of the night before.

You go up the hillside on the paths Ted the gardner has cut, through the brush of red stubby poison oak and the California holly bushes with their sprays of wax white flowers. Another bench and Pal jumps up beside you. Laddie comes and covers your feet and Pal nuzzles his ruff like a fur boa across your knees.

Morning with the sun coming through the haze in the east over the crest of a grain-colored hill! Round splotches of dark green oak are against the buckskin colors of the slopes.

The house below is U shaped, the geometry of its courtyard easy to decipher in the distance, the squares and circles of the flower beds outlined definitely. The gardens are almost hidden by the trees. You go down to the little cleared space for a hammock and swings and Joan pities you when you ask for *café pour l' amour de Dieu* and forgives your evil French. Joan has dark eyes and brown skin, keeps her greying hair close and tidy in a net. She "cooks up, not down, for the chic friends of Madame." She has gestures and a heart. Ted comes along the path from the stable with a pan in his hand. He is followed by an entourage of cats. They are distrustful and uncertain, mole grey and maltese, striped, with long legs and longer tails. One, Ted says, is going to have kittens. Ted likes them. He and Mr. C. found them in the woods. The mother followed them to civilization. She was killed, poor lady, rabbit hunting. The grey cats lurk and slink along the flower-edged path. They dislike new people and they want new food. The divided emotion pulls them toward the house and backs them into the sprigs of young box by the roadway. Hunger and Ted win. One by one they go to the kitchen door for breakfast.

The establishment includes the horses, who like sugar, and the chickens, the synchronized roosters, who make friezes of themselves on the fence and crow in unison.

Such simple and fundamental things are at Hidden Valley, gardens and a little home, oak trees and hills, folk like Joan and Ted and the animals loved as children.

About it are the pitch and slope of wild hillsides, the old love for a land near the sea. There is a mirage of the bay to the north and fog banks on the west horizon. California cups you in her hand and holds you for always.

* * *

THE LAKE ISLE OF INNISFREE

I will arise and go now, and go to Innisfree,
And a small cabin build there, of clay and wattles made;
Nine bean rows will I have there, a hive for the honey bee,
And live alone in the bee-loud glade.

And I shall have some peace there, for peace comes dropping slow,
Dropping from the veils of the morning to where the cricket sings;
There midnight's all a glimmer, and noon a purple glow,
And evening full of the linnet's wings.

I will arise and go now, for always, night and day,
I hear lake-water lapping, with low sounds by the shore;
While I stand on the roadway, or on the pavements gray,
I hear it in the deep heart's core.

William Butler Yeats (1865—)

Every visitor to California wants to see Yosemite Valley. Many do not pronounce the name correctly, but they feel the glamour just the same. Adjectives have been exhausted by writers trying to describe its titanic splendor, the while Yosemite sits serene, regnant.

Santa Barbara and the old Mission there are famous the world over. The padres have a cloistered garden which reverberated with Gregorian chants before the American Revolution.

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WOMEN'S CITY CLUB MEMBERS PROMINENT IN OUTER ACTIVITIES

The Young People's Symphony Concerts

By ANNA CORA WINCHELL

FAR from restricting its response to intimate affairs within its own walls, the Women's City Club expresses pride in the activities of those members who work for the common weal. Two who have made notable marks on the State's musical calendar are Mrs. Peyton W. (Alice) Metcalf and Mrs. Leon Guggenhime. The former is accredited with the establishment of the Young People's Symphony Concerts in this city several years ago and their resumption last January under her general management. And, in that revival, Mrs. Guggenhime stands indispensable as co-worker, sponsor, patron.

The conviction that the children of San Francisco, and other cities accessible to this, need symphonic concerts directly applied to their own personnel has made Mrs. Metcalf assiduous in carrying out the ideal, while practical support has been supplied through large numbers of persons of similar vision, among whom Mrs. Guggenhime is a leader. The latter, watching carefully the successes brought about by Ernest Schelling of Boston and New York, whose Young People's Symphony Concerts have become noteworthy, she saw no reason why San Francisco should not do as much for its youth, and, with Mrs. Metcalf as executor, the Young People's Symphony Concerts were relaunched here January 28 of this year.

The choice of conductor being the most important factor, fortune shone upon the project by the securing of Wheeler Beckett of San Francisco and Berkeley. No stranger to the music world, he is especially qualified for the guidance of young people, having a thorough musicianship, emphasizing the orchestral and choral phases, and an equally inspired understanding of the child mind. The latter, so essential, was obvious at a glance to those who watched Mr. Beckett in action last spring. He instantly communicated knowledge and sympathy to his awaiting audience—the children; children, where intuition is in its keenest state and who can not be made to like that which they do not like.

Five concerts, closing March 18, brought much to light and splendid results. Mr. Beckett, formerly of Grace Cathedral, this city, where he was organist and choirmaster and an organizer of a men's and boys' choir, has since become still more widely known through his Children's Choral Club of Berkeley. Its establishment on a sound musical basis is rivaled by that insight through which Mr. Beckett extracts interest from every child, arouses the inborn musical intelligence and causes the child not only to appreciate the best in music but, what is far more important, to realize that music supplies a joy of living incomparable.

Thus, under the best sort of direction, the children attending the Young People's Symphony Concerts were presented with programs to hear, to learn and to compare. Importantly supplementing this was the illustration of orchestral instruments, given singly by a principal, and the community or audience singing of American and English folk songs and other familiar tunes accompanied by the orchestra. This, all, will be continued and expanded during the coming series.

Alertness of senses and mind showed selective quality and at the close of each program the assemblage wrote down its preferences for that day. There had been no reason to suspect ultra taste, but the final statistics were revealing and surprisingly satisfactory, denoting Young America's musical faculties to be well worth all consideration.

Through four concerts percentages showed the following preferences:

1—Coriolanus Overture (Beethoven)	9%
First Movement Unfinished Symphony (Schubert)	55%
Prelude, Third Act of "Lohengrin" (Wagner)	35%
2—Air for Strings (Bach)	7%
Scherzo, Midsummer Night's Dream (Mendelssohn)	9%
Symphony III, "Eroica," First Movement (Beethoven)	24%
Carmen Suite (Bizet)	60%
3—Funeral March, "Eroica" (Beethoven)	12%
Waltz of Flowers (Tschaikowsky)	30%
In the Village (Ivanoff)	15%
Prelude to "Meistersinger" (Wagner)	20%
4—Minuet in G (Beethoven)	16%
Scherzo, "Eroica" (Beethoven)	4%
Chopin Numbers on Chopin's Piano	26%
Last Movement Scheherazade (Rimsky-Korsakoff)	51%
Volga Boatman's Song	3%

The introduction of Dumesnil with Chopin's piano at the fourth concert diverted a trifle from the general consensus, several young pianists being swayed by the Chopin works. It is pertinent that there were "reasons" for certain likings, 12 per cent leaning to the Funeral March "because it was minor and sad"; 30 per cent to the Waltz of the Flowers "because it was gay," and 16 per cent to the Minuet in G "because it was familiar."

The concerts, beginning next January, will again be held in the Columbia Theatre, a place sufficiently intimate yet of adequate seating capacity. During the summer now drawing to a close have come many inquiries anxious for the continuation of the Young People's Symphony Concerts, accompanied by several voluntary offerings with which "to carry on." A sponsors' committee, each member of which is pledged to a specified sum, has been formed with Mrs. George Gunn, chairman. She will set many activities in motion between now and the first of the year. This committee comprises, among others, Mrs. John B. Casserly, Mrs. Thomas Driscoll, Mrs. William Babcock, Mrs. M. C. Sloss, Mrs. Sigmund Stern, Miss Persis Coleman, Mrs. Antoinette Burke (a founder), Mrs. Leonard Woolams and Mrs. Leon Guggenhime.

Public and private schools of the Bay region are cooperating and one of San Francisco's leading schools requires its students to attend these concerts as part of its curricula in the gaining of music credits.

Mrs. Cornelia McKinne Stanwood, principal of the Sarah Dix Hamlin School, formed a committee of 100 last spring in Berkeley. Its members are the mothers of the children of the Children's Choral Club and known as the Mothers' Committee, which extends its efforts to all the East Bay region and whose chairman is Mrs. Grant H. Smith.

A Patronesses' Committee last year secured a valuable list of patronesses and patrons, all of whose efforts will be continued through this and the coming season. The first comprises Mesdames Charles Minor Cooper, Leon Guggenhime, Walter Haas, J. Warren McKibben, Grant H. Smith, Stephen Smith, Edward B. Stanwood, Thomas A. Stoddard, Lawrence Strauss.

The second list holds the names of Mesdames Walter Arnstein, Modeste Alloo, Wheeler Beckett, Ivo Bogan, Jr., George T. Cameron, Alice Canfield, Jesse C. Colman, Charles M. Cooper, A. B. C. Dohrmann, George P. Fuller, Leon Guggenhime, Morgan A. Gunst, Walter Haas, C. M. Jackson, Frank King, Milton Lennon, Samuel Lilienthal, Duncan McDuffie, J. J. Mack, John Brockway Metcalf, Albert E. Schwabacher, M. C. Sloss, Sigmund Stern, J. O. Tobin, Nion Tucker, George Caswell, M. E. Wangenheim.

Misses Katherine Branson, Edith Bridges, Estelle Carpenter, Olga Meyer, Marion Ransom, Lucy L. Soule, Mary E. Wilson.

Messrs. John Farish, George Tourney, Lee S. Roberts, Max Rosenberg.

* * *

Royal Hawaiian Hotel, Waikiki Beach, Honolulu, where members of Institute of Pacific Relations were entertained. Outrigger canoe in foreground. Courtesy Matson Navigation Co.

INTERIOR DECORATIONS FOR HOMEMAKERS

By Ivy M. Jacobson, *Interior Decorator*

TO all women, and particularly to the woman of today who demands besides comfort and convenience in her home that elusive quality called personality, the subject of furnishing or re-decorating the home has an irresistible appeal. Let us discuss the subject, therefore, not only from the standpoint of the necessities of the woman with plenty of leisure in which to study and express her needs but also from the requirements of the business woman who has little time for such pursuit but who, nevertheless, longs to have her home reflect the beauty of utility and the utility of beauty that will make it the abiding place of charm, besides affording an atmosphere of relaxation and tranquillity.

Our homes should be more than a mere shelter; they should not only give us calm refuge and cozy cheer after the day's toil but also inspiration and stimulation for the new day. The home that has been molded to the individual needs of its occupants has a certain spiritual quality about it that is present in greater or lesser degree according to the proportion of thought given to its making, just as a garment that has been especially designed, well cut and beautifully finished for its particular wearer will express his individuality and thus have an indefinable, personal character that stamps it as his own.

It is a mistake to believe that in order to have lovely surroundings one must have great financial resources. Color is always color, in whatever material; good proportions exist in simple, low-priced furnishings exactly as they do in more pretentious pieces, and clever grouping or arrangement can be had merely for the effort. There are many costly homes, magnificently appointed, that for real beauty and liveableness cannot begin to compare with many others furnished simply but with careful thought. It is the finished effect plus comfortable use that we strive for, and charming surroundings can be inexpensively secured if we know how to apply the fundamental principles of interior decoration.

Knowing what to select and where to place it after it has been selected; unerring taste in the choice of furniture of good lines and proportion, and the ability to use color correctly, are not always second nature to us; we can, however, acquire a good working knowledge through various channels. There are many schools of decoration and design that offer short courses to those interested, but perhaps a better method for those whose time is limited is to be constantly on the lookout for opportunity to observe and compare interiors wherever one may happen to be—in private homes, public places and shops with their window displays—and to study magazines featuring home furnishing and decoration, which is an education in itself.

If a certain arrangement pleases you, study it; do you find that it is pleasing because of its convenience of grouping with every part in logical relation to easy use; or because of its dramatic quality with every part lending itself to making a picture, a study of inanimate objects expressing animation? Try to analyze its charm or faults. This will not be easy at first but after a little application you will find yourself making fewer and fewer mistakes and soon you will be able to immediately recognize the secret or the reason for the appeal of any composition.

Most women possess great artistic perception especially as regards those things that touch upon the home, and their chief difficulty lies in not knowing how to express themselves through the medium of wood, cloth, glass, etc. The answer is simple: it is merely a question of understanding and applying the easily-learned principles that form the foundation of every successful creation. The subject is so entirely fascinating, the returns so gratifying, that every woman should strive to perfect herself in the art that is peculiarly her own—that of creating the home.

The First Step in Furnishing the Home

The first step in furnishing the home, whether it be a house, an apartment or simply a room, is to carefully plan on paper just what furniture, rugs, draperies, etc., you will need and the amount you can expend on them, apportioning to each article its approximate allowance. When you come to the actual purchasing, if you find a given article to exceed its allowance, make it up where possible on another; always bearing in mind, however, that everything in the room must be of the same standard of excellence, otherwise one will outshine another.

That is to say, if the sofa, for example, proves to cost more than you anticipated, you must lower the allowance accordingly on some other article; say on the draperies which perhaps can be simpler for the time being, or in the deferred purchase of an extra chair or mirror, pending which the other furniture can be arranged differently in the room. There are many items in the plan which can be apportioned on a sliding scale.

Do not buy cheap, temporary furniture, hoping to replace it some day. That day is too easily postponed and in the meantime you become accustomed to ugliness. It is better to live without an article for awhile than to purchase one below the standard of excellence set by the rest of your belongings. Indeed, the home that is equipped slowly, piece by piece, each carefully thought out and acquired at intervals, is almost without exception beautiful and comfortable and far more of a joy and satisfaction to its owner.

We are coming to appreciate more and more the desirability of spaciousness in our homes. It is necessary not only to adequately bring out the beauty of the furnishings themselves which would never be as apparent in crowded rooms, but also to lend that air of repose and peace never attained in cluttered rooms where the mind is distracted by a multitude of meaningless and generally useless things.

In small rooms, the effect of spaciousness can be easily secured if one knows not only what furnishings to put in but also what to leave out. A few well-chosen pieces, carefully placed for comfortable use with correctly-adjusted lighting arrangements, and an acceptable employment of color, which is of the utmost importance, will prove to be the right foundation. To the woman planning a home on a limited sum, this means that her selections, being fewer in number, will be better in quality.

We will see, as we go along, just what constitutes well-chosen furnishings; why, under given conditions, certain colors may be used and others may not; how we can successfully adapt to our requirements such furniture as we already have and perhaps wish we had not; and how we may keep our surroundings from echoing those of someone else, striving to express our own individuality in our belongings so that our homes may truly be an inspiration.

(Mrs. Jacobson's article next month will discuss *"The Living-Room."*)

Plaza Corinto, Nicaragua, with Old Cathedral in background.
Courtesy Panama Mail Steamship Co.

* * *

DREAMERS

By NANCY BUCKLEY

Dreamers are poor as poor can be,
  Without a cent put by;
Theirs is the wealth of sun and sea,
  And rich-robed earth and sky.

And all their own the silvery moon,
  The rainbow's treasure chest;
Red roses in the heart of June,
  And love and faith and rest.

(*From* "WINGS OF YOUTH.")

TO LINDBERGH

(*"I have a rendezvous with death."*
—Alan Seeger.)

You had danced all that night,
And you had left in uncertain light,
Like Alan Seeger, but less young than he,
But poet also.

You had danced all that night,
And you had left alone at dawn,
And, seeing you leave thus alone,
The air still quivers.

And Newfoundland, with heart so young,
When solitary you passed above,
Kneeling on the bare sand,
Sent up a prayer.

You danced all that last day,
And you left alone when the day broke.
Your mother wept as she taught,
But less than her pupils.

And it was a heart lost in the wind
Which braved aloft the salty breeze,
And you lost not a single instant,
Son of Evangeline.

And you flew a day and a half
Above the sea, above the earth;
A day and a half you did not sleep,
Not even a second.

Young traveler with dream of steel,
In the coming day and the dusk,
Dost know who 'twas that freed you
From that cell?

Dost know who made you, youth unheard of,
Strike straight for Paris, blindly perhaps;
Who enabled you, ne'er having seen it,
To recognize the place?

Dost know who let you hold in check
Death, distance and the solitude?
Dost know who caused you to arrive
With such exactitude?

'Twas not the pride of this great feat
Nor the trembling praise of old Europe,
Nor the white light at Le Bourget turning,
Nor yet your periscope.

Nor was it yet two continents,
Which two days long breathed the same air,
Nor that you smiled at the moment when
You embraced your mother.

'Twas those young men, with hearts so brave,
Who, full of fervor and good-will,
Came from your home, too soon forgot,
To die for France.

That which had brought you, predestined one,
Through all these risks where others fell;
It was the rendezvous which they gave you
At their fresh graves.

—*Translated from the French of Maurice Rostand by the New York Times.*

SCIENTIFIC HOUSEKEEPING

By DORCAS BOARDMAN

In The Junior League Magazine of June, 1927

THE American Home is worth preserving. That it has been been passing through a period of disintegration is undeniable. Large estates have been broken up; countless other domestic establishments have been abandoned; dining out has become the rule rather than the exception. It is a day of hotels and clubs. Many causes have contributed to produce this situation. Not the least—it may be that it is the greatest—is the problem of domestic service.

This problem is one of the few remaining unsolved by our after-the-war readjustments. The old conception of the relationship between mistress and servant has passed in America. A new relationship is dawning, which will be based upon the accord which is being reached, for instance, in the industrial field between capital and labor, and is generally characterized by good faith and mutual understanding, sympathy and respect. Everyone knows that the old system was productive of high wages and inefficient service, friction, household disorder, disruption—with tragic results not infrequent.

In the new era domestic service will be a serious profession with a new finesse of service, a new sense of responsibility on the part of the workers, and a sense of fair play all around.

To insure this status we propose that the household employe shall have a work day of eight or nine hours, six days per week; with extra pay for all overtime; that she shall eat and sleep away from her place of employment, unless otherwise arranged, in which event she shall pay the mistress of the house for her board and lodging; that she shall work on a regular schedule, hold herself in readiness for extra service when necessity arises and shall at all times be wholly responsible for promptness, regularity, and efficiency of service.

Above all things else, the domestic worker will be efficient. We propose to insure this by educating her. We have set up a training school in which, amid conditions and surroundings paralleling those which she will face when at work, her skill, efficiency and deportment will be thoroughly tried out. A congenial workshop is a prerequisite to a contented worker. The cooking in our school will be done in the "Dorcas Boardman Kitchen," which is the result of ten years of study and experiment, is adaptable to any household in the land, and is, in fact, a modern domestic laboratory where every facility for comfort, skill and efficiency is afforded. So in every other feature of the school we shall offer the last word in tested methods; and no domestic worker will be sent out by us until she has proven her efficiency in every essential detail.

One of the most distressing situations confronting the American home today is the inability of most of our young women to face the situation they have to contend with when they establish homes of their own. How can they direct the efforts of domestic workers, however efficient the latter may be, when they lack knowledge of how things should properly be done? We plan, therefore, to educate the future mistresses of American homes as well. A feature of our system is a course of lectures on such subjects as

"How to run the Home Successfully," "The importance of Morale," "Renovation and Up-Keep," and "Equipment and Salaries." One of the most encouraging signs we have observed is the enthusiasm with which Junior League members, debuntantes and classes from some of the best known private schools in New York have listened to these lectures at our Headquarters at No. 158 East 47th Street, and observed the training school at work in my home, No. 217 East 48th Street.

Here, at last, is an organization which backs the home and its interests. Scientific Housekeeping will act as consultant on all the problems that arise in the running of the household. This is what will happen thereafter: Scientific Housekeeping's experts will make a survey of the home and its needs; then they will draw up a schedule under which these needs will be met; after that they will select from the graduates of the Training School the help necessary to man the home with order and efficiency. Supervision of the work of the staff by the experts of Scientific Housekeeping, will be supplied to the extent that the mistress of the home desires. The whole aim is to insure a smoothly running household. The system is in use effectively in apartments as well as in ordinary houses, and holds out especial attractions for bachelor men and maids.

The following is the approximate scale of salaries for domestic workers engaged through Scientific Housekeeping, and the fees assessed against members who avail themselves of the service:

Employees on 4 hour schedule.		
Daily care and serving	$12.00	weekly
Cooking	14.00	"
Employees on 8 or 9 hour schedule.		
Grade B.		
Daily care and serving	$23.00	"
Cooking	25.00	"
Grade A.		
Daily care and serving	24.00	"
Cooking	$27.00 or 30.00	"

It is to be remembered on the new system that no meals are provided for employees.

SOME DAY

By Lucile Macpherson

Some day our darkest clouds shall part and drift away—
And all our doubts be scattered by love's piercing ray,
Those things that tempt us now we shall learn to shun,
Earth's greatest anthem then "Thy will be done."
Some day our joy like universal sun shall shine
My joy be ever yours, your joy be mine,
Our sweetest dreams undreamt shall yet come true
And blessings yet unknown our life long path bestrew.
Some day no faults in others we shall find
And kindlier thought shall rule the mortal mind.
Then—well we will understand the art
Of being true and truly play the part.
Some day as one we'll sound the call of joy—
A symphony of love—discord cannot destroy,
Each perfect in his part shall help to play
Earth's all triumphant harmony—some day.

THE WOODED SHRINE

Augusta A. Silverberg
(*Mrs. Melville Silverberg*)

Thru' leafy wood, soft, fern-bedecked and green,
Where lofty pine, gnarled oak, the alder and the bay
Join with the ash and berries wild and clinging vines
To build a temple, where the soul might pray,
There where the gurgling, laughing, hurrying brooks
Dance on their way or leap a stubborn rock,
Where neither stress of life nor sounds that pain the ear,
Nor ugly sights, nor words that force the pearly tear,
Can find their way; but only benediction
Rests on every wave of laurel-scented air,
Where winged things and tiny creeping life
Can round the cycle out, nor fear the touch of man.

Here where each eye beholds but Nature's peace and loveliness
Two lovers strolled; two hearts, two spirits
Drawn by tender love and deep respect of each,
Bound by an everlasting joy to serve mankind
And held in happy chains thru' all eternity,
Two lovers strolled, enraptured of the woods.

Here let them dedicate their lives to Him
Who asks not walls nor place nor time,
But only Spirit to pronounce Him God.

Here where no vain, distracting, baneful thought
Can penetrate the sweet solemnity of calm,
Here where the harmony of sighing bough and humming brook
Blend with the choir of the air in sacred hymn sublime
Here let them offer up anew
The consecrated prayer to serve mankind,
And serving, find their God.

WAGNER AND HIS REFORM OF THE OPERA

By EDITH STEVENS GILES

WAGNER'S inspiration for what is known as his reform of the opera sprang from love of Greek classical drama. Greek drama, as Wagner read it, was an expression of democracy—of both the inner and the outer life of the State; hence it was a great educational and moral influence in the social life of the State. The decay of the Greek drama indicated the degeneration of both political and individual liberty.

However, to Wagner the Greek drama represented the union of the arts, music, dramatic speech and action, dancing, and even sculpturesque effect presented on the tragic stage. Wagner's conclusion was that "each art, as soon as it has reached its utmost limits demands to be joined to a sister art — for as soon as each branch of art outstrips its own peculiar limits it becomes fantastical." In this light Wagner judged the work of Liszt of Meyerbeer, and of Berlioz, and found them wanting, and turned himself to the difficult work of reform. Wagner looked to art in the future, and especially to dramatic art, for social regeneration, and his hope was sustained by the extraordinary progressive development of music during three hundred years, particularly as in Beethoven it turned from classic tradition to enfranchise emotional expression. To Wagner, Beethoven seemed to prove the capacity of music for "a wonderful and practically limitless" freedom of expression of emotion, and so to open vistas of dramatic possibility to the opera.

Social regeneration had been the dream of Goethe and of Schiller, as well as of Wagner. All three, as it were a trinity, reacted strongly to the growing power of industrialism, and suffered to see modern existence becoming so disorganized; all three, devoted to art, felt that art must weave together again the scattered elements of social life, and raise both social and individual life to higher levels. Of all the arts, to music through its emotional appeal was this uplifting power given, Wagner said. For such an ideal, both music, and the drama must be entirely free—free from intellectual tradition, and from the control of the State government, that its power might become universal, the voice of all people everywhere expressing what they felt in their hearts.

To bring to pass such freedom would be of course a great moral responsibility; to carry it out would mean an unqualified sacrifice of self, especially in the time and the part of the world where Wagner lived. Wagner knew this well and accepted both. How heavy the responsibility and how high the sacrifice we can appreciate only from the reading of his life, both as told by himself, and by his biographers. After the brilliant triumph of Rienzi, his first well known work, when he knew that he could sell his art for any price he asked—that fame, honor, luxury, riches, patronage, all of which the mortal part of him loved even to the utmost, he knew also that to pursue such a courage would be the way of degeneration and prostitution of his forever and he turned his back upon the temptation. Not once but twice; for on another day in Paris, suffering from poverty—and he was so pitiably poor—suffering from exile—and he was homesick to the point of heartbreak—suffering from hope deferred and disappointment heaped on disappointment, he came to know within himself that he had taken the right course, and he turned again unfalteringly to the *via dolorosa* that led him still through many years of sorrow.

That day of illumination is to me the most glorious of his life. Before he had trusted, now he knew. So he turned again to the Hill of Difficulty determined never to fail in the faith of his purpose or the sincerity of his work; and though he failed many times to other ways, in these two he carried on to the end. His latest biographer says: "Two salient convictions stand forth before all others in his work; on the one hand profound pessimism with respect to the social foundations of modern industrial civilization, built on selfishness and greed; on the other, fervid and unshaken faith in the goodness of man. The utter corruption of society, and the infinite capacity of human beings for regeneration are the centers, around which his theories and his arts revolve, and are fundamentally one with the Christian principle Redemption. If thus understanding Wagner and the philosophy of his work, we go on September sixteenth to Tristan and Isolde, as the San Francisco Opera Co. and "our own Alfred Hertz" are arranging for us, we shall have a very high experience of an evening of opera.

We have seen that the leading feature of Wagner's reform was philosophical. The second feature perfectly allied with this, was structural. One cause of Wagner's pessimism was that the opera of his time was a mere social diversion, and it was against this that Wagner threw the first bomb of his revolutionary theories. Meyerbeer was making the opera a "Kaleidoscope of eccentric effects." Wagner agreed with Weber, that it should be a dramatic expression which shall be just and true throughout, and so he set himself to reformation of its structure. He made the foundation of the opera a dramatic poem. Hitherto the main props of operatic music had been the recitative and the aria, the aria to be a display of vocal agility, of the recitative the support of the aria. The scenery and the orchestration were secondary incidentals; they justified their presence by lending color and accompaniment, and in the latter days melody, to the general effect. Wagner set about constructing the opera on architectural principles. First there must be organic unity with the dramatic story as the foundation. Yet as the foundation of a building while indispensable to the structure, must be subordinate, so the story must be subordinate to the orchestral structure. Yet the story foundation must be worthy of the structure resting on it. It must be simply and sincerely dramatic—that is the episode which it narrates, must be true to human experience, and must lead our experience through a maze of events to some principle at the end which shall justify the story.

The orchestra, however, must carry the real drama, for it must bear the emotional burden, and in this it must be organically related to the story. We live the story in and through the music.

Now the purpose of the drama as Wagner conceived it is "to appeal to the immediate sensuous perception alive only during the time of actual production." To this end, the orchestra lifts both words and action into "an intensified vision" of itself. The story and the orchestral accompaniment must be one in aim and purpose. Then "the spirit of the music will speak to the ear as the actor's movements and the expression of his features will speak to the eye, and will help us understand those subtleties and depths of feeling at which all arts except those of music can only hint."

Another purpose of the orchestra is to create the atmosphere of the drama. At the beginning it must rouse or soothe the audience into a state of receptive anticipation; then as the story goes on it must give to each episode as staged before us the atmosphere which is its real expression. We must feel from a deeper source than either music or acting the impulse or purpose that caused the occasion and justifies what happens. To do so we must be moved to draw either from our own experience of life, or our anticipations of it, or in a greater way we must realize that something from a life which we may or may not have shared is unveiled for us out of universal experience. To indicate such anticipation, Wagner introduced the leit-motive — that is the recurrent phrases that announce the appearance and reappearance of one or another of the leading characters or incidents. The purpose of the leit-motive, however, is not only to tell us that Parsifal or Tristan is to appear, but to create the atmosphere which he and he alone emanates, or to anticipate the situation in which he appears; and this atmosphere must blend with the atmosphere of the whole drama as signified in the denouement. As with Parsifal we always feel exaltation, when we hear his strain, but unseparable with the Parsifal motive is the Grail-motive; so with Tristan is always the love motive, but with it we never forget the death-motive. Many times two motives are united in structure, or fragments are blended, according to the atmosphere of the situation. This presence of the motive has a place similar to what Richard Grant Moulton calls the enveloping action of Shakespeare's plays.

The enveloping action usually includes forces outside the play of action on the stage before us, yet enters into and often determines the circumstances that control it; these forces are the great experience that we call life, and are staged not only in the little world of our individual experience, but in the universal community and the eternal future. Preeminent among these forces Wagner placed

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love, and next to love, death; and in Tristan and Isolde he made death the consummation of love, but also the triumph of love. "For with Wagner love is a sacrifice, or for those who so prefer it, a sacrament." Through its sacrificial, or even more through its sacramental nature love is mystically, but indissolubly one with death. This is the enveloping atmosphere of Tristan and Isolde, and because of its mystical character, Wagner makes of love and death an allegory of daylight and night. Daylight is merciless, cruel, destructive; night is pitiful, compassionate, healing. It is of this that the constantly recurring love motive and death motives speak. They lead at last to the grand orchestral climax where the love motive prevails over death, and carries us on to the heights of love and life triumphant.

From this theme and from comparison with others after hearing the Wagner opera of the season, can we fail to see how structural is the work of Wagner. Of course there are other technical details of structure, as the "Wagner chord" for instance, with which every musician is familiar, but to go into them would be tedious.

When Wagner introduced this new structural method is was a revolutionary art, and it cost him all the pains of a reformer. That in the end he triumphed, though enemies of him and his work are backing still, is it not significant of that social regeneration, if not redemption, to which he dedicated his life and his work?

And is it not significant of something more than merely "for a change," that San Francisco is going to have Tristan and Isolde?

Writer's Note—This paper is written in answer to the question which this writer had asked of musicians—"Just what is meant by Wagner's 'Reform of the Opera?' " The answer rather vaguely given was, "Why he made the opera all over"—which was hardly enlightening. The authorities quoted are principally, "Wagner and the Reform of the Opera" by E. Dannreuther, (Wagner's friend); "Richard Wagner, a Critical Biographer," by George Ainslee Hight; and "My Life," Wagner's own autobiography.

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ADVENTURER

By Inglis Fletcher

What do you seek, Adventurer?
What do you seek?
The land lies sullen, cold and bleak,
The ice is treacherous, the sea runs deep;
Wild geese swing low with raucous cry,
East wind cuts cold thro a leaden sky.
What do you seek, Adventurer?
What do you seek?
The Great Dark comes and the Polar night
Creeps like a fog bank, hiding from sight
The Barren Lands and the seabirds' flight;
Bitter the cold thro the long, long night.
What do you seek, Adventurer?
What do you seek?
Under the snow the throbbing land
Quickens with life;
Under the ice the sea runs blue—
Blue as the sea of a tropic night—
An Empire waiting the Conqueror—
Is yours the heart to understand
The waiting land—Adventurer?

COOKING CLASSES

There will be a meeting on Monday, September 12, at 7:30 P. M. in the Board Room of the Club to discuss plans for organizing classes in the various phases of Home Economics, (cooking particularly).

Miss Helen M. Wells is Chairman of the Home Economics Committee on Education and Training.

It is hoped that all members of the Club interested in Home Economics will attend the meeting on September 12.

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LEO KATZ TALKS

Leo Katz, who spoke last winter at the Women's City Club, recently addressed a meeting of fellow artists.

Some of the pithy paragraphs uttered on that occasion follow:

"If we had more artists we would probably cure war.

"My basis for this statement," he continued, "is the fact that in the whole history of portrait painters and artists exhibiting paintings, we have never heard of artist killing a sitter or a visitor to an exhibition who asks impossible questions. Many of them should be killed.

"The present deplorable relationship between artists and public is nationwide.

"The female population of the United States is the part absorbed in art and aesthetic life. The men are comfortable without it—for the moment.

"It is a queer situation that when a woman invites an artist to talk on modern art, in which she has a vital and trained interest, the artist has to wait until the husband has left the room, for the husband only talks on prohibition and golf.

"There never was a country with a better chance than America, at the moment, for a great Art. Mixing races in new areas always did big things for culture and art.

"The feeling of a present art and a hope for art future is not felt in Europe today.

"The United States is the logical contender for the art championship among nations. It is for us to choose to create or to lose as the barbarians did. Our scientific progress is not enough.

"A caveman is a caveman, whether he ascends as a business man in an elevator. Only those have lived who have the courage to create an honest and true and new art.

"As long as a Gothic Cathedral stands that generation lives.

"This country has the great chance, but it cannot be accepted in a slow old-fashioned way. We cannot copy or import old European arts—we must 'do our own creating'."

* * *

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NOTES FROM THE SAGE CIRCULATING LIBRARY

The following is a list of titles added during the month of August:

Anabel at Sea—"Light and amusing"	*Samuel Merwin*
Arsene Lupin—"Detective"	*Maurice LeBlanc*
"Aw Hell"—"Humor and pathos of war"	*Clarke Venable*
Bacchante—"Will add to his laurels"	*Robert Hichens*
Barberry Bush—"A charming heroine"	*Kathleen Norris*
Canary Murder Case—"Intriguing murder mystery"	*S. S. Van Dine*
Castle Rock Mystery—"A departure from his usual type"	*George Gibbs*
Cat's Eye—"Thrilling mystery"	*R. Freeman*
Chicken's Come Home to Roost—"Small town story"	*D. Carman*
Crumbling Walls—"Colorful Chinese love story"	*Joan Conquest*
Frozen Inlet Post—"Tale of the Hudson Bay Country"	*J. Hendryx*
Gideon—"Domestic problems"	*Inez Irwin*
Golden Lotus—"Mystery"	*J. Locke*
Good Woman—"Stirring, deeply human"	*Louis Bromfield*
Grandmothers—"Prize Harper Novel"	*Glenway Westcott*
House Made by Hands	*Author of Miss Tiverton goes out*
Impatient Griselda—"Very modern"	*D. Scarborough*
Meanwhile—"Picture of a lady"	*H. G. Wells*
Miss Brown of X Y O—"The 100th novel of Oppenheim"	*E. Phillips Oppenheim*
Now East, Now West—"Delightful romance"	*Susan Ertz*
Queen's Gate Mystery—"Detective"	*H. Adams*
Red Owl—"Light romance"	*R. J. Young*
Respectability	*Bohun Lynch*
Sower of the Wind—"Australian setting"	*Richard Dehan*
Taken at the Flood—"Thrilling adventure"	*Geraldine Bonner*
The Thunderer—"The love story of Napoleon and Josephine"	*E. Barrington*
Transplanted—"International love story"	*Brand Whitlock*
Wallflowers—"Wholesome and refreshing"	*Temple Bailey*
Witchwood—"Scotch romance"	*John Buchan*
Zelda March—"Realistic fiction, well-done"	*Charles Norris*
Non-fiction	
Mother India	*Katherine Mayo*
Next Age of Man	*Albert E. Wiggam*
Trader Horn—Edited by	*Ethelredd Lewis*
We	*Charles Lindbergh*

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Sept. 1	Thursday Evening Lecture Speaker: Dr. Arthur Upham Pope	*Auditorium*	8:00 P. M.
Sept. 5	Current Events, Mrs. Parker Maddux, Leader	*Assembly Room*	7:30 P. M.
Sept. 6	League Bridge	*Assembly Room*	2:00 P. M.
	League Bridge	*Assembly Room*	7:30 P. M.
Sept. 7	Current Events, Mrs. Parker Maddux, Leader	*Assembly Room*	11:00 A. M.
Sept. 8	Thursday Evening Lecture	*Auditorium*	8:00 P. M.
Sept. 11	Sunday Evening Concert	*Lounge*	8:15 P. M.
Sept. 14	Current Events, Mrs. Parker Maddux, Leader	*Assembly Room*	11:00 A. M.
Sept. 15	Thursday Evening Lecture	*Auditorium*	8:00 P. M.
Sept. 18	Sunday Evening Concert	*Lounge*	8:15 P. M.
Sept. 19	Current Events, Mrs. Parker Maddux, Leader	*Assembly Room*	7:30 P. M.
Sept. 20	League Bridge	*Assembly Room*	2:00 P. M.
	League Bridge	*Assembly Room*	7:30 P. M.
Sept. 21	Current Events, Mrs. Parker Maddux, Leader	*Assembly Room*	11:00 A. M.
Sept. 22	Thursday Evening Lecture Speaker: Dr. Sidney Talbot Subject: Education of the Eye Without Mechanical Means	*Auditorium*	8:00 P. M.
Sept. 25	Sunday Evening Concert	*Lounge*	8:15 P. M.
Sept. 27	Lecture, Professor Benjamin H. Lehman	*Auditorium*	11:00 A. M.
Sept. 29	Thursday Evening Lecture Speaker: Miss Katherine Ball Subject: Japanese Prints	*Auditorium*	8:00 P. M.
Oct. 2	Sunday Evening Concert	*Lounge*	8:15 P. M.
Oct. 3	Current Events, Mrs. Parker Maddux, Leader	*American Room*	7:30 P. M.
Oct. 4	Lecture, Professor Benjamin H. Lehman	*Auditorium*	11:00 A. M.
	League Bridge	*Assembly Room*	2:00 P. M.
	League Bridge	*Assembly Room*	7:30 P. M.
Oct. 5	Current Events, Mrs. Parker Maddux, Leader	*Assembly Room*	11:00 A. M.
	Play Reading Group, Mrs. Thomas A. Stoddard, Leader	*Committee Room*	3:00 P. M.
	Play Reading Group, Mrs. Thomas A. Stoddard, Leader	*Committee Room*	7:30 P. M.
Oct. 6	Thursday Evening Lecture	*Auditorium*	8:00 P. M.
Oct. 9	Sunday Evening Concert	*Lounge*	8:15 P. M.

OTHER THAN CLUB ACTIVITIES

Sept. 1	Lecture—Mrs. Maule	*Assembly Room*	8:00 P. M.
Sept. 4	Unity Temple Services	*Auditorium*	11:00 A. M.
	Lecture—Mrs. Maule	*Assembly Room*	11:00 A. M.
Sept. 7	Republican Women's Club Study Group	*Assembly Room*	2:00 P. M.
Sept. 8	English Speaking Union Tea	*Assembly Room*	3:00 P. M.
	Lecture—Mrs. Maule	*Assembly Room*	8:00 P. M.
Sept. 11	Unity Temple Services	*Auditorium*	11:00 A. M.
	Lecture—Mrs. Maule	*Assembly Room*	11:00 A. M.

Sept. 13	Puerta del Oro Chapter, D. A. R.	*Assembly Room*	2:00 P. M.
	Dinner—Miss Julia George	*Auditorium*	6:00 P. M.
Sept. 15	San Francisco Society of Women Artists Speaker: Dr. Phyllis Ackerman Subject: The Maintenance of Standards in the Arts	*Assembly Room*	2:00 P. M.
	Lecture—Mrs. Maule	*Assembly Room*	8:00 P. M.
Sept. 18	Unity Temple Services	*Auditorium*	11:00 A. M.
	Lecture—Mrs. Maule	*Assembly Room*	11:00 A. M.
Sept. 19	Lecture—"The Practical Management of Personal Finance" Speaker: Miss Agnes N. Alwyn	*Assembly Room*	11:00 A. M.
Sept. 22	Lecture—Mrs. Maule	*Assembly Room*	8:00 P. M.
Sept. 25	Unity Temple Services	*Auditorium*	11:00 A. M.
	Lecture—Mrs. Maule	*Assembly Room*	11:00 A. M.
Sept. 26	Lecture—"The Practical Management of Personal Finance" Speaker: Miss Agnes N. Alwyn	*Assembly Room*	11:00 A. M.
Sept. 29	Lecture—Mrs. Maule	*Assembly Room*	8:00 P. M.
Oct. 2	Unity Temple Services	*Auditorium*	11:00 A. M.
	Lecture—Mrs. Maule	*Assembly Room*	11:00 A. M.
Oct. 3	Nell Owens Club	*Assembly Room*	8:00 P. M.
	Lecture—"The Practical Management of Personal Finance" Speaker: Miss Agnes N. Alwyn	*Assembly Room*	11:00 A. M.
Oct. 5	Republican Women's Club Study Group	*Assembly Room*	2:00 P. M.
	Lecture—Mrs. Maule	*Assembly Room*	8:00 P. M.
Oct. 9	Unity Temple Services	*Auditorium*	11:00 A. M.
	Lecture—Mrs. Maule	*Assembly Room*	11:00 A. M.

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*Published
Monthly by the
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465 Post Street*

SAN FRANCISCO, CALIFORNIA

Volume I, Number 9 Price 25 Cents OCTOBER, 1927

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THE WOMEN'S CITY CLUB MAGAZINE
OF
SAN FRANCISCO

VOLUME 1 OCTOBER, 1927 NUMBER 9

SAN FRANCISCO AND ITS NAME

Bohemian Club Play Revives Interest

By LAURA BRIDE POWERS

IT is significant that the 1927 Grove Play of the Bohemian Club, "St. Francis of Assisi," was chosen by its author, Irving Pichel, while the world is still celebrating the seven hundredth anniversary of the death (spiritual life) of the high-spirited "Troubadour of the Lord." And it is also significant that the play was staged in the immediate territory—now Sonoma County—that first bore the name of the lovable Umbrian saint. And it is not without interest to trace the steps that ultimately gave his name to our city. And who can measure how much of its mystical, poetic charm inheres in the name of the gay Assisian youth, who found the royal road to happiness, through his mystic love for God and man and all created things, in an age steeped in sensuality, materialism and war? Chivalry? Yes. But its soul was dead when Francis flowered into manhood. The poor were oppressed, and might ruled, not only in Italy, but over the world.

The California story carries back to the winter of 1595, when a tattered little craft from the Philippines sailed into the bay that lies behind the jut of land we now know as Point Reyes. We can see it on clear days from the heights of Lincoln Park, ashining in the sun. Swart Sebastian Cermenon (or without the last "n," if you prefer it) was at the steering wheel. He had come to chart the Pacific Coast for the king of Spain. And he promptly called it "El Puerto de San Francisco." And El Puerto de San Francisco it remained for upwards of two centuries. You see, it was a long way then from anywhere.

Then along came somebody who switched the name to that of the rollicking buccaneer, Sir Francis Drake —by which it is still known—in support of the reputed landing of the Englishman in 1579 in the bay (or was it Tomales or Bolinas Bay?) to recondition the "Golden Hind." For it had to scud across two oceans to reach England unmolested, for its hold was jolly full of loot from South America and Mexico. (Wounded Juan Cabrillo had preceded Drake, however, in the bay by thirty-seven years, and had named it "Bahia de los Pinos," in the winter of 1542, on his famous voyage of discovery of the Pacific Coast.)

Two centuries go by. The Land of Califia sleeps in the sun.

When Fray Junipero Serra, in 1768, was arranging the details of the proposed expedition to Alta California to civilize and Spanishize the Indians, under the direction of the General Inspector (Viceroy) Jose de Galvez, the matter of the first three missions to be established was under discussion. Who were to be the patron saints? "San Diego," said the Viceroy, a laconic person, "San Carlos de Borromeo and San Buenaventura."

"What," exclaimed the stunned Serra, "is there to be no mission for our Father San Francisco?" Such a plan was, of course, unthinkable to the ardent son of the "Little Poor Man of Assisi." To which Don de Galvez replied, cryptically, "If San Francisco wants a mission, let him cause his port to be discovered, and it will be placed there" (Palou). One can readily reconstruct the scene, as Fray Serra walked away, probably to recount the tale to Gaspar de Portola, who was to have command of the military wing of the expedition.

Critical history doesn't furnish a more striking example of the seeming conspiracy of circumstances that *did* lead the Spanish soldiers to the spot where Francis' Mission and Presidio would be built—to cradle the city that in the fullness of time was to dominate the coast. And to impart to it his romantic Provencal name.

It is almost incredible that during the intervening centuries, with English, Russian and Spanish sailors passing up and down the coast, all hugging the shore, except Drake, that none of them ever glimpsed the Golden Gate. A curtain of fog, undoubtedly, screened the gateway to the great inland sea, until Portola's leather-jackets (under Sergeant Jose Ortega, many of whose descendants, incidentally, are still living around the bay) discovered it (October 31, 1769) while hunting for—and unaccountably missing — the port of Monterey, chief objective of the dramatic expedition. And there, though across the water, was the Port of St. Francis—"El Puerta de San Francisco" of Cermenon's and Cabrera Buenos' charts—the white cliffs, and all the other landmarks. But—here was a situation. How difficulties were piling up! They would need boats to get there. And there were no boats, and no time to make them. So, disheartened, the little band returned to Mission San Diego, and reported the facts to Fray Serra, who had been left behind because of a wounded leg. With the clear vision that was to light his course in planting civilization in California, he sensed at once that the soldiers had passed Monterey, without recognizing it from their maps; but in so doing, they had discovered the "Port of San Francisco." And said the thoroughly practical visionary, "If we cannot go to San Francisco, then San Francisco shall come to us."

And so it came to pass! El Puerta de San Francisco became Drake's Bay. And the new Mission and the Presidio were named for the most attractive personality of the Middle Ages, judging by all the standards of human respect, then and now.

So much for the name, and how we obtained it.

LOVER OF NATURE

Now let us look a moment at Francis—named John soon after his birth, by the way, by his mother, Lady Pica, while her husband, Pietro de Barnardone, was away on a business trip to France. The imperious and rather purse-proud merchant wanted no "haircloth Johns," but a warm-blooded Frenchman for a son. Besides, women have no business naming sons when their husbands are away. Then, too, it may be remembered that he wooed and won a noble daughter of legendary Provence, with its Courts of Love, and he may have had some tender memories thus to treasure.

Undoubtedly, it was to this romantic inheritance from his Provencal mother that the Poverello owed his sensitiveness to the beauties of Nature. It is said of him that "He discovered Nature for his contemporaries, but the key of Nature's book he found in the Book of God."

Whether we see Francis as a gay youth, singing through the streets of Assisi with his loved companions, lutes in hand, immersed in a glad world, disturbing the slumbers of sedate maturity; or going gaily to battle for his beloved Assisi, to be captured and imprisoned by the Perugians (where it is said he kept up the spirits of the prisoners for the whole year by his songs and merriment); or riding out of the city in the shining armor of a knight, to fight the Saracen for the Holy Land—though fever sent him back; or, after his conversion, appearing unarmed before the Sultan Melek-el-Kamel at Damietta, to plead that the Christians camped outside the city might secure a *lascia-passare* (permit) for Judea as far as Jerusalem and the Tomb of the Redeemer—and winning, by fascinating the Turk with his personality and power; ever he is a glamorous figure, often enshrouded in legend—for example, the immortal Italian folklore in the "Fioretti" or "The Little Flowers of St. Francis," and the paintings by Giotto, Cimabue and the host of other creators.

Saint Francis and the Birds

But Francis' high place in human history, as differentiated from Church history, lies in his social service. His "Third Order," established to include men and women "in the world" who would follow the "Rule," was the wedge that finally weakened the dykes that upheld feudalism, for its members were pledged to peace. They may not bear arms, except for country or Church; may not take oath of allegiance to the fighting feudal overlords; and so the serfs swarmed in by thousands, leaving the lords to fight their own battles, if they had to be fought. So came the end. Wise Francis!

Then the Assisian built the first hospitals in Europe — *lazarettos,* at first, for the despised lepers, manned by his sons and daughters, the Friars Minor and the Poor Clares. Then to release the poor from the grasp of the usurers — and both were legion — he caused banks to be established, where money could be obtained at reasonable rates of interest—a social service revived a few years ago in San Francisco. He supported the guilds—unions — against their enemies, and sought to bring about a better understanding between the rich and the poor, through his Third Order, which king and peasant, serf and master joined, for spiritual enrichment, preaching loyalty to the servors, and stewardship of wealth and power to the rich and powerful. A democrat in practice as in theory, like Christ.

POVERELLO'S POWER

But after all, the thing that has most charmed the world with Francis was his humanness, his love for his fellows, and his unfailing understanding of their weaknesses and follies; his love of the beauty of Nature, his fondness for Brother Sun and Sister Moon, and Sister Birds, Brother Wolf, and all the things that come from the hand of the Creator.

And if one should question some of the thousands of pilgrims who will go to Assisi before the memorial year expires on October 4, to pray at his tomb and to do him honor, they would probably tell us that they are attracted to the "Herald of the Lord" for the sweetness of his character, the mystic beauty of his life, and his love for the created world (that, but for his divine illumination, was rather a depressing place in his day).

Francis died in the arms of his disciples, at Porciuncula, at sunset, October 3, in his forty-fifth year. October 4, his body was borne to Assisi in processional, the bier being borne past the convent at San Damiano, by the Poverello's request, that Sister Clare and her nuns might behold the face of their guide and father for the last time. The scene of that parting is not hard to reconstruct, the entire countryside following the sorrowing brothers up the hill to the Church of St. George, where Francis had studied as a boy. In 1230, his body was reinterred under the great altar in the famous basilica of Assisi, built in his honor, that crowns the hill overlooking his native city.

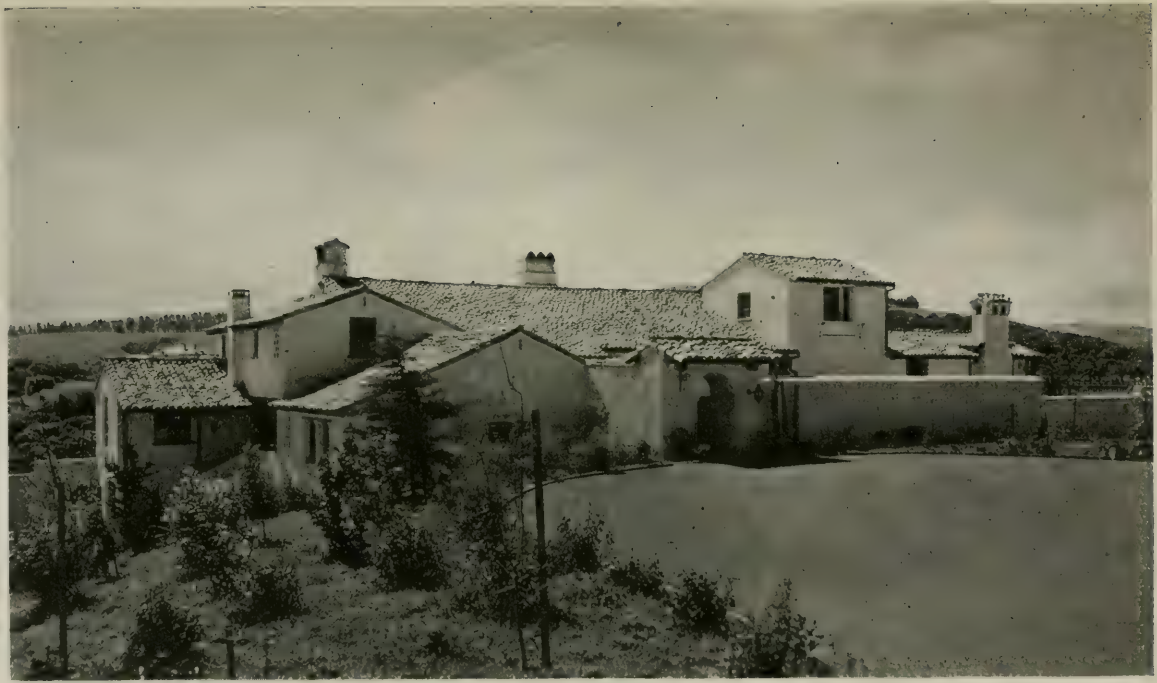
"With the coming of St. Francis and the spread of his order over Europe, began a new era in literature and art," says Thode. Francis' "Canticle to the Sun," improvised while he was threatened with blindness, two years before death, is pronounced by Cherance as a "landmark in the history of early Italian literature, and a keynote to the subsequent achievements of Franciscan artists—a sublime improvisation, into which are infused all the wealth of the saint's imagination." You should hear a Franciscan choir chant it.

During the last quarter of a century, Neo-Franciscan literature and research have grown so profusely that, once captured by their charm, life—what remains of it—seems altogether too short in which to refresh one's soul.

What a charm in San Francisco's romantic nomenclature!

Sunday Suppers

Buffet supper is served in the Main Dining Room every Sunday evening from 5:30 to 8:30 o'clock. Patrons of the Sunday Evening Concerts are finding these suppers a great convenience.



Courtesy of Pacific Architect

Typical Italian architecture finds itself very much at home in this San Mateo residence.

CREATIVE EDUCATION

By EDWARD YOEMANS

Author of "Shackled Youth."

Director, Ojai Valley School, Ojai, California

I AM very glad to say a little under the general title of "Creative Education," and I am going to take the liberty of dignifying my rather unimportant words by quoting at the very start from the first chapter of Genesis: "In the beginning God created the heaven and the earth." When, how and why? Those questions have never been answered.

Only one thing seems to be evident — namely, that heaven and earth — once created somehow — constituted the beginning of a stupendous assay and after millions of years of stewing and boiling and thrashing about, at the bottom of the whole thing—as far as our solar system is concerned, anyhow—appears the "button"—a nugget of the most precious metal — worth all the enormous time and all the terrific energy and all the incredible materials that had to go to the making. It weighs about two pounds —it is the mind of a man. It has everything in it that went to the making of it—the essence of everything—and it particularly has a great deal of that same creative impulse — that power to do things which the original Creator possessed, indeed, it is simply part of him also; and if it is not Godlike in its expression and action, it is not its fault—it is the fault of what we call circumstances.

It used to be easy to say where the faults began. There were general theories—the "Fall of Man," for instance—the doctrine of "Total Depravity." "All Mankind by the Fall have lost communion with God—are under his wrath and curse—and so made liable to all the miseries of this life to death itself and to the pains of Hell forever." As the old Scotch lady said: "The doctrine of total depravity was a grand doctrine, but very few could live up to it."

But we can't live up to it at all. We can't place the blame on individuals any more—we have to place it on circumstances, which are composed of people plus things, namely, Society.

Now this creative education is trying to change the circumstances which surround children in homes and in schools in such a way as to allow this element, which they contain within them, to function in accordance with its divine nature.

It endeavors to create an environment and to provide a nutriment in which a symmetrical personality can grow, and a personality — a whole sound human equipment—with roots irrigated, with enough sun, rain, wind, snow and ice, with enough elemental experience, in other words, is sure to be fruitful—to be creative—to be like the tree "planted by the rivers of water, that bringeth forth his fruits in his season." Not the teacher's fruit in the teacher's season, not the industrialist's fruit or the ecclesiastic's—but his OWN—whatever it is.

Well, the idea is not new. It was injected long ago by Rosseau, by Pestalozzi, by Froebel, into that very conventional society of our forefathers, who were sure that children were merely candidates for a very early and serious maturity, and interesting in themselves only incidentally —subject wholly to the whim and caprice, folly or wisdom of their masters (as they are yet) and entitled to consideration on their *own* account, as containing qualities much superior to the adult community—*never.*

In America it was Emerson who first warned us in authoritative manner to "Respect the Child." And that is all the New Education does—those three words may stand as its rubric. If there was need of such admonition then, there is more now.

There were not nearly so many people in the country then as now. There was no sense of crowding—there were no electric lights, telephones, trolley cars, automobiles, airplanes, radio, skyscrapers, subways, apartment houses. People plowed with oxen and horses and cut hay and wheat with scythes—and drove slowly along in wagons and carriages, or in horse cars, wrote long-hand letters and read the Bible and Pilgrim's Progress. All the prevailing winds blew from Ecclesiastical theological quarters. Here and there a strange current of air from a new continent of thought blew across the complacent society—the words of Emerson and of Walt Whitman.

Oh, most disconcerting — such a wind as Walt set up suddenly with a shout over the housetops like this: "What do you suppose I would intimate to you in a thousand ways except this—that there is no God more divine than Yourself!" Imagine how the people felt—my people and yours —who very well knew that "all mankind had lost communion with God."

In those days the wind blew mostly, as I said, from theological areas—and schools and colleges all pointed like weather cocks that way—and all their banners flapped in a rather chilly air. Now it blows from the *factory.* The old household gods are in the garret with broken noses with other old furniture. That early coldness has gone — that rather invigorating salty smell—as of a wind off the sea. Now it is hot and carries the ceaseless roar of machinery and traffic and the interminable shuffling of millions of men, women and children enslaved to machinery — concerned with deadening routines of work followed by equally sterile diversions — forgetful of the quietly flowing days of the year with the white, green, gold and purple colors of the seasons flashing upon them—filled with the desperate illusion that motion is progress and that life is a hurried, noisy, feverish matter concerned with externals, with show windows—with quantity—with speed — with fabrications; that quiet and detachment and the contemplation and creation of beauty are flat, stale and unprofitable. We are more and more untangled in the net spun by a very deadly spider, whom we have domesticated ever since the Puritans let that predatory insect called "Success" into their house of worship.

Now this Creative Education—or Progressive Education—or New Education—or whatever you wish to call it—is modest. It does not attempt to organize a frontal attack on the entrenchments of a very highly organized industrial organization. But it resists the effort to extend the factory psychology and scientific management and salesmanship into the school area. And at the same time, realizing the long duration of this inundation of *things* and the impossibility of stemming the tide—which will eventually ebb because it will be found to be absolutely inhuman — it endeavors to provide compensations by educating for a more intelligent use of leisure time—more leisure being a by-product of a machine age and the use of that leisure being the most critical factor in the life of the exploited multitude. As it is now, the exploitation by money-minded accretive and crafty individuals goes on continuously. A tired factory population—and by that I mean the general personnel of industry—of department stores—of sky scraper offices—of transport systems—of hotels—is easy prey for the man with a time killing device, which anaesthetizes and then kills the soul, though leaving a semblance of life, until the undertaker removes that—and life is over. It is no exaggeration to say that this bombardment from screen, from radio and from phonograph has become, in the hands of people interested primarily in money making, like a devastation of hot volcanic mud, filling all the quiet and intimate landscape of the common life until it becomes a fever-stricken waste filled with frantic figures, with gyrating mobs capable of any absurdity and of any injustice and of any headlong precipitation down steep places to the final abyss of war.

And so you see, we have two parties in the school area. We have conformists and non-conformists—the divergence between them great, and becoming greater. They represent two types of mind — two points of view very different from each other—and these have been produced by two habits of life in the intimate recesses of the home.

They are associated — these two parties—at the top, that is, at the university, because they must both use the same university and deliver their goods there, the former with complacency, feeling that the end of all educational hopes has been realized—(and it, in most cases, has) the latter with misgivings, but without any happy alternative as yet.

The section to which I belong is comparatively small, mobile, self-directive, adventurous and experimental while the other section is very large and heavy and has all the inertia which goes with bulk and all organization that goes with numbers and all the rigidities and timidities and prejudices and catchwords that go with prevailing fashions.

It is inevitable that—with but few exceptions, the entire public school system and most private schools also should take their rhythm and pitch from the overwhelming army of our industrial regimentation whose drum and trumpets shake the air and whose barracks shut out the sky.

Let those, however, who feel that it is a beneficent and exhilarating spectacle, as well as a most dramatic one, follow the individuals back home after the daily dispersal and there observe what the by-products are and how surely the soul of man, woman and child is starved. And in the process of starvation are displayed all those hideous and fantastic distortions which occupy the attention of the courts and the newspapers. The disintegration of character is the most disruptive phenomenon in nature.

The word "soul" may be out of fashion—but what substitute have the behaviourists given us? But I believe it is something which has never changed in its essential needs. What it needed in Ancient China, Egypt and Mesopotamia—in Greece, Rome, Mediaeval and Renaissance times—it needs today and will need ten thousand years hence.

It has certain characteristics with which it comes up out of the great ocean of life—each soul in a body—each body the body of a child—the most perfect and most beautiful and comprehensive expression of millions of years of evolution.

After an enormous process—after the most insistent, tireless, protracted knocking on the doors of time and chance and circumstance by the spirit of ascent—of aspiration—resident in the whole organic world—through the most painful and grotesque gropings for the way, behold—the gates—the final gates are lifted up, and the King of Glory comes in—no less than that! Not the Lord of Hosts of the Old Testament but the Child of the New Testament — so supremely and radiantly emblazoned on the history and the emotions of men by the Bethlehem scene which we will soon celebrate with such peculiar joy.

This was a King of Glory—and divine by the same right, though in higher degree, as the Child born yesterday and to be born tomorrow—by right of capacity for and passion for beauty and goodness in the affairs of men—for good will and friendliness and by a potential intelligence as to all the values in life.

No wonder we must hold before ourselves once a year, at least, that profoundly moving picture of the stable and the Star and the Shepherds and Wise Men and the Ox and the Ass in order, if possible, to keep some contact with a reality that is more real and more important and more potent than all the intricate and enormous structure of philosophy, art and science.

Each succeeding generation of children sweeps up from the great ocean of life and confronts us, highly charged with one tremendous characteristic—with that mysterious force which has overcome the resistances of geologic time — namely, faith. You cannot possibly annul it and defeat it, but you can retard it tragically. You can compel it with incredible suffering and tears to finally break through the barriers you erect and thus proceed—in spite of you.

It is a most dramatic picture and because it recurs so often should not become dim—or commonplace.

Here we are, arrived at the status of parents and teachers. We have preempted the earth. We occupy all the seats of authority. Everything that is being done is being done by us. We are already entangled in the nets of circumstances spread in more and more intricate patterns as the world of men increases and crowds towards the summum bonum of the day.

We have already exchanged a good part of our birthright for one mess or another in order to get on, to prosper, as we say, to keep up with the game, to establish ourselves and provide something for the future and realize on our endowments in general. Hunger and love have led us rarely by still waters and green pastures.

It is proper to say that we could hardly be otherwise than we are and our virtue must consist largely in acknowledging with as much humility as possible that when we would do good, evil is present with us. What that evil is, I have already indicated. It distracts us and submerges us—and bewilders us and compels us to intolerable compromises with our own children and with other people's children.

But what is the "good" we would do? Friends, it is, in a word, this—that we shall, as far as we are able, keep faith with these children who confront us every day in school—in order that their endowment of health —of good will, of truthfulness, of courage, of creative strength and of appreciation and expression of beauty may be preserved and carried over to maturity, and society be refreshed by their presence and eventually cured of its maladies and they themselves secure the joy of self-realization, which is the ultimate aim and purpose of the individual life.

We go about this in various ways, but all the varieties that are important, whether in Europe or America, have the same general principles, at the center of which stands, not a system of religion, not an economic theory, not state paternalism and authority, but those three words of Emerson.

The first good we would accomplish is to have every one of these bodies as nearly a perfect sample of homo sapiens as possible. It is a magnificent thing to be alive—and to be well—to be perfect in every part. To be sick and to be imperfect means that one or more of the channels are obstructed by which we also may grow in stature and in grace and in favor with God and man. It should be an incalculable privilege to be alive—to be thrust up out of the dark underground mat of life into the sunlight and starlight and the profound dignities and beauties of this sun-colored earth with its seas, rivers, forests, winds and clouds and the majestic procession of its seasons. But we must be well—and to being well, we must add other endowments or the whole magnificent spectacle is meaningless.

And one of these is a sense of RELATIONSHIPS. There are two main relationships to be established if our idea of education is sound—with the non-human world—with the human world past and present.

The physical universe is and ought to be our Alma Mater. Out of it we have come and back to it we shall go, and I am very sorry for those who are prevented from securing as much intimacy with the visible world as it will allow and from increasing that sense of kinship with all inorganic and organic things with which we started life.

It is certainly unfortunate to be confined exclusively to human society for our happiness. We need a great deal of the impersonal and of the inarticulate. We need to start very early habits of silent looking and listening and wondering and investigating. We need very much to give children all the opportunity we possibly can of being alone part of the time, and of having that sense of privacy, which is so much denied; so that we may defeat one of the evils of our social life, namely, gregariousness. We must get children to understand the joy of being alone, and of going by themselves, and to realize that there are two kinds of a good time: one kind when you are by yourself and another kind when you are with somebody else. Both ought to be experienced as fully as possible, so that they will go through life with each individual as part of his very important endowment.

There is no reason why we should leave one of the most exhilarating and compensating interests of the human mind to the professional naturalists and be satisfied only to read their books. We may just as well share with them their profound satisfactions and most peaceful and detached occupations and still have time for our business and profession. So we wish to preserve in children the explorative, inquisitive, wondering mind, companions in miniature of Millikan and Michelson—of Fabre and Beebe and Hudson—of Edison and Steinmetz—minds wondering and reverent and hearts perennially young. And then, in human relationships, the PAST—the great companions of all times and of every nation—the Great Despisers — and Affirmers — and Includers — Pioneers of Liberty — confronting ignorance and intolerance and slowly, painfully defeating it.

We must know these people—and belong to them—teachers—writers—poets — musicians—scientists — statesmen — make them part of ourselves and with them "build Jerusalem" as William Blake puts it. Otherwise, our life is too small and insignificant —meaningless, thin, shadowy. It is thin enough—the stuff that dreams are made on—a few threads of warp and woof — an obscure pattern — a faint color — and if by reason of strength four score years, still actually futile unless joined up with what is great and generous and disinterested.

And inevitably these associations with the past involve similar ones with the present. We want children so initiated into the society of the Benefactors that they instinctively make common cause with those of their contemporaries who belong to that company and become intelligent followers if not leaders in causes however unpopular making for a better day. And also there are the undistinguished but indestructibly faithful hand workers of the day—the people of industry.

I must tell you that in our school we take every opportunity to get people to come and talk with us who are engaged in doing this work—on whose shoulders the enormous weight of our civilization rests. We get the stockman, the man who raises cattle and sheep, who comes and brings his highly skilled dog with him; the rancher, the railroad conductor and engineer, the steel melter, the miner, the school teacher of remote regions, where children crave education with passionate hunger. We get anybody who will tell us about his routine in the work-a-day world to do so, to the end that we may begin that process of cross-fertilization which keeps minds from a sour isolation in prejudice and misunderstanding.

In the forming of sympathies and allegiances with what is fine, unselfish, radiantly intelligent and devoted, books are important but not nearly so important as people. Expose children to the best kind of people and you get the best kind of children, as a rule. Receptives vary. In the orange packing plant the big oranges roll past the small holes. The business of a school is to keep the receiving appertures from contracting until only small things can get through. Only small things will come out—quite as with the slot machine. Closely related to this matter of Relationships is the training in DISCRIMINATION—the setting up of a scale of values. Understanding, which is the beginning of wisdom—the ability to appraise people and policies and possessions so as to avoid confusion between what is of first importance and what of second.

Then there is the matter of SKILLS—or what I may call VALIDATION. THE ABILITY TO DO THINGS WELL WHETHER OF THE MIND OR OF THE HAND—to think without vagueness and confusion and to use the hands with dexterity and with the peculiar joy that accompanies manual skill. Therefore we make much of elementary science and also of shop operations. I think that the question of manual skill has been very much under-rated. I don't think you can stop evil, or modify it very much by the old method of precept and example. I think you have to provide a substitute for evil tendencies. The only way is to secure a deeply imbedded interest in things.

In science we like particularly to investigate the origin, the distribution, the uses and the processes connected with such things as coal and iron, cotton, silk, leather, etc., things of common use which involve a human cost in labor, in privation and hardships and risk of health and life which does not appear to the usual purchaser.

And we like very much to know how things work, these things that we depend on every day but question very little—such as engines and motors and pumps. Also we believe that the feeling for astronomy which every child has, should be promoted by much talk of sun, planets and stars.

A great deal might be said here regarding the reverence due the human hand. As the versatile prehensile instrument of the brain to get its mysterious creative impulses carried out it produced civilization. In fact, it can be argued that it produced the present brain by that magical "back and forthness" between the impulse and the act —the emotion and the expression. We believe the wholesomeness—the health of society, requires a proper proportion between head and hand activity, in which the element of joy is the illuminating signal—as Bergson says—the one infallible sign that the individual is realizing and fulfilling himself—without the joy everything is lost.

I like to tell the children in my school once a year about the origin of those hands; to go back to the claw, and the fin, and then the five-toed foot, and on up until you come to the aborigines who had to hang to branches of trees. And then coming down out of trees where they found that it wasn't necessary to grasp so many branches, but the ability to grasp was there, and so they developed that great tool, using this capacity of the human-being, beginning with the hand. With these magical hands they must do something besides handle knives, forks and spoons. And we try, therefore, to make the hands a very, very important feature of the school life; and I can tell you that the children have very profound hand-hunger. They are too often deprived of it, but if you give them half a chance to try their hands, you will see what an appetite they have, both boys and girls, exactly in the same degree. And I believe that in our schools there should be twice as much hand work as there is; it develops the whole organic structure. May I recommend to this company a book by Dr. Rathman, called "The New Society," in which he suggests that this significance of the public head worker and hand worker, if brought to proportion in society, would make up much of the difficulties we have in international and national affairs.

Then there is music and the arts. Again it is the quality of what we use that counts—it is exposure to the best —not the second best—to the most beautiful, not the most popular—to what time has tested, not to what salesmen desire to sell. We decline to clutter up the approach a child makes to his appraisal of values with a great deal of rubbish—of the purely local and temporary and trivial—of fabrication from conscientious artisans.

The best is not a bit too good—the works of the great artists — of the great spirits who in obscurity and humility walked the earth and by those standards we are daily judged. Whether we are of that company or not—whether we can trace our spiritual ancestry to them and to their kind—that is the question.

We have great faith in dancing, too, as an ally of music,—as establishing a harmony between body and emotions. The whole body responding to a great rhythm is a body released from bondage—from bondage of nerves and muscles—poised and free in a most vitally important sense.

Discrimination will not find the least difficulty in selecting the kind of dances suitable for children. Dalcroze is the great exponent of those rhythms which are most releasing.

As regards the usual curriculum—beginning with the elementary school—we teach the subjects necessary as tools—the "three Rs" just as every school does with this difference—we like to have a feeling for the NEED of learning precede the actual work—that is—we want the compulsion to come from within. There is then no discipline involved worth mentioning. And also we believe that unless the emotions are very strongly engaged in any work it will never be very deeply imbedded in the mind. To write well—to spell well—to express yourself with freedom and clarity using our highly developed English language with discretion in the use of words and dignity in their enunciation, that is a great privilege as well as a duty.

We make much use of our school assemblies especially in celebration of the holidays — Thanksgiving, Christmas, Easter and others so that children may speak before their fellow pupils without self-consciousness and become a very natural and happy part of beautiful ceremonials in which the atmosphere is charged with a lofty sentiment and reverence for our rich inheritance of poetry and song.

We like very much to apply our arithmetic—to see clearly how necessary a thing it is in the world to add, subtract, divide, use decimals and fractions, with accuracy and even with speed—and to practice on actual transactions.

And we especially feel that is necessary in subjects like geography and history to get the dramatic and intimate and picturesque and intensely human aspects burned into the consciousness — so that our pupils will carry the marks ever afterward and will have been participants with Marco Polo—with the Crusaders—with Diaz and Columbus and Magellan and so on—weeping with those that wept and rejoicing with those that rejoiced, though centuries have passed. Again it is a matter of relationships—of the Great Companions and the Open Road.

Here is the Earth—with such varied and alluring beauty—surrounded by the glory of the day and the sky—inhabited by the most amazing people in every kind of costume and with every kind of speech and custom, foreign to us — but all human — all brothers—all needing about the same things—all suffering the same misfortunes in diseases and death—believing all things—hoping all things—enduring all things. Shall we, once we get a proper understanding of our relationships, go on hurting other people? And shall not schools make it their peculiar business to promote these friendlinesses—this sense of common residence and common need—to the end that wars shall cease and those black little seeds of war scattered everywhere by the ruthless or thoughtless in the minds of children, be thrown forever into the fire of a new ethic?

And finally, we are profoundly interested in that religious emotion and expression which finds in love of Beauty and Order the whole of the law and the prophets — beauty of character being the highest expression —composed as it is of behavior and speech and accomplishment in any department of life. Of the sort that cannot be dismayed or caught unawares or long blinded by the blast of sudden storms that inevitably sweep across the soul's path. Storms there will be—sails torn out and masts broken—and much tangle of rigging. All we ask is that our ships steer by the compass. Keep a little light in the binnacle ("lux benigna") eventually refit and under fair skys again, with courage intact—continue the voyage. The ships that sink—that founder! Something — somebody, built them badly in vital places — the seams opened—nothing could be done.

We believe in, and make use of, the science of education—the invaluable work of investigators in pedagogy and in psychology but we think that the artist must predominate in the teacher and that no systems can ever take the place of persons. We want persons in schools who by the ancient and inalienable magic of *contact* will start those spiritual processes — those aspirations and those habits of thought which are radio-active and send children out into the world without the necessity of seeking good fortune—they themselves being good fortune.

I am going to close by quoting from a little book called "The Prophet" by Gibran, a wonderful poet and artist:

"And a woman who held a babe to her bosom said, Speak to us of Children.

And he said:

Your children are not your children.

They are the sons and daughters of Life's longing for itself.

They come through you, but not from you,

And though they are with you yet they belong not to you.

You may give them your love but not your thoughts,

For they have their own thoughts.

You may house their bodies, but not their souls,

For their souls dwell in the house of tomorrow, which you cannot visit, not even in your dreams.

You may strive to be like them, but seek not to make them like you.

For life goes not backward nor tarries with yesterday.

You are the bows from which your children as living arrows are sent forth.

The Archer sees the mark upon the path of the infinite, and He bends you with His might that His arrows may go swift and far.

Let your bending in the Archer's hand be for gladness;

For even as He loves the arrow that flies, so He loves also the bow that is stable."

BROTHER LEO LECTURES

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October 20: An Airplane View.
October 27: Standards in Criticism.
November 3: Impressionism.
November 10: Some Critics of Today.
November 17: A Sheaf of Recent Books.
December 1: An Eclectic Credo.

Price of the course $3.00. Single admission 75 cents. The lectures will be given at 11 o'clock on the dates indicated.

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EDITORIAL

THE Women's City Club is to be congratulated upon the lectures and concerts scheduled for the winter, not only under its own auspices but under the management of other agencies as well.

The outstanding feature of the lecture course is the series to be given by Chester Rowell on Friday evenings, beginning October 7, continuing each Friday evening to November 4, omitting Friday, November 11, on account of Armistice Day, and concluding November 18.

Rowell will talk on "International Relations" and deal with current political history.

Internationalist, publicist, commentator, authority on many subjects which he has traveled far to investigate first-hand, Rowell is unique in the civic and sociological development of the West. It has been said that he is to California what William Allen White is to Emporia, Kansas, and his admirers would even claim that his scholarship exceeds that of White.

Certain it is that he is peculiarly fitted to observe the passing show, for he aspires to no political office, has no economic need of espousing a cause or reason for condemning it except because of his convictions, which are singularly free from prejudice.

The field covered by the Rowell lectures will be as wide as the world, with the first dealing with the work of the Assembly of the League of Nations, now in session at Geneva, taking up the agenda in the order in which it has unfolded or is unfolding there. Disarmament, alcohol, motivating cross-currents, and actual accomplishments will be viewed as intelligently as perhaps any in California can discuss them.

The critical geographic centers of the world and the political equation in each will be surveyed,—Italy and Mussolini, China and the Nationalists, Russia and Stalin, Mexico and Calles, the British Commonwealth of Nations, with America's relation to each, will come under the revealing light of Rowell's understanding.

The course of six lectures is offered for three dollars. Mrs. Parker S. Maddux, Chairman of the Education Committee, has the series in charge.

Another course, more academic in character, offered by the City Club is that to be given by Professor Benjamin Lehman of the University of California. Professor Lehman's lectures last winter were enthusiastically followed by a large number of members and their friends. The dates and fee are given elsewhere in this number of the City Club Magazine.

AFRICA IN THE BOOKS OF THE MONTH

Reviewed by INGLIS FLETCHER

AMONG PIGMIES AND GORILLAS
By Prince William of Sweden
E. P. Dutton and Company—$6.00

AFRICA is on the rising tide in the literary world. This month three books of importance have come to my desk that deal with various phases of life in Africa; exploration, adventure, social and political.

It is interesting in reading these books to see the different viewpoints. No matter how far apart the authors may be on many subjects, they all agree on one, the lure and charm of that great continent.

"Among Pigmies and Gorillas" is the title of Prince William of Sweden's book on exploration. In common with Sir Samuel Baker, Livingston, Stanley, Sir Harry Johnston and our own Carl Akeley, Prince William has succumbed to the lure of Africa. Whatever it is in this age-old continent that draws adventurous spirits to her is hard to define. Unfathomable with the wisdom of the ages she has held off civilization as no other land. Men hew their way through her jungles and forests only to lose themselves in her service—she has never given way completely—she remains distant and aloof—impregnable.

"Among Pigmies and Gorillas" is a book to read carefully and thoroughly, frankly a straightforward narrative of the affairs of the Swedish Zoological Expedition of which Prince William was commander. Under his pen it becomes a book revealing something of the man himself, his philosophy and his temperament. Lover of sports, adventurer and of hard living *"The Explorer Prince"* comes out of the pages a figure of heroic proportions.

INGLIS FLETCHER

Loving movement, change and adventure, with a flare for living the life of an explorer he casts off the unessentials of our modern civilization with ease and takes them up again reluctantly. Something born of race is in his adaptability for living in any country under all conditions. According to some of our modern authorities this ability to adapt oneself, to accept change without discomfort, mental or physical, shows the highest form of civilization. It is an interesting book and portrays Africa and conditions that were encountered by the Prince's party in a way to keep the reader engrossed with the narration. His style is easy and readable with fascinating descriptions of events and surroundings that show the author's love of Nature and his sensitiveness to beauty.

"In spite of illness, in spite of privation and hardships I know that I shall long to return to it. If the wilds have once entered through the blood they will remain there as long as there is a red corpuscle left, for no artificial life, however developed it may be, can ever compete with Nature herself and the life to which she calls us."

Prince William of Sweden has written plays, books of verse and travel. He is dramatic critic on a newspaper in Stockholm and his publishers have announced a new book of short stories for Fall release.

TRADER HORN
By Alfred Aloysius Horn
Simon and Schuster—$4.00

Of entirely different character is *"Trader Horn."* Between the Africa of an explorer or novelist of today and the Africa of a trader of fifty years ago there is a vast difference.

The Africa of Rivers, "nature's idea for streets," as Trader Horn so graphically puts it, is the untouched Africa of the black man. "In Africa the past has hardly stopped breathing" he goes on to say and this is the country he shows so vividly that it is an effort to drag oneself out of his land of rivers and forests into the present.

"The Old Visitor" called one day on Ethelreda Lewis in her garden near Johannesburg. Like the Ancient Mariner he had a wonderful story, (John Galsworthy says it has more "stingo in it than any book you can come across in a day's march among the bookshops"), he was selling wire novelties—Mrs. Lewis bought a gridiron which she didn't want—and fell upon one of the most remarkable characters in present day writing.

To tell what happened and how, would be to divulge a story so dramatic that it would be a pity to cut down the details in any way.

Like the old prospectors of the west, loneliness and solitude combined with a first hand knowledge of Nature in its most primitive aspect, Trader Horn has developed a philosophy that puts our feeble efforts to shame. To him right and wrong are two clear and direct lines; black and white. There is no shading. Wrong is punished quickly and without regrets. Courage is a virtue without parallel. Witness the Missionary Lady who walked without fear through the cannibal village!

From the viewpoint of this man it is a pity that we ever tried to superimpose Christianity on the cannibals: "they are by far the finest type of negroes I have ever met, are good hunters, fine workers and have no slaves. They are very moral and I never knew a cannibal woman who was not more than faithful to her husband and children."

It is good to read a book so straightforward and direct in spite of the Old Visitor's idea of proper suspense to suit the Americans "who must have novelty."

With an artistry that amounts to genius, Mrs. Lewis has taken down Trader Horn's robust conversations and given them to us along with his own narrative. We are thus able to glimpse the trader as he is, upstanding, fearless, with imagination, taking a lusty joy in adventures that he experienced fifty years ago from the Ivory Coast to the land beyond the Cameroons.

What a book and what a life! We of soft living and vicarious adventurings should feel ashamed before such magnificent living. Trader Horn with his rivers—his pygmies coming from he knows not where. They came to him and the Ivory Coast in the "Earlies." Prince William of Sweden went to their haunts only yesterday. Trader Horn imagined their beginnings as paleolithic men — remnants of that early race that is lost in the dark past.

Such a book as this has not been turned loose on a weary and sophisticated world for many a year. It is to our credit that we recognize splendid adventure and give it a hearty welcome. We hope that through this book of his Trader Horn will live securely and well the rest of his days. But he will probably not care for security, he will want to walk off into the blue as he says "as far as his feet will carry him" until he can travel no farther. to the Great Adventure.

The South Africans
By Sarah Gertrude Miller
Boni and Liveright—$3.00

"The South Africans" treats of still another phase of life on the Great Continent. Mrs. Millin, whose novels *"God's Stepchildren"* and *"Mary Glen"* have made her famous, has turned her attention to the political and social life of these people who inhabit a tremendous area of Africa. She goes into the early history, explains the passing of Bushmen, the Hottentots, the movement of the Bantu, and the coming of the English and the Dutch. Economically and sociologically, the commonwealth is more interesting every decade.

Africa of the black man is handled with feeling and something of regret. The situation there is somewhat like our Indian situation. A strange idea indeed, to take, as she says, the black man who is racially a person of leisure and make him a slave to work while the white man who stands for the dignity of labor theoretically, has the leisure.

Mrs. Millin brings to our attention and sets forth clearly the ever present problem of the mixture of races in South Africa. How to handle them and keep them all content. That is a problem. And they are struggling to meet it intelligently.

"The South Africans" is a thoughtful book. Those early buccaneers that invaded the diamond and gold fields have left their stamp as well as the earlier ivory and rubber traders.

She gives us an interesting glimpse of Cecil Rhodes and of Botha and Smuts in their relation to the country. The Jameson Raid she explains in a sentence. The whole work is a distinguished piece of writing and shows not only a deep knowledge of her subject but the vast amount of research work required to give stability to her comments.

The South Africans are to be congratulated in having as dispassionate an observer as Sarah Gertrude Millin, give her time and facile pen to an interpretation of the problems that they are meeting today.

Books and Art
PAUL ELDER & COMPANY
239 POST STREET
San Francisco

RECIPROCITY

San Francisco, California,
September 13th, 1927.

Dear Miss Tomlinson:

I think the reciprocal relations which we have with the various clubs throughout our own country and in some of the foreign countries are of the utmost benefit to our members.

It is a delightful experience to visit the American Women's Club in Paris and have luncheon in its attractive dining-room or to go there for tea, which is served in a lovely court. The Club occupies a large mansion which, I understand, was the former home of a Count. In London we also visited the American Women's Club, where we had a delicious luncheon, and found that Club most attractive. There are many stories of interest concerning the furnishings of the Club, and of particular interest was one ceiling, which had been brought from some old palace in Italy. The carved woodwork was particularly beautiful. In returning from Europe we stopped in Boston and while there visited the Women's City Club of Boston, which is housed in one of the old Colonial homes on Beacon Street. There they had cafeteria service on the first floor and up-stairs they served luncheon in the dining-room. It seemed to be a very busy and popular place, to judge by the number of people there.

I feel a decided lack when it comes to writing of my impressions of these clubs in more detail but I do want to say that I am most appreciative of the privilege that we, as members of the Women's City Club of San Francisco, have of visiting and enjoying the advantages of such clubs.

Very truly yours,

Isabel G. Converse.

LEHMAN LECTURES

Professor Benjamin H. Lehman of the University of California will begin his series of lectures on "Literature, Old and New" October 11, and continue on each Tuesday morning at 11 A. M. to and including November 29. The lectures will be held in the Club Auditorium. Mrs. Edward Rainey is the Chairman of the Committee and those assisting her are:

Mrs. Adrian Applegarth
Mrs. Edmund Butler
Mrs. Homer Craig
Mrs. E. W. Currier
Mrs. Marie Hicks Davidson
Mrs. Thomas Driscoll
Mrs. W. B. Hamilton
Mrs. William Heath
Mrs. Dean Johnson
Mrs. Madge Leach
Miss Mary Lansdale
Mrs. Ernest Mott
Miss Dorothy Paysen
Mrs. William Phillips
Mrs. F. C. Porter
Mrs. Edwin Sheldon
Mrs. Harry Stearns

Tickets will be on sale at the Information Desk on the Fourth Floor and at the door on the morning of each lecture.

QUARTERLY MEETING

There will be a quarterly membership meeting on Monday, October 24 at 8 o'clock in the Club Auditorium. The Hospitality, Library, Magazine and Reciprocal Committees will make report. All members are urged to come and keep informed about the operations of the Club.

Courtesy of Camera Craft

"The sea tugged at his heart with all its tides."

In Memoriam: S. C.

By JOSEPH AUSLANDER

The sea tugged at his heart with all its tides,
Its colors and rhythms and tumults; and tall ships
Passing at dawn or pausing at twilight were always
In his eyes and his talk and at his fingertips.

He would show me drawings I only half-understood:
Mechanical plans and charts of schooners and whalers,
Brigs and brigantines, luggers and galleys and galleons—
And salt was in his talk like the talk of sailors.

Beautiful, big eyed, with rebellious hair,
I watched him in a stiff wind with his boat,
Letting her have it; and I watch him roping her
Down at the dock and the spray all over his coat.

And I watch him again at our sloshy old wharf with the rising
Wind and water sucking him out to sea;
And he gets in his boat and heads into the dawndrift
To chat with a certain captain from Galilee.

To show Him his charts and plans as sailor to sailor,
To speak as one seaman to another, observing
The beauty of ships, the bravery of men, the terrible
Glory of the gray gulls plunging and swerving.

Dead? This boy with the sea in his eyes and the morning
Still great and new in his blood like a trumpet with tones
Lavish and marvelous! Dead? With the sea birds crying
And the wind and the water crying in his bones!

(IN HARPERS' MAGAZINE.)

DOES BUSINESS INTRIGUE YOU?

By Agnes N. Alwyn
of Russell-Colvin Company

IN this day and age when women are so active in the business world, it is hard to realize that not so many years ago it was a mysterious realm to the majority of women, a remote place into which the men of the family disappeared at eight in the morning and returned from toward dinner time. On the infrequent occasions of lunching down town, the business atmosphere seemed rather pleasant with an "Hello Bill!" spirit pervading the air—wherein all was handshaking and jolly repartee.

To the women of that day it probably appeared that business offered a happy retreat and an agreeable way to spend the day away from eternal marketing, cooking, placating of servants, and the many vexing problems of household affairs. If business was a mystery, the world of finance and investment was an impenetrable riddle, understandable only to masculine intelligence.

When some pet project had to be shelved because paterfamilias "couldn't afford it," the family would momentarily realize that he didn't quite gather money from bushes, but, generally speaking, they had no conception of the energy, application, and perpetual vigilance required daily in garnering the dollars which they spent so happily.

Certainly today offers an interesting contrast. No longer does the feminine contribution to dinner conversation revolve about clothes, neighbors, or the peccadillos of maid and cook. That is distinctly passe, for the horizon has so extended for us that one is more certain to hear clever comment on a "deal," the success of a business project, or the latest "high" on a favorite bond or stock—all of which tend to weld the varied interests of a family into a more unified whole.

All women are in business, whether they realize it or not. The women who uses money skillfully in the efficient management of a home is just as definitely in business as the one who goes down town each day to a store or an office. It is estimated that women have the handling of more than 70% of all the money spent in the United States in the purchasing of food, clothing, and other necessities as well as luxuries. Certainly the disbursement of such a huge sum of money puts every woman into business. The dispensers of this money are a power in the land as advertising bears witness, for most of it is designed to attract the attention of women.

The chief difference between the down-town business woman and the home business woman is that the first is actively earning money while the latter, in the majority of homes, is actively conserving money, and so important is her part in wisely handling the funds earned by the producers, that one may safely say, other necessary conditions being favorable, that domestic happiness and material success often hinge upon capable financial management within the home.

The gulf between the actual and apparent interests of the money producer and the money conserver and dispenser has gradually narrowed and finally been bridged by a better understanding of underlying economic conditions, which has done much toward establishing a true community of interests. This is largely due to the modern woman's knowledge of business and financial subjects, her wider concept of how directly she is affected by business or financial trends and conditions. Many wives have had actual business experience and know first hand just how much work, energy, and intelligence are required to make money. Many more have learned by observation or through taking an active part in various useful enterprises such as are carried out by clubs and civic organizations.

In this ever-increasing interest in finance and business, one finds a great contributing factor toward the liberation of women from the fear of economic reverses. This does not mean the conscious economic independence attained by a self-supporting woman, but applies in a broader sense to all women. Whether a woman earns money, inherits money, is supported financially by another person, or lives on the income derived from invested principal is of secondary importance.

The real crux of the matter is whether or not she understands the practical management of personal finance and to what extent she puts that knowledge into real use. In such knowledge is contained the potentialities of freedom from financial anxieties and the power to best serve the interests of her family and herself.

There are numbers of women so affectionately protected from the stern realities of life by husbands, brothers, sons or daughters that the need for such knowledge has never occurred. One hopes it never will. Many such women have been left in a sound financial situation but lacking practical financial knowledge have mismanaged their funds into non-existence, or have been compelled to rely upon the poor judgment of incompetent advisors. The result is the same.

Men are often disturbed by the fear that their wives may experience a similar misfortune and try to prevent such an occurrence by creating some form of trust fund for their family. It has been my experience that practically every man to whom I have talked on this subject is glad indeed when his wife is well informed regarding business finance and investment and can be relied upon to manage her own affairs with the capable assistance of those who are qualified to act in an advisory capacity.

Knowledge, we are told, is power. It is also protection, and it is my personal belief, based on experience, that no adult woman, irrespective of her station in life, can safely afford to be uninformed on the subject of the practical management of personal finance, which necessarily includes investment in one form or another.

Investment and finance are weighty subjects. One person could not thoroughly assimilate mentally all there is to know and all that has been written. For practical purposes it isn't necessary to attempt such a feat. There are well established investment principles which may be learned by those who are interested in acquiring capital or in conserving principal. Sound investment practice is really quite simple and understandable once one has grasped the fundamentals. It isn't mysterious — it is just common sense.

What concerns most of us is how the basic principles may be applied with benefit to ourselves. A direct result of well conducted personal finance is the accumulation of a cash surplus, which is the essential first step toward investment finance. Money can be made productive, and if one has the inclination and some ability, it is not hard to learn how to make money work with safety and profit.

Needless to say, the possessor of investment funds or securities should have a sound understanding of investment in order to manage financial matters with efficiency. Aside from the practical value of such information, the subject becomes one of absorbing interest. Various classes of securities, types of bonds and stocks and the industries behind them become correlated in the mind of the student of finance and finally blend into an amazing panorama.

One no longer sees separate companies and corporations only, but a gigantic world structure teeming with human activities, a multitude of people occupied in constructive work, making splendid progress toward the achievement of better world conditions.

Out from the maelstrom of industrial activity new forms constantly emerge, each one an improvement on the preceding form — inventions to lessen labor; discoveries that add comfort and health to life; great projects for the conservation and storage of water; reclamation engineering that will add thousands of acres of productive land to our national wealth; hydro-electric developments that will supply electric energy for many uses; the production of necessities, building, planning, creating — so stupendous is the picture that one can scarcely view it in its entirety or even see each component part.

This is the vast panorama called "business." It is closely and definitely related to you and me. We are part of the picture, small though our part may be. Each of us is dependent upon business in one way or another, either directly or indirectly.

Between knowing and not knowing the simple facts of business, investment and finance is the margin of safety between financial security and its opposite—lack.

Does it not seem to be the part of wisdom to give some thought to a world factor that applies so directly to one's personal welfare, security, and happiness?

* * *

THE PINE

By EUGENE LYTLE

The years of agony are ended
And creeping tentacles have taken root
Pinning the barren rock that once was master
Close to the rugged cliff.

Weary but proud the pine tree sways
Alone between sky and sea.

GOTTARDO PIAZZONI

By Beatrice Judd Ryan

GOTTARDO Piazzoni, painter, idealist and friend. Gottardo Piazzoni came as a boy to Monterey County where he lived on the farm of his father in the fertile valley of Carmel, and it was there in the pastoral country the artist in him was born. He awoke to the message of the soil and the spirit of its beauty and peace pervades his canvases of California. When he grew to young manhood he went abroad and studied for three years at the Julian and Beaux Arts Academies in Paris. Later he made several trips across for study and observation and in 1905 he accompanied Arthur Putnam to Italy where he came to know personally some of the men who founded Futurism.

This painter of California, beside his many easel paintings, has executed a number of murals. Before the fire of 1906 a group of three, "Industry, Agriculture and Commerce," hung in the First National Bank. The Burlingame Country Club and Girls Club have decorations done by him but his most representative and important works belong to Mr. and Mrs. Ansley K. Salz. Several of these hang in the Presidio Open Air School and others decorate their home.

When the history of California Art is written Gottardo Piazzoni will be appreciated and honored firstly because his painting is an interpretation of the virgin soil of California, secondly because for twenty-five years he has persistently worked and fought to plant the highest ideals of art in our community. During the three years it has been my privilege to work for art with a full understanding of his viewpoint, the radiance of his faith has been the steady glow that has rekindled my enthusiasm. Mr. Piazzoni believes that if a great art is to be produced in this country it will eventually come from the west and probably San Francisco. Our art today is growing, has not reached finality, therein lies his great hope. He believes we are working toward a real contribution and in time a great art will spring from California soil. It seems logical, with a background that is alive to all world art movements and yet untrammeled by the hidebound traditions of any, in an environment where creative inspirations crowd in upon one from the soil, the sky and the sea, it seems logical to expect that from such an impulsion as this might spring up a great national art. As the wise virgins therefore, all art lovers, artists and patrons alike, who faithfully tend the little lamps that flicker and burn and glow in the temple of art today, will be worthy to greet the bridegroom when he comes, and of these assuredly the first should be Gottardo Piazzoni.

* * *

Art Calendar for October

California Palace of the Legion of Honor, Group of Old Masters

Collection of Carl W. Hamilton.
Exhibition of Modern Art.

Beaux Arts Galerie

October 1-15 — Rinaldo Cuneo, Oils and Decorative Scenes.

October 17-30—E. Charlton Fortune.

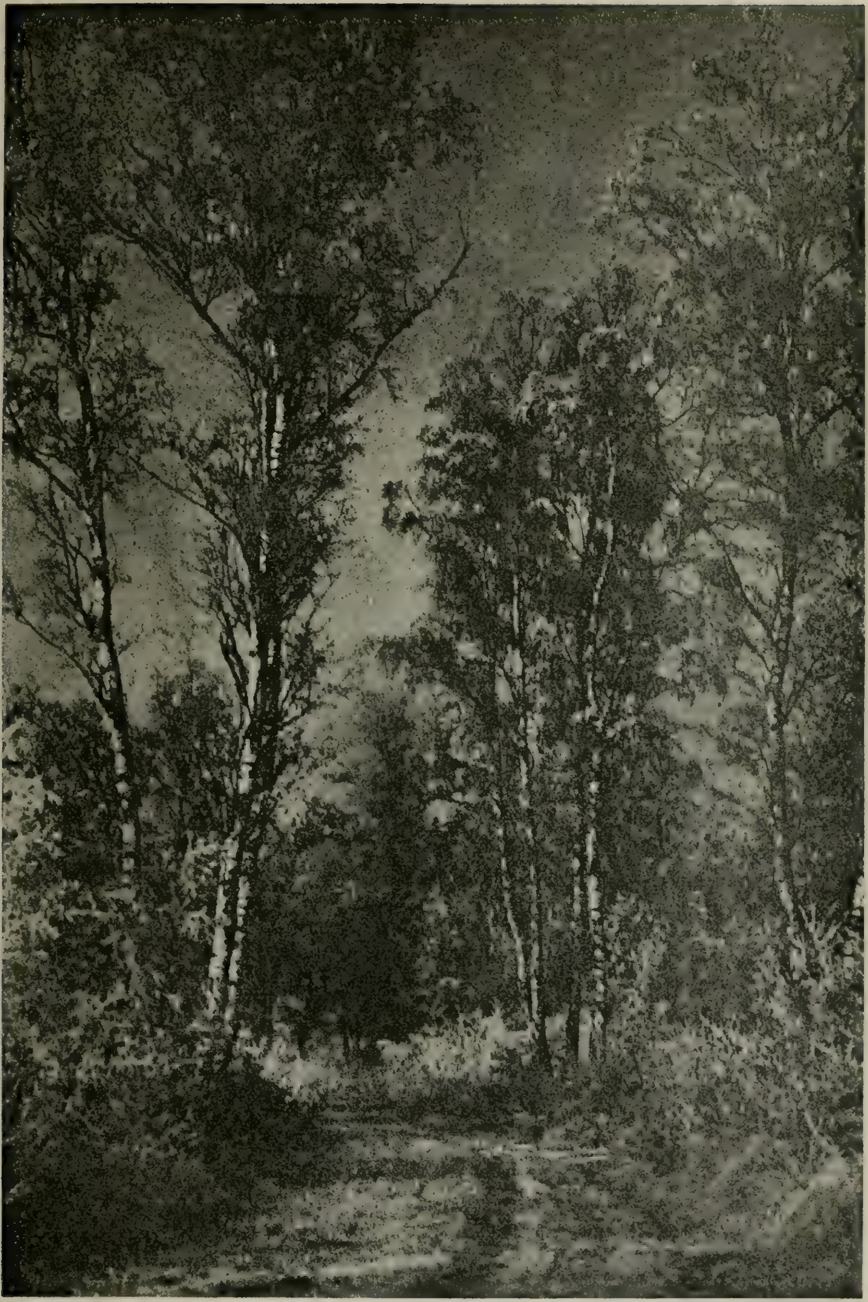
Modern Gallery

October 3-15 — Conway Davies, Oils, Drawings and Lithographs.

October 17-19 — Jacques Schnier, Sculpture and Wood Carving.

East West Gallery

Diego Riveria—Loan Exhibit.



Courtesy of Camera Craft

Autumn in California

RADICALISM REFUTED

By GLENN E. HOOVER, *Mills College*

A RUMOR is abroad that American college students are addicted to a host of outlandish theories and cults, listed in common speech as radical. In college, supposedly, the normal, youthful mind is so bedeviled by fanatical professors, that the students become fevered converts to free trade, free thought, free speech, free love and bolshevism—all products of a degenerate and alcoholic Europe.

The young gentlemen are reputed to return home, disrespectful of the wisdom of their fathers. They doubt if old socks will cure colds, high tariffs cause high wages, and—peace be to their souls — may even doubt if prayer will increase the rainfall. The college girls, it is said, with true feminine tact, begin by initiating their mothers into the forbidden rites of *vers libre,* followed by cigarette smoking and the ineffable delights of philandering.

This belief that the mental life of American students, though often wild and vicious, yet glows with a white-hot heat, is the veriest canard. Modern students are not made of fervid and evangelical stuff. Their chief interests are too often revealed in the mob pleasures of shouting, singing and night-shirt parades and the more private and dignified pleasures associated with bad liquor, furtive lusting and mugging *à la mode.* Intellectually, they enjoy the peace of the dead.

Politics and religion are not for them. A report that, by act of Congress, Catholicism had been adopted as the state religion, priests to be paid by the state, would leave them cold. The doctrines of bolshevism intrigue them no more than the concept of transubstantiation. In short, they are the safe and sane sons of their father, the illustrious Mr. Babbitt, without even father's enthusiasms.

By way of contrast, there is an European tradition, supported by history, that out of the universities may come some very hot intellectual stuff. If a threatened government declares a state of siege or martial law, the universities are apt to be closed with the saloons, as equally liable to foment ruction and disorder. Recently, when the law students at Paris questioned the intellectual equipment of a politically appointed professor, they went on strike and the law students in all France went out with them. While this may show the Gallic genius for disorder, it also shows the passionate concern of the French student for the nature and source of his intellectual pabulum. Such an interest is incomprehensible to American collegians.

For our intellectual tepidity and lack of zip, the professors are largely to blame. They observe the tradition that pervades our entire school system, to the effect that controversial matters are taboo. Any intellectual groping that may disturb established religious or political views must be promptly squelched. Opinions on such matters must be left to the daily papers and the clergy and woe to the professor who scales the college walls to seek out error in the market-place and give it however so mild a wallop. He must not interfere with the formation of public opinion.

The result of this is that students believe there is no relation between what is taught in college and the fundamental facts of life. What they get in the classroom is never brought, head-on, against what they get from the morning paper or the Thursday evening prayer meeting. College erudition appears dead rubbish to be promptly cast off on commencement day.

Intellectual turbulency and zest is what the American college needs—what the whole country needs. There is, in fact, a mild sort of warfare in the intellectual world, between the forces of truth and the forces of error, and it should be a prime function of college men to introduce some pyrotechnics into that struggle. They should enjoy the fight for the fight's sake and their interest should be further aroused by the fact that there is as yet, little certainty of the outcome but a good chance for either side to carry it through to a Lloyd George "knock-out."

It should be the pleasurable duty of a college faculty to poke truth and error into the squared circle and make them fight. Neither of the rascals shows much pugnacity in these piping times of peace. They prefer to give each other a wide berth and thus perpetuate a demoralizing and uneventful dualism. As Professor Wilson puts it, "within three blocks of the meterological laboratory, men pray for rain." It is equally certain that within sight of petroleum institutes men locate oil wells with witch sticks.

If professors and students want a new type of fun they should throw themselves into the task of directing public opinion on controversial questions. The clash would resound afar and they would experience new adventures in an intellectual world now somewhat dull and colorless. For the professors particularly, it might be very, very interesting.

MUSIC IN CITY CLUB

By Anna Cora Winchell

THE opening of the 1927-28 season of the Sunday Evening Musicals at the Women's City Club was marked by a capacity-testing audience in the Auditorium. That was chosen to accommodate the increased attendance promised for that evening, for even the combined space of the Library and the Lounge on the fourth floor has not always been adequate. It was most gratifying to witness the interest displayed in music so early in the season, following closely upon a summer crowded with music and facing a resplendent opera season of two or more weeks. The scheduled opening date, September 4, was set forward to August 28, in order to avoid conflict with a three-day holiday in early September.

Mrs. Leonard A. Woolams, Chairman of the Music Committee, is absent in Europe, and her duties, while away, are sustained by Mrs. Paul C. Butte, Vice Chairman. Mrs. Charles H. Holbrook, Jr., hostess of this occasion, presented Mrs. T. A. Rickard, soprano; Miss Louise Hilgard, piano; Mrs. Dorothy Churchill Hess, lyric soprano; Stanley Lichtenstein, tenor; Miss Elizabeth Alexander, piano; Vail Bakewell, tenor; Bertha Weber, composer-pianist; Wilma Dainty and Vernon Fereria, pianists; Hannah Wells Fletcher and Evelyn Previati, sopranos; Vanite Hamilton, accompanist.

One must go far to find a more finished artist than Mrs. Rickard. Not a professional in the usual sense, she is nevertheless rounded—equipped in voice, diction, perfection of detail and charm. Her groups had the equally artistic support of Miss Hilgard at the piano.

Mrs. Hess and Mr. Lichtenstein offered the operatic note in a scene from Puccini's "La Boheme," giving the latter part of the first act, with Miss Alexander at the piano. That phase of the evening demonstrated something more than trained voices; it showed the stage of the Auditorium to be effective for drama, while rearranged wings and hangings have quite overcome any discrepancies in acoustical law, and the Auditorium is now proven both desirable and convenient for such events as these.

Mr. Bakewell, a favorite of many years, appeared in impromptu vein and his consent to do so was appreciated. Miss Weber offered three of her own compositions and was assisted in *two-piano* numbers by Miss Dainty and Vernon Fereria. Miss Fletcher and Miss Previati are still young singers, though showing promise. The program comprised, in part, the following:

Two-piano compositions, "The Carnival," "March of Triumph," "Sicilian Idyll" (Weber), Miss Weber, Miss Dainty.

Two Songs of the Hebrides, arranged by Kennedy Fraser — "The Bens of Jura," "Heart O'Fire Lore"; "La Fiancee du Soldat" (Chaminade), "Sur La Terrasse de St. Germain" (Fourdrain), Mrs. Rickard.

Songs, "L'Heure Silensieuse" (Rabey), "Green Branches" (Wintter Watts), Miss Fletcher. Songs, "Caro Nome" (Verdi), "A Little Damozel" (Novello), "Carmena" (Wilson), Miss Previati.

During an intermission, Mrs. Marie Hicks Davidson, representing the Women's Committee of the San Francisco Opera Association, gave a comprehensive outline of the coming opera season.

GAETANO MEROLA

Director-General of the San Francisco Opera Company.

KERAMIC CLUB

THE California Keramic Club will hold its annual Exhibit and Sale in the Auditorium of The Women's City Club on October 21 and 22, and the public is cordially invited to attend.

This organization was formed some thirty years ago by a group of women who were active in the decoration of porcelain, and the object of the Club is the encouragement of and assistance in the advancement of Keramic Art. For a number of years the Club held its annual Exhibit and Sale at the Palace Hotel, and it is conceded by many that the influence of the work put before the public has been far reaching. They have endeavored at all times to maintain a high standard of work and to aim always for the highest and best.

This Club, like its most beautiful pieces of work which must stand the test of fire, felt the full force of the great fire of 1906. It left most of the members bereft of all means of carrying on their work, but their fellow-workers from all parts of the Nation came forward at once with most substantial assistance so that in an incredibly short time the Club was holding its regular meetings and making ready for their usual Exhibit. During the war time the efforts of the members of this organization were directed toward every avenue in which they might be of assistance, and as the demand for their work was at the lowest possible point, the Club for several years remained quiescent. A few years ago a fresh effort was made to interest new members in the work with the result that we have a very active membership.

SPANISH CLASSES

To members who are interested in the study of Spanish the Club is announcing that instruction will begin as soon as a sufficient number have signed to make it feasible to start.

Mrs. Tulia de Morales, who will be the instructor, received her A. B. from the University of Chili in 1918, making 146 honor points out of a possible 150.

She received an honorary appointment from the Chilean Government to study Educational Aspects of the United States. Received her M. A. from the University of California.

Mrs. de Morales has had five or six years' teaching experience in different colleges and universities and is now working for her Ph.D.

Classes will meet on Monday evenings and Tuesday and Friday afternoons. Fees for members of the club will be $6.00 for fifteen lessons, and for non-members $7.50 for fifteen lessons.

Registrations are being made at the Information Desk on the Fourth Floor.

COOKING CLASSES

A class in Practical Cooking is now being organized. Fee for the course of ten or twelve comprehensive lessons by an experienced instructor—$25.00, which will include dinner each evening a lesson is given. Course will begin when ten have enrolled and paid the fee. The class is being organized in response to a request for practical instruction in cooking to be given in the evening.

SPIRITUALS TO BE HEARD

ON Monday evening, October 31, the Coleridge-Taylor Choral Club, an activity of the Booker T. Washington Community Service Center at 1433 Divisadero Street, will give its second public program in the auditorium of the Women's City Club.

As was true of the first program rendered at the same place on April 18, the program is confined to the presentation of Spirituals and the works of contemporaneous Negro composers. Two especially interesting numbers of the latter class are "O Hear the Lambs A-Crying," sung without accompaniment, and "Walk Together Children," known as the Triumphant Negro march, stirring and martial in character. The numbers being used by the separate men's and women's choruses are arrangements by Burleigh.

All Spirituals by the entire Choral are sung in unarranged form in order to allow and encourage natural harmonization. Listed among these are God's A-Gwinter Trouble de Water; Didn't My Lord Deliver Daniel; O, Rocks, Don't Fall On Me; It's Me, O Lord; and Were You There When They Crucified My Lord.

The Choral wishes to express to the members of the Women's City Club grateful appreciation for their sympathetic cooperation and support.

Tickets will be on sale at Sherman, Clay and Company until four o'clock on the day of the concert.

HALLOWE'EN BRIDGE PARTY

A Hallowe'en Bridge Party, under the auspices of the Tuesday Afternoon and Tuesday Evening Bridge Groups, will be given in the Auditorium of the Club on Tuesday evening, October 25, at 8 o'clock. Price of tables $3.00. All members of the club are invited. Reservations must be made by the morning of October 25. Tickets may be secured at the Information Desk on the Fourth Floor.

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GOLF PRACTICE COURTS

The latest addition to the facilities of the club is two golf practice courts which have recently been installed in the pent house on the roof of the building. A great deal of interest is being shown by golf players in the Brun Golf Net, which records distance and which permits of the playing of a game of nine holes. Experienced golf players have an opportunity to improve their game and beginners may receive their instruction at the club, if they so desire, from Anthony Perry, the Golf Professional. He is at the club from 10 A. M. to 2 P. M. Mondays, Wednesdays and Fridays, and from 7 to 9 P. M. Wednesdays and Fridays, and at other times by appointment. Prices of lessons are as follows:

14 one hour lessons	$30.00
7 one hour lessons	16.00
Single hour lessons	3.00
12 one-half hour lessons	15.00
6 one-half hour lessons	8.00
Single one-half hour lessons	1.50

Fees for use of Practice Court—25 cents a half hour.

* * *

ENTERTAINMENT FOR CHILDREN

A series of Saturday afternoon entertainments for children is being planned for the fall and winter months. The first program will be given on November 5 when Perry Dilley's Puppets will be shown. On November 12 there will be a second performance of the Perry Dilley Puppet Theatre.

Mrs. Howard G. Park is Chairman of the Committee which is arranging for the performances of the Puppet Theatre.

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Mt. Tamalpais, in Marvelous Marin, as seen from Sausalito

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COURSE IN SOCIAL SERVICE

In response to a demand and in accordance with its policy of Service the National League for Woman's Service, through the Committee of the Vocational Information Bureau, has arranged for a course of talks for Volunteers in Social Work. The purpose is to help link more closely the volunteer service of the charitable organizations with their professional work.

The program is divided into two parts—first a series of ten talks on general topics which will form a background for the second series which will deal with the needs of individual agencies.

In the first part Dr. W. G. Beach, Stanford University, will give four talks on "Causes of Dependency;" Miss M. Lothrop, Stanford University, two talks on "Case Work;" Mrs. Emily H. Noble, University of California, two talks, one on "Medical Social Service," one on "Recreational Social Service;" Mr. W. F. Higby, one talk on "Present Relation of the Community Chest to Social Agencies;" Mrs. Anna Saylor, of the State Board, one on "Requirements of Service in the State."

The course will start on Friday, October 14 at 11 A. M., and will continue on each Friday at 11 A. M., and Tuesday at 2 P. M., closing on November 15. The second series will start after the Christmas holidays.

There will be a registration fee of $5.00, and the numbers enrolled will be limited, so as to allow of free discussion after each talk. Those attending the series will be registered for service in the agencies. A certificate of attendance will be issued to those completing the course.

Will all interested kindly leave their names at the Vocational Bureau, Room 230, as early as possible? This course is open to the public as well as to the members of the Women's City Club of San Francisco.

* * *

Members who use the Club stationery are cautioned to put their names in the upper left hand corner of the envelope, so that in case mail is returned to the Club it may be given to the writer.

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CLASSES IN BRIDGE

Mrs. Helen M. Hubbard, who is a graduate under Mr. Milton C. Work, the eminent authority, will have a class in Bridge on Friday mornings, beginning October 7, provided enrollments are received promptly. It is planned to have class work lessons. The fee will be $12.50 for ten lessons. As the class is limited members who are interested are requested to enroll at once. Members may invite guests to join the class at the same fee.

Mrs. Hubbard comes to the club with an established reputation for success in teaching bridge. Ladies desiring to improve their game will derive much benefit from the course.

Course of eight lectures: Literature, Old and New, by Professor Benjamin Lehman, Tuesday mornings at 11 o'clock, October 11, 18, 25 and November 1, 8, 15, 22 and 29. Course $4.00. Single lectures 75 cents.

SYMPHONYLOGUES

By VICTOR LICHTENSTEIN

Mr. Lichtenstein will give a course of twelve bi-weekly illustrated lectures on the current Symphony Programs at 11 o'clock in the morning of the days on which the concerts will take place. The first lecture will be on October 21. Price for the twelve lectures, $6.00. Single tickets $1.00.

Mrs. Emily H. Noble will be among those taking part on October 19 in the discussion following Dr. Adelaide Brown's talk on "Social Service as a Profession for Women."

The Flower Committee is planning to plant bulbs on the Roof Garden and will appreciate donations from any members who have gardens.

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RESPONSE
is the certain proof of reader interest. Ask us for evidence of reader response in the
WOMEN'S CITY CLUB
MAGAZINE

Community Chest Hourly Service Bureau

Another Place for Volunteer Service

THERE is the tragedy of the abandoned baby.

There is the pitiful sight of the broken child wracked with pain, smiling bravely through its tears.

There is the woman deserted, with her flock of wan-faced children around her, hungry and oppressed by debt.

All of these arouse the sympathy of the public. Countless societies and associations are organized for their relief—lodges, fraternal organizations, women's clubs.

These calls to social service are spectacular. They have been the outstanding calls in human history.

But there is another call which is not spectacular—it is a call that is often muted by pride.

It is the call of those who are struggling against pressure of economic needs. They have almost enough to live as self-respecting citizens—they want work — they want a chance. They do not want charity.

Here is opportunity for service, let us illustrate with a real case:

Mrs. X is the widow of a man who was once a productive citizen of San Francisco. She had no children but during long years of residence in San Francisco she has taken active part in the up-building of the community. When her husband died they lived in their own home. It was more or less a pretentious home. She sold that home, she bought a modest little cottage. Her total resources invested yield her $35 a month. She needs $35 a month more to keep her.

She does not want relief, she does not want to go to an old ladies' home. She wants to carry on her life with dignity.

She is able and willing to serve your dinner, and to wash your dinner dishes or to care for your children while you go to the theatre. A few such evenings' work will keep her independent.

There are hundreds of persons in San Francisco whose condition is comparable to this. The machinery for connecting the work and the person needs expanding. A modest beginning has been made. Three years ago the Hourly Service Bureau was established by the Community Chest. Hundreds of men and women have been enabled to earn the meager sums necessary to keep them from dependency.

Just now the Hourly Service Bureau is crippled by lack of personnel. The Community Chest has extended a challenge to the Women's City Club to expand this piece of useful city social service by furnishing the volunteer workers who will bridge the gap between the need and the opportunity.

The Hourly Service Bureau also finds opportunity for men among the handicapped. Some of them are on the verge of dependence. They are men who are making the last stand to maintain their self-respect. They need a helping hand.

There is not the sound of the trumpet in this work, there is not the spectacular sob story to arouse your sympathy, but there is the satisfaction in maintaining the morale, the self reliance, the independence and the dignity of countless human souls.

Aline Barrett
GREENWOOD

Current Reviews

Fairmont Hotel, Oct. 7th
11 a. m. first Fridays

St. Francis Hotel, Oct. 13th
11 a. m. second Thursdays

Women's Bldg., Oct. 13th
Sutter and Mason Sts.
8 p. m. second Thursdays

Oakland *and* Berkeley
Second Fridays,
Opening October 14th

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interchangeable coupons, $6.00
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RHYMED RECIPES

DESSERTS—HOT

BREAD CUSTARD

There was a little girl
Who had no little curl,
But her hair was as smooth as any silk.
One day she took a book
And started in to cook
This custard made of sugar, eggs and milk.

CONTENTS

Four eggs beaten separately, ¼ cup sugar, 1 qt. milk, 3 slices bread and butter.

Divide the yolks from whites of eggs
Beat each in china bowl.
Add quart of milk, the sugar, then
Beat until smooth the whole.

In baking dish the custard pour
This custard you have made.
On top of it the buttered bread
With butter up is laid.

In moderate oven bake it next
They taugh her this in school.
And when the custard solid is,
It's set away to cool.

CAKES

MARTHA JANE'S RHYMED RECIPES

JUST COOKIES

In Lockerbie Street, in days afar,
These cookies were kept in a cooky jar.
The days are sped but memories hold,
A taste you could not buy with gold.

CONTENTS

One and three-fourths cups granulated sugar, 1 cup butter and lard mixed, 2 eggs, 1 tablespoon lemon extract, 1 cup sour milk, 1 tablespoon soda, flour enough to roll out.

Beat butter and lard and sugar,
Beat hardest when you begin,
Then whisk the eggs and beat again
When eggs are poured within.

a hundred uses!

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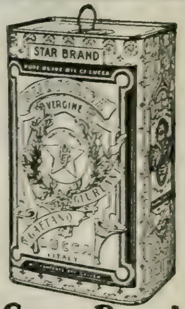

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Mix the soda and milk together,
And it with the rest of it stir,
The lemon then add, or vanilla,
If vanilla it is you prefer.

I hope you are long on discretion,
For of flour I never can tell,
In the mixture just sift it and stir it,
Until you can roll it out well.

You may cut them in any old figures,
I'm partial to circles and hearts,
Then sprinkle them lightly with sugar,
That's one of the important parts.

Now bake them in rather quick oven,
Keep everything tidy and neat,
I'll venture to say they will rival
The cookies of Lockerbie street.

VEGETABLES

STUFFED POTATOES

This did not come from Liverpool,
From Paris or Cathay.
But in my mother's home I ate
Potatoes cooked this way.

CONTENTS

Good sized potatoes, butter, salt, plenty of cream, pepper.

Of course, you know, the first to do
Is wash potatoes well.
Wipe dry then start in oven cold,
Is best I've heard them tell.

When they are baked, cut into halves
Scoop out then mash with vim.
No lumps should show when this you serve,
To her, yourself, or him.

Add butter, salt and pepper and
Be generous with cream.
For cream is most important
In this potato scheme.

Fill skins, then sprinkle over top
Some finely grated cheese.
And every woman, man or child
These stuffed potatoes please.

Women's City Club Beauty Salon

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All Operators are Expert and Reliable
Prices Subject to Change

Manicuring

Liquid Polish Manicure	$0.75
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Plain Shampoo — Short Hair	.75
Plain Shampoo — Long Hair	1.00
Plain Shampoo — Extra Heavy	1.25
Plain Tar Shampoo	1.25
Lus Tar Shampoo	1.50
Lus Tar Shampoo with Vibrator	2.00
Hot Oil Shampoo	1.50
Hot Oil Shampoo with Vibrator	2.00

Rinses

Lemon Rinse	.25
Camomile Rinse	.50
Vinegar Rinse	.25
Henna Tea Rinse	.50

Packs and Hair Dyeing

White Henna	$2.50 and up
Henna Pack	1.00 and up
Liquid Dyeing	5.00 and up

Scalp Treatments

For Oily, Dry or Falling Hair	1.50
Course of Treatments	7.50
Brushing and Massage	1.00
Tonic Rub	.75

Curling and Marcelling

Marcel (Guaranteed)	$1.00
Marcel and Bob Curl	1.25
Paper Curl	1.50
Finger Wave	1.50
French Curl	1.50

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Whole Head, regardless of number of curls	15.00

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Plain Facial Massage—45 minutes	1.50
Plain Facial Massage—1 hour	2.00
Minerva Facial	2.50
Minerva Special Treatment (1 hr. 15 min.)	3.50
Course of Six Treatments	18.50
Minerva Contouration Facial (1½ hrs.)	5.00
Course of Six Treatments	25.00
Greek Beauty Mask	3.50
Course of Six Treatments	18.50

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This service is gratis

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CLUB CALENDAR—October 1 to November 10

Oct. 2—Sunday Evening Concert	*Lounge*	8:15 P. M.
Oct. 3—Current Events, Mrs. Parker Maddux, Leader	*American Room*	7:30 P. M.
Oct. 4—League Bridge	*Assembly Room*	2:00 P. M.
League Bridge	*Assembly Room*	7:30 P. M.
Oct. 5—Current Events, Mrs. Parker S. Maddux, Leader	*Assembly Room*	11:00 A. M.
Play Reading Group, Mrs. Thomas A. Stoddard, Leader	*Committee Room*	7:00 P. M.
Play Reading Group	*Committee Room*	3:00 P. M.
Oct. 6—Thursday Evening Lecture Speaker: Dr. Adelaide Brown Subject: Second World Talk	*Auditorium*	8:00 P. M.
Oct. 9—Sunday Evening Concert	*Lounge*	8:15 P. M.
Oct. 11—Lecture by Professor Benjamin H. Lehman Subject: "Literature—Old and New"	*Auditorium*	11:00 A. M.
Luncheon in honor of Professor Benjamin H. Lehman	*Nat. Def. Room*	12:30 P. M.
League Bridge	*Auditorium*	2:00 P. M.
League Bridge	*Assembly Room*	7:30 P. M.
Oct. 12—Current Events, Mrs. Parker Maddux, Leader	*Assembly Room*	11:00 A. M.
Play Reading Group, Mrs. Thomas A. Stoddard, Leader	*Committee Room*	7:00 P. M.
Play Reading Group	*Committee Room*	3:00 P. M.
Oct. 13—Thursday Evening Lecture	*Auditorium*	8:00 P. M.
Oct. 16—Sunday Evening Concert	*Lounge*	8:15 P. M.
Oct. 17—Current Events, Mrs. Parker Maddux, Leader	*Assembly Room*	7:30 P. M.
Oct. 18—League Bridge	*Assembly Room*	2:00 P. M.
League Bridge	*Assembly Room*	7:30 P. M.
Lecture by Professor Benjamin H. Lehman	*Auditorium*	11:00 A. M.
Oct. 19—Current Events, Mrs. Parker Maddux, Leader	*Assembly Room*	11:00 A. M.
Play Reading Group, Mrs. Thomas A. Stoddard, Leader	*Committee Room*	3:00 P. M.
Play Reading Group	*Committee Room*	7:00 P. M.
Institute for Business and Professional Women Speaker: Dr. Adelaide Brown Subject: Social Service as a Profession for Women	*Assembly Room*	7:45 P. M.
Oct. 20—Lecture by Brother Leo	*Auditorium*	11:00 A. M.
Thursday Evening Lecture	*Auditorium*	8:00 P. M.
Oct. 23—Sunday Evening Concert	*Lounge*	8:15 P. M.
Oct. 24—Quarterly Membership Meeting	*Auditorium*	8:00 P. M.
Oct. 25—Lecture by Professor Benjamin H. Lehman	*Auditorium*	11:00 A. M.
League Bridge	*Assembly Room*	2:00 P. M.
League Bridge	*Assembly Room*	7:30 P. M.

Oct. 26	—Current Events, Mrs. Parker Maddux, Leader	*Assembly Room*	11:00 A. M.
	Play Reading Group, Mrs. Thomas A. Stoddard, Leader	*Committee Room*	3:00 P. M.
	Play Reading Group	*Committee Room*	7:00 P. M.
Oct. 27	—Lecture by Brother Leo	*Auditorium*	11:00 A. M.
	Thursday Evening Lecture	*Auditorium*	8:00 P. M.
Oct. 30	—Sunday Evening Concert	*Lounge*	8:15 P. M.
Nov. 1	—Lecture by Professor Benjamin H. Lehman	*Auditorium*	11:00 A. M.
	League Bridge	*Assembly Room*	2:00 P. M.
	League Bridge	*Assembly Room*	7:30 P. M.
Nov. 2	—Current Events, Mrs. Parker Maddux, Leader	*Assembly Room*	11:00 A. M.
	Play Reading Group, Mrs. Thomas A. Stoddard, Leader	*Committee Room*	3:00 P. M.
	Play Reading Group	*Committee Room*	7:00 P. M.
Nov. 3	—Lecture by Brother Leo	*Auditorium*	11:00 A. M.
	Thursday Evening Lecture	*Auditorium*	8:00 P. M.
Nov. 6	—Sunday Evening Concert	*Lounge*	8:15 P. M.
Nov. 7	—Current Events, Mrs. Parker Maddux, Leader	*American Room*	7:30 P. M.
Nov. 8	—Lecture by Professor Benjamin H. Lehman	*Auditorium*	11:00 A. M.
	League Bridge	*Auditorium*	2:00 P. M.
	League Bridge	*Assembly Room*	7:30 P. M.
Nov. 9	—Current Events, Mrs. Parker Maddux, Leader	*Assembly Room*	11:00 A. M.
	Play Reading Group, Mrs. Thomas A. Stoddard, Leader	*Committee Room*	3:00 P. M.
	Play Reading Group	*Committee Room*	7:00 P. M.
Nov. 10	—Lecture by Brother Leo	*Auditorium*	11:00 A. M.
	Thursday Evening Lecture	*Auditorium*	8:00 P. M.

OTHER THAN CLUB ACTIVITIES

Oct. 2	—Unity Temple Services	*Auditorium*	11:00 A. M.
	Mrs. Maule—Lecture	*Assembly Room*	11:00 A. M.
Oct. 3	—Miss Agnes N. Alwyn Lecture on "The Practical Management of Personal Finance"	*Assembly Room*	11:00 A. M.
	Nell Owens Club	*Assembly Room*	8:00 P. M.
Oct. 5	—Republican Women's Club Study Group	*Assembly Room*	2:00 P. M.
Oct. 6	—Mrs. Maule—Lecture	*Assembly Room*	8:00 P. M.
Oct. 9	—Unity Temple Services	*Auditorium*	11:00 A. M.
	Mrs. Maule—Lecture	*Assembly Room*	11:00 A. M.
Oct. 10	—Miss Agnes N. Alwyn Lecture on "The Practical Management of Personal Finance"	*Assembly Room*	11:00 A. M.
Oct. 11	—Puerta del Oro Chapter, D. A. R.	*Assembly Room*	2:00 P. M.
Oct. 13	—English Speaking Union Tea	*Assembly Room*	3:00 P. M.
	Mrs. Maule—Lecture	*Assembly Room*	8:00 P. M.
Oct. 16	—Unity Temple Services	*Auditorium*	11:00 A. M.

Mrs. Maule—Lecture	*Assembly Room*	11:00 A. M.
Oct. 17—Miss Agnes N. Alwyn Lecture on "The Practical Management of Personal Finance"	*Assembly Room*	11:00 A. M.
China Society	*Board Room*	8:00 P. M.
Oct. 20—Mrs. Maule—Lecture	*Assembly Room*	8:00 P. M.
Oct. 21—California Keramic Club—Annual Exhibit	*Auditorium*	1 to 10 P. M.
Oct. 22—California Keramic Club—Annual Exhibit	*Auditorium*	1 to 10 P. M.
Oct. 23—Unity Temple Services	*Auditorium*	11:00 A. M.
Mrs. Maule—Lecture	*Assembly Room*	11:00 A. M.
Oct. 24—Miss Agnes N. Alwyn Lecture on "The Practical Management of Personal Finance"	*Assembly Room*	11:00 A. M.
Oct. 27—Mrs. Maule—Lecture	*Assembly Room*	8:00 P. M.
Oct. 30—Unity Temple Services	*Auditorium*	11:00 A. M.
Mrs. Maule—Lecture	*Assembly Room*	11:00 A. M.
Oct. 31—Miss Agnes N. Alwyn Lecture on "The Practical Management of Personal Finance"	*Assembly Room*	11:00 A. M.
Nov. 2—Republican Women's Club Study Group	*Assembly Room*	2:00 P. M.
Nov. 3—Mrs. Maule—Lecture	*Assembly Room*	8:00 P. M.
Nov. 6—Unity Temple Services	*Auditorium*	11:00 A. M.
Mrs. Maule—Lecture	*Assembly Room*	11:00 A. M.
Nov. 7—Miss Agnes N. Alwyn Lecture on "The Practical Management of Personal Finance"	*Assembly Room*	11:00 A. M.
Nell Owens Club	*Assembly Room*	8:00 P. M.
Nov. 8—Puerta del Oro Chapter, D. A. R.	*Assembly Room*	2:00 P. M.
Nov. 10—Mrs. Maule—Lecture	*Assembly Room*	8:00 P. M.

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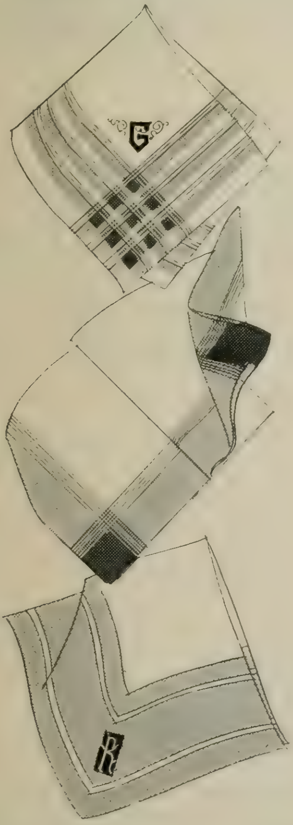

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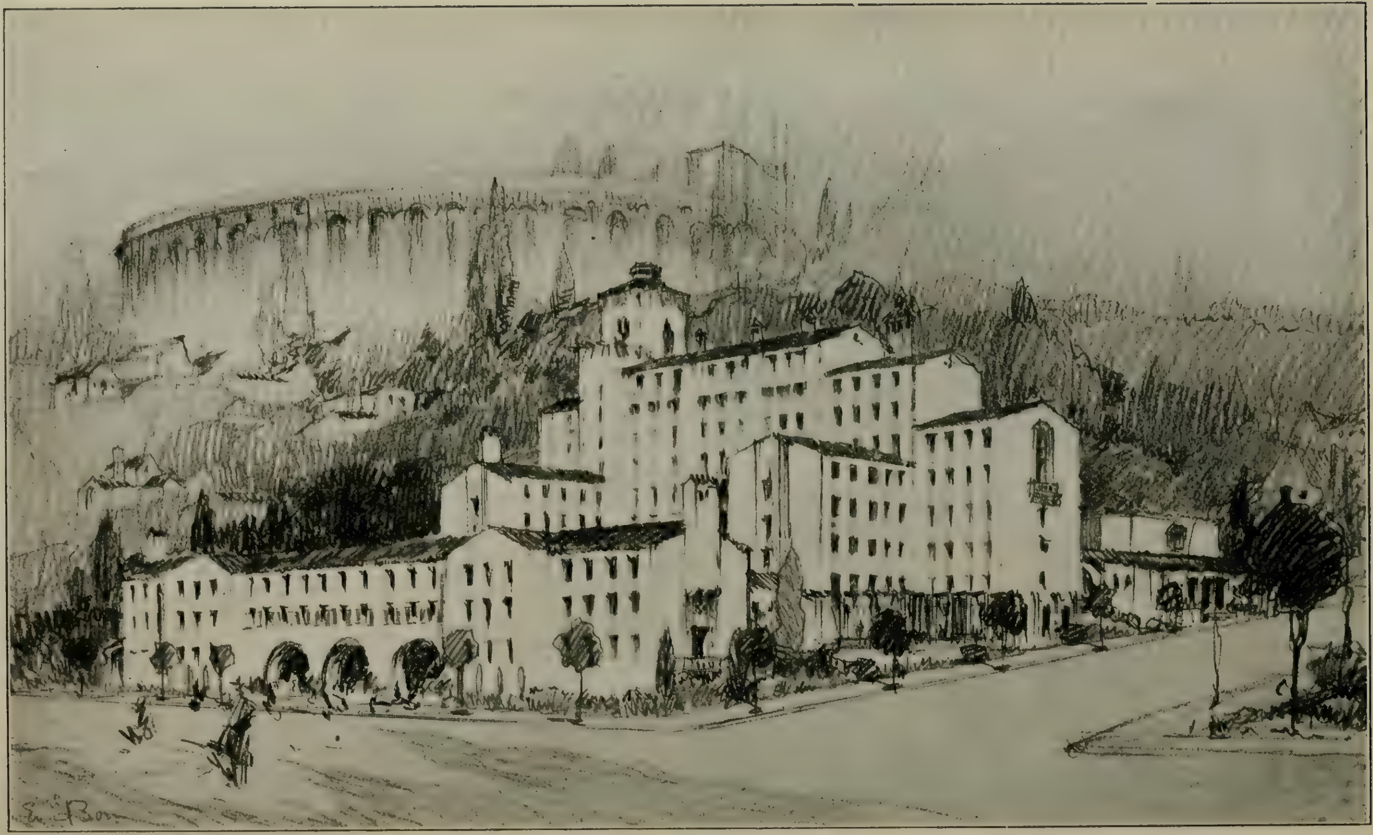

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THE
WOMEN'S CITY CLUB
MAGAZINE
OF
SAN FRANCISCO

VOLUME 1 NOVEMBER, 1927 NUMBER 10

MUSICAL EDUCATION

By ERNEST BLOCH
Director San Francisco Conservatory of Music

MUSICAL education is the art of developing to the utmost the latent musical aptitudes. Everyone is born with certain endowments, musical or otherwise, inherited from his ancestry. Real education ought to favor the growth of all treasure hidden in the individual. I firmly believe that every human being has something of his own to give to the world which will make him a noble and useful member of the community. The gift may be humble and never attract widespread attention, but if given in the right way, and to the fullest, will be as precious and necessary as any greater gift. If we would impregnate ourselves with that simple truth, and proclaim it continuously around us, there would be less turmoil, deceived ambitions, bitterness, unhappiness, and people out of their places in this world. People would not attempt more than they can do, nor anything beyond their forces, but realize that for which they were born, with their utmost sincerity, and ability.

Education's aim is to equip people for such a task. It ought to liberate their personalities from all shackles, that they may give the best that is in themselves.

In this regard musical education is not different from any other kind of education. Musical ability is not imparted equally among races, nations, or individuals. The complete musical gift is the synthesis of complex factors, the tool first (material: a good ear, sense of time, voice, fingers—all the technical aptitudes); second, spiritual—sensibility and imagination. But these qualities are seldom embodied all in one individual. Some have good rhythm and no ear, others a good sense of tone relations but no sense of time. Certain others have both, but no spiritual endowments. Some have the spiritual but no technical gift. They cannot discriminate among sounds, or time, but adore music and have often excellent taste. Such people will probably never create or perform, but ought to be educated to be good listeners.

A good and normal education should consider thoroughly these diversified temperaments and develop them in the most efficient way to get the best out of them.

Musical education, like any education, ought first to get acquainted with the past, the experiences of our ancestors, not the dead laws of theoreticians, but with living works of art—in one word, traditions. They are the foundations of all existing life and art. But it would be a great mistake to stick to them too closely. Like a river in motion, life moves constantly, and does not stop. Art, itself, like life, is in constant evolution. Teachers and students ought always to be aware of this fact. It will prevent musical education from becoming stultified. Teachers ought to assume the broadest scope and make use of the most extensive material at hand. They must not be limited to one period of art, or one school, but study the most diversified manifestations that have appeared in history. This is the surest way of broadening the minds of students and compelling them to use the brain that was given them to observe, to compare, to think, and not only to memorize.

The method, after all, is not so important. There are different ways to approach the truth, and full latitude ought to be given to the teachers to follow their own impulses.

Art, like life, is a living thing. It is not a luxury, but probably the highest manifestation of the human mind. The highest aim of musical education is to stimulate people to a real appreciation of musical beauty, to help unfold in them a truthful vision of the spiritual richnesses that music has to give them, and to lead that expanded vision to sincere and beautiful expression.

MRS. CHARLES N. FELTON

member
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IMPRESSIONS OF COLONIES AND MANDATES ON A TRIP AROUND THE WORLD 1926-1927

By DR. ADELAIDE BROWN

(*Read before the San Francisco Center of the National League for Women Voters*)

SOME definitions are necessary before starting on this talk, and all that *is* said must be interpreted as impressions, not as political or historical facts.

Under Colonies and Mandates are included lands whose controlling powers are of another group than that of the majority of the population. These controlling groups are discussed as we met them in our journey and not in duration of control as this would introduce other considerations than mere impressions.

The Hawaiian Islands present a situation to which we should be alert. One hundred and twenty-five thousand residents in Honolulu of whom about fifteen thousand are Hawaiians and Caucasians, the rest are Chinese, Japanese and Filipinos brought in as plantation workers, and rapidly congregating in the cities. The Islands are an incubator of future American citizens, for to be born on American territory is all that is required. Our Asiatic immigration problem is not solved by exclusion laws, when we have a prolific group 2,300 miles west and have given citizenship to the adult population of a far greater group 7,200 miles west of us in the Philippines. In the Hawaiian Islands only the native born are American citizens. In the other case every Filipino is free to come and go to the mainland as an American citizen.

In Honolulu I asked this question of a prominent official, "What do you consider the most difficult question in the Administration here?" He said, "That question was never asked me before, but I should say the Alien School Problem." This means the Japanese Temple Schools, where, under the Buddhists and Shinto priests, the children are kept from three to six daily indoors at school. The American Law requires school attendance from nine to three, so the Japanese child has an eight-hour school day. The questions are "What is taught" and "How does this long confinement affect the child's health?" These church schools are unknown in Japan and are in no way recognized by the Japanese Government in the Hawaiian Islands. These children are future American citizens. Is the curriculum religious, political, anti-American? No one knows. On the ground of justice to the child should not play, playgrounds, free time at home, take the place of any such over-confinement in the schools?

Outside the large cities socialized medicine prevails, as each plantation has its own physician and nurse, and through the interest of the plantation owners there is a strong co-operation with the territorial board of health. Leprosy control is steadily increasing as under the modern treatment many cases are allowed to be paroled into the population, reporting at stated centers for observation. The prognosis has improved so that the people bring in early cases rather than concealing them as was formerly the case. The population of Molokai was reduced from 2,000 in 1915 to about 700 cases.

Japan gave us a lovely three weeks in a picture country overcrowded but industrious and always attractive. We met the public school children everywhere visiting landmarks and temples, and also the mixed groups of adults who travel with some distinctive badge, interested us greatly. They are always polite, kindly and evidently happy in their excursions.

Korea was the next dependency we visited crossing by *ferry* all night to Fusan and thence by rail to Seoul. This word Ferry was curiously ill fitted to the length of the trip, but is suggestive of an adjacent territory, is it not?

The Koreans, Japanese and Chinese are all agricultural, small village people. A modern industrial growth has built the large cities. Korea shows this tendency very slightly. Eighteen million Koreans and 350,000 Japanese are the population. Seoul has a large medical school built from Korean taxes with 350 Japanese medical students and 30 Koreans. Many of the Japanese are sent over from Japan for medical education. A very large municipal hospital built pavilion system did eight per cent of free work last year. It is largely used for Japanese patients though built from Korean taxes. The oldest medical school connected with the Severance Hospital is for Koreans only and does forty-eight per cent of its work for free patients. It is supported by American money. A consul told me that $1,500,000 went yearly from America to Korea for the educational and medical work of missions.

The Japanese tendency is to standardize in every line. Ewha College for Girls in Seoul is the first mission school in Korea to have Japanese recognition. The cost of education in this college is 5 yen or $2.50 a month. It is for Korean girls only, and the Normal and Kindergarten graduates are much sought as teachers.

Education is compulsory in Korea for Japanese children. Where there is room Korean children may attend public schools. The most fertile land in Korea between Fusan and Seoul is largely bought up by the Japanese and the Korean farmers under bright promises of more land are transferred to Manchuria. They are admirable rice farmers. Japan needs more rice. Korean landmarks have been destroyed in Seoul to build Japanese administrative buildings, very modern and very ugly. The Korean palaces are kept closed, some few Korean collections are open in Seoul. A hill sacred to the Koreans, has been hideously developed by a white granite staircase of huge width, leading to a Shinto temple.

It is true that Korea had popular ignorance, a feeble government and back breaking taxes. The present deposed Emperor was the thirtieth Emperor of his dynasty. He has married a Japanese princess and lives in Tokio. His children are Japanese. The murder of their progressive queen in 1895 is not discussed but brooded over.

In all, Japan as an absorber of another nation has failed to secure any friendship. The Koreans are better governed but for Japan's advantage, and are very poor. No greater contrast exists than between the national dress of the men, pure white grass linen, a black horsehair hat, looking like a fly trap, and a stately ponderous strutting walk, and the mud-floored, mud-walled, thatched roofed cottage with pumpkins growing on the roofs and the whole held together by a coarse rope net. White is the mourning color and was worn by Imperial order three years for a death in a royal family. This was necessitated so often that white became the national dress.

One feels the arbitrary rule of the controlling nation and one wonders when education becomes common, and the national hurt and desire for expression steadily simmers, what the final outcome will be.

Japan owns the South Manchurian Railroad and has a large concession of very fertile land on both sides. Manchuria is agricultural. At Mukden surrounding the old Chinese city which in squalor and overcrowding surpasses anything I saw in Peking or Tien-tsin, is the modern city with wide paved streets outlined with trees, good sidewalks, handsome grounds around consular buildings, hotels and business buildings. The workers are Chinese, the directors Japanese. Building in all directions is very active. The Chinese city is under General Chan-So-Ling and his currency which is very unstable in value prevails. Elsewhere Japanese currency which is stable is used. The railroad rules, and it is in good condition from Seoul to Mukden; further on Chinese troops have preference and conditions correspond, "they said," and my friends who tried the railroad beyond Mukden agreed.

We were routed over the South Manchuria Railroad to Dairen, and there by steamer to Tien-tsin, and Peking, our final destination in China. Dairen is about twenty miles from Port Arthur. In 1904 it was a waste; in 1926 a really beautiful city planned by the Russians but built by the Japanese in the plan of a series of circular parks with handsome buildings around them. A Chinese city in one part has no pavements. There are many rows of moderately priced houses in desirable locations for Japanese clerks and higher grade workmen, and large handsome school buildings are near these districts for Japanese children. The street car system is excellent. From Americans we learn that it was impossible for American business to get a foothold in Manchuria. They could not buy property, nor were they welcome as agents of business. We noted a more dictatorial attitude of the Japanese as desk clerks and at the bank we were told that they kept no Chinese money but later learned that if the name "Chinese," "Shanghai" or "Hong Kong" had been in the bank's name we would have been given Chinese money.

As hotelkeepers the Japanese and Swiss are efficient in the same way. They aim to please and are very neat and attentive. Train travel in Japan on long trips is not modern as we use the word. They are personally the most disorderly of train travelers. New food is bought at every station, papers, steamed rice in boxes, and everything goes onto the floor and the porter's job of sweeping out comes about every hour, and piles of rubbish go out. The eating cars are only fair, the dressing rooms are sexless and the sleeping cars are of about our best tourist class, clean, but a bit vague on curtains, etc.

Crossing to Tien-tsin we thought this all over. With overcrowded population Japan must expand. She has universal education, a readiness at imitation; whether she gets the fundamentals always one is not so sure; she is new at the business of ruling a subjugated nation and lacks tact which may come later. She is measuring up by rule of thumb, her education, her officials, etc., and whether she will not in the long run lose because at the same time she is not making allowance for variations and stimulating leaders, is a question. English is popular in education and teachers of English are at a premium. The Japanese are not linguists. After eight years of English one college teacher told me they do not use it correctly and readily and yet these same graduates are sought all over Japan as teachers of English.

Crossing to Tien-tsin there were seventy Japanese high school girls from Port Arthur, who had two male teachers, a woman chaperon and a doctor with them. One girl who had a cold wore a mask and when I met them walking in Tien-tsin she was in a rickshaw. These girls were fascinated by my white hair, a most unusual sight for them, and gathered about me at every opportunity. They were making a tour of Tien-tsin and Peking and each one mailed a postcard written with a fountain pen before she left the boat. They slept on the floor, between decks, were dressed in dark blue serge with white collars, and wore their hair bobbed or braided or done up. They wore black shoes and stockings, and the usual American clothes. They averaged seventeen years and could read English, but I had to speak very carefully to have them understand me. They were very eager, good mannered, alert and in our sense of the word there was no flapper among them. To us they seemed a most promising and attractive group of students.

Again we met the marked contrast between the Chinese city and the foreign concessions. At this point England, Japan, America and France, keep a regiment of soldiers each, nominally to keep the railroad to Peking open. It was nevertheless shut off in 1926 for weeks. Tien-tsin ships from North China to Shanghai, Kobe and Dairen and is a commercial center with a very modern foreign city. Heads were chopped off and hung in the streets in the native city as punishment for rioting while we were there.

Peking is a walled city in every sense of the word. An outer wall, an inner wall, and each house or group of houses inside its fourteen-foot gray wall. The population of different types is mingled, the divisions are called Imperial City, Tartar City and Chinese City, but in all there seem to be the same types. Perhaps the Chinese city outside the inner city wall is most uniformly Chinese. All classes live side by side. The richer homes have the same gray walls and the same unpaved streets in front of them. Peking is a great city in culture, art and architecture, education and thought. There are several universities, normal schools and mission schools of excellent rank. The Peking Union Medical College, a medical school of the first rank built by Mr. John D. Rockefeller where the Chinese do all their medical work in English *and use the language as we do,* is of great interest to all travelers. Peking is a fascinating city and to it, as teachers, consuls, business men, etc., have come our best. Race tolerance is conspicuous among the residents and one feels it is truly an international city.

Shanghai presents the problems of modern industrialism in addition to international problems of a provoking type, in the extra-territorial courts and the foreign concessions which are practically self-governing. Here again the concessions have protected themselves by controlled water supplies, wide paved streets, good street cars, etc., and apart from them lies the Chinese city as yet untouched by its contact with western ideas of city planning.

Hong Kong is, of course, a creation of the English but Chinese and Indian merchants mingle with the British.

DR. ADELAIDE BROWN
With guide at temple in Korea

The Chinese population is maritime largely and lives along the shore, fishing or working on cargoes. The city is exquisite, the roads over the island are well paved with asphalt, and the small towns we passed looked well kept. The contrast to the Chinese roads around Peking was enormous. Nothing could be worse than the Peking road beds paved with slabs of stone, no two on the same level, and the dirt roads were deeply gullied and no less rough. We saw in Hong Kong the only dairy on the whole trip which suggested cleanliness; it was owned by a Chinese gentleman who believed in clean milk.

Our next stop was at Manila and our hosts were sometime residents. Several facts seldom mentioned are to be considered when we think of independence for the Philippines.

First, ninety-five per cent of the business of the Philippines is in the hands of the Chinese, they form five per cent of the population; Second, there is the breakdown of the Educational System, and of the Public Health work which the United States had established, under the eight years of the Harrison administration. The American system of promotion by standing and examinations in schools has been undermined by a system of mark raising, not frowned on, as a larger per cent was thus promoted. Third, the Philippine legislature has allowed only 2,500 acres to be bought by any one group; this law retards agricultural development by American capital particularly wanted for rubber supply. Smallpox is again endemic; there is a lack of any reliable vital statistics and the lack of appreciation by the Philippine government of public health values shows retrograding over what we started with. The Philippine Islands have vast territory, marvelous chances for agricultural development and a relatively small population. They must look good to the over-crowded islands to the north and to the continent west of them.

Could we revamp our work in education it seems to me that agricultural schools as well as domestic science should be emphasized with a character training for citizenship and life, and an understanding on the part of all students of civics. Only by these standards can they become a self-governing nation. Now we must rebuild with infinite patience the severe losses which arose for them and for us under a poor administration. We have not fitted them for self-rule and the industrious Chinese and clever Japanese will invade when we withdraw. They both need the land and the one will produce and the other rule until the great awakening of China comes and then What? In the meantime where is the Filipino as a self-determining national? And what is our attitude to be toward his aspirations? Only time, patience and sympathetic understanding will solve the problem.

At Singapore we meet more Indians as stevedore workers and small shop people. The Chinese as rickshaw men, merchants, in charge of the rubber tree tapping, etc., hold the places which require reliable workers. The Malays themselves work as they please under foreign leadership. Over the whole group the strong, steady hand of England shows in excellent roads, water supplies and law observation.

The quarantine regulations of Java under the Dutch are very strict. Cholera six weeks before in Singapore made it necessary for us to deposit 25 gulden with the quarantine officials on landing and to report daily for three days to a state doctor who signed our blank and on the last day repaid our deposit money. The passengers to Sumatra from Java were not allowed to land at Singapore. In Java there is absolutely no race prejudice. Intermarriage with the Javanese is recognized socially. Among the natives divorce under the Dutch law is easy as it costs the native man or woman but $2.50 and is immediate on filing the complaint, the complaining party paying the bill; but in case of remarriage the separation is not so easily obtained. The land is agricultural; the cocoanuts, rice, tea, tapioca, spices and sugar are the crops and they are planted to the tops of the mountains. The railroads show excellent engineering. There are asphalt roads everywhere. Museums preserve the history and the arts of the natives; the ruins of the native Buddhist Temples have been made landmarks, and have been admirably restored. The villages are almost continuous, the density of the population shows as the people collect behind a dropped gate along the railroad. There is always a crowd on foot besides carts and autos. Much carrying is done on the heads. The women and men work in the fields. The water buffalo plows, pulls, and furnishes milk. The agricultural development is intensive. The natives are now Mohammedan non-drinkers and the public schools for the natives are well built and appear in each town. Separate schools for the Dutch children are seldom attended by the English children, though my American friends consider them very thorough and their children have not lost grade in coming home for vacations. Public Health rules and court action are well carried out. The labor outbreaks in Java and Sumatra are part of the world unrest. The crouching position of the servants waiting in the steamer passages or at hotel doors seems to be degrading to us. The Dutch for a long time did not allow the natives to learn Dutch and still discourage it. The natives seem a light hearted pleasant people. The Dutch and Chinese are the storekeepers. Education, public health, good roads and plenty of occupation make a well ruled country, and a satisfied people. The salaries of the young Dutchmen who come out to run Dutch plantations are huge, and interest on investments is large, 25% is average, so that on a five-year contract they expect to return to live comfortably in Holland.

Life for a European or an American woman is not easy. The region of the equator has no cool season. In December in the mountains it poured each afternoon and was steaming hot all the time. The beds have only a lower sheet and a most necessary mosquito netting is the extent of one's covering, as the nights are hot. The servant question is easy; a compound where the help lives adjoins the foreign residence; they furnish their own food and a small family has five or six servants. The novels of Couperus give one the exact idea of the social life and are considered in no way overdrawn. The Colonial man's life is more interesting than the woman's. The final education of the children "in the homeland" makes a real human tragedy in the breaking up of the family group.

In Ceylon one finds a tropical vegetation, a productive agriculture and commerce from Colombo to the entire world. We realized that we were seeing not only the achievement of a nation experienced in colonial management but that nation actually at work on its present colonial policy. The Ceylonese are Buddhists in faith, very industrious in agricultural and handwork; a people courteous and pleasant in their attitude toward foreigners; a well-fed, constantly employed people! The railroads and roads seemed excellent, although the country is less fully farmed than Java; tea and rice plantations predominate. The botanical gardens of Kandy seemed to me the most beautiful I had ever seen and no other gardens seen later on our journey surpassed them in loveliness.

Crossing to India, one sees with startling significance the exquisitely cut, refined, sensitive faces featured as we are, but with more beauty than that found in our average, and an overwhelming sadness of expression. The Hindus predominate in South India although there are thousands of Christians and some Buddhists. The Hindu religion makes for a depressed outlook upon life. They are vegetarians and have been accustomed to scant food for generations. This limited diet shows in the light bony development and the lack of muscular energy. In hot or cold weather the Indian peasant takes his siesta at noon, man and beast, in groups sitting in a circle under the occasional trees talking or meditating. One realizes the opportunity of mouth to mouth transmission of news in these wayside groups. The potter, the shoemaker, the tailor all work along the roadside; the rate of work and the zest for work are geared lower than Java, China, Malay or Japan. Of course there are other factors which interfere with employment. Members of different castes cannot be occupied on the same job.

DR. ADELAIDE BROWN
Enjoying a moment of relaxation in Japan

Marking all the cities of British India are prominent government buildings and quarters of the English civilian and army services. These are always in large grounds, well parked, and everywhere there are excellent roads shaded with trees, and good sewerage systems and water supply. The industrialization of Calcutta and

Bombay brings of course the problem of housing, hours and wages, and of local consumption of local products. The practical result of this is the cutting out of the mills of England, and the increasing utilization of the cotton crop of India. However, India is a village country and with this small unit of division general education, sanitation or even famine control are all difficult of attainment. Excellent vital statistics are kept.

In education the great universities of Calcutta, Delhi, Agra, Lahore and Madras are all co-educational and have examinations for entrance and graduation sent out from England as do all the Christian Mission colleges. England also standardizes promotion in the high school and entrance to the medical schools, requiring for Class A schools two years' work in specified science at the University and five years in a Medical School grade A. In the Punjab, the northwest state of British India, there are thirty-eight colleges allied with the University of Lahore and examined by them. The general level of education is higher here than in Central or Southern India.

The influence of the wife of the English local ruler is very strong. The Lady Dufferin Hospitals for Women are dotted over India and built to favor Indian customs, that is, quarters for the family who furnish their own bedding and food but have to have space to spread their mats and cook their food. One patient may mean four to twenty-three other people to be housed, or else she does not come to the hospital for treatment! This is an illustration of how careful England has been about respecting the prejudices of India. In religion she has been most punctilious since the horrors of the Mutiny.

In building the new Delhi, a new and modern Indian quarter was

—Courtesy Dollar Steamship Company.

Chinese River

offered to the Indians but refused. They are accustomed to the open bazaar where they sit and talk on an open porch, one or two steps up from the street and live crowded behind or above the shop. I suppose they would miss the dirt, the flies, the cows, the elbowing of their neighbors, if too sanitary quarters were offered them.

Very magnificent buildings and homes for officials are being erected several miles from Delhi in what is to be called New Delhi. The enormous expense of this building program draws pessimistic prophecies from the Indians who say "over-expensive building" has been the forerunner of the ruin of several Delhis, the ruins of which you are shown. Northern India is more largely Mohammedan. Their women are Purdah, or behind the veil, only it is a white sheet shirred into a skullcap with eye-holes barred with a coarse netting; even the hands are protected. No Mohammedan woman, even of the poorest classes, goes on the street, except Purdah. Turkey has given up the veil. India could do it with equal suddenness.

The best characterization of India Independent and British Ruled States was that it was like a many-colored quilt held together with a wide solid band and that band was Britain. The Independent States are ruled by native rulers but they have a social representative in all great affairs and both give and receive great respect. Many of these Maharajahs are English educated and are farseeing in education, public improvements, health program, etc. You can imagine the involved program in running a college where Hindus, Mohammedans, Shiks and Christians study and live together in common, but eat separately, utterly different food that is cooked separately in separate sets of utensils. The boarding prices for the types of food vary. You may be a Christian and prefer to eat Hindu food but you cannot eat with the Hindus. However, you may pay less for the meatless diet served to you at the Christian meal time. This illustrates the thousand petty difficulties the Indian Empire must cause its home country. Most of you are familiar with routine of railroad travel. India looks hard to travel in and many world tourists have only a day in Ceylon and do not include India; others enter by Calcutta and cross to Bombay directly. In either case you miss Indian cities and much of the Hindu population. In six weeks we traveled 6,000 miles and spent eleven nights on the train. You see that it is a great country reminding me of the great continental prairies of the United States.

We did not see Ghandi, nor visit Tagore's School. Ghandi was nonactive in politics but was still urging the doing away with non-touchableness, or the rules and difficulties of caste which interfere with better work and better wages. Throughout India the preservation of landmarks and their excellent conditions is most noticeable. India is a land of 324,000,000 people. Many dialects and languages, opposing religions, and no general education: a land which is poorly productive agriculturally. Due to the scarcity of fuel, cow-dung is dried and used for that purpose. The supply is large as the cow is sacred all over India, but the land, already poor, is deprived of this enrichment. Such a land Great Britain has handled patiently for nearly two centuries: what it has cost in lives nobody knows. She sends her best officers out for twenty-five years and pensions at the end of that time. Her civil service men, engineers, mechanical and agricultural, go for twenty years and are then pensioned.

The world is growing smaller each year and no land lives to itself. England and Holland have had the longest experience as colonial managers. Neither of them has emphasized developing leadership among the natives. On the other hand one hears that the Hindu or Mohammedan with the University training wants the office job, but seldom rises above mediocrity in it, and yet the seething unrest is going on everywhere; self-determination of nations was a slogan for a movement which many modern inventions have stimulated. Are we, as Americans, to deal with other races, as co-workers carrying out the national standard of "All men are born free and equal?" or is the policy of a ruling race one to copy?

Palestine, under the English Mandate, has profited by her standards as the excellent water system for Jerusalem and a splendid system of roads throughout the country show.

Another great influence is the educational and agricultural standards of the Zionist movement as well as their civic and health development. From Kindergarten to University they have a complete educational system, and at Haifa we saw their city lighting system, cement works, etc. Their agricultural villages were the only productive spots on the long ride from Haifa to Tiberius on the Sea of Galilee. The introduction of a group who are very industrious and value education has stimulated the local lacks in these ways. The prosperity of Palestine has greatly increased under the British Mandate.

Syria, under the French Mandate, presents no such picture. The country is far more productive than Palestine, but has been war-ridden for two years, especially around Damascus, thus closing off all tourist trade and endangering the railroads for the transportation of crops. Damascus was open after two years of war this year. We found a city devastated in a large area by bombardment, and with, as yet, no attempt at rebuilding. The houses looked for blocks and blocks like the ruins of Pompeii.

In contrast Beirut, not in the war area, was a busy port. Its most interesting development was the American University, sixty years old and having a medical school which draws students from Persia, Asia Minor, Egypt and Northern Africa. No evangelical teaching is given, but the students must attend chapel or an ethical class at the same hour. About six hundred came to chapel the morning I was there. Their song book in English was expurgated by their Past President, Mr. Henry Bliss, and all war songs or battle hymns omitted, or changed to Christian ethics.

The college brings out on a three-year contract young graduates of Princeton, Harvard and other Eastern colleges, splendid training in internationalism for an American youth.

The refugee camp in Beirut was heart-rending. Some two thousand refugees, perhaps an irreducible minimum, widows, cripples, but the young children of from five to ten years of age have lived five years in that camp. The houses are built of oil cans, barrel staves; there are no streets, but mud, and the environment that cannot fail to mean degradation from lack of privacy and normal family development. What a place for children to grow up!

In contrast we saw an orphanage of four hundred Armenian boys from ten to sixteen having splendid training; four hours at day school and four hours at trades, auto mechanics, cobbling, shoe-making, baking, cap-making, tailoring, painting are some of the trades I remember. The heads of the Orphanage were American men of an inspiring type. The grounds run down to the Mediterranean and sea sports and games afford that group of boys splendid play.

To see Smyrna is absolutely necessary if you are to get any idea of what Greece has done in absorbing and making Greeks of one million, eight hundred thousand refugees, of whom eight hundred thousand came upon her in eleven days from Smyrna. The orders to the Red Cross in Smyrna were to remove these people or they would be destroyed. It was done. Were they Greeks? They had colonized Smyrna for three hundred years, spoke Turkish, had Turkish trades, like rug making and tobacco raising; many were well educated. Many agencies helped Greece in this catastrophe. The Near East Relief took thousands of the orphan children and since that time ten thousand of these have been adopted or boarded out under inspection in refugee villages in Greece.

A large loan fund from the League of Nations has been used to establish one thousand villages of sixty families each, mainly in Macedonia, thus housing three hundred thousand refugees. The loans are $500.00 per family, bear no interest for five years, and are then to be refunded in twenty years. These people will establish rug-making, agriculture, and many are skilled tradesmen and artisans. Following the example of Turkey the Greeks are steadily driven back from Bulgaria and Roumania and must be repatriated in Greece. One is impressed with the spirit of the refugees and the spirit of Greece in receiving them.

Could Greece have roads and even the plainest of country hotels, she would have a rich mine of income in her landmarks. After the wretched depression of the eastern Mediterranean, the sunshine and industry of Greece, and the kindness of their attitude toward these refugees, were most compelling and impressive. The Acropolis, Marathon, Delphi, Thebes, all mean more to our civilization than Egypt but are more difficult to visit, and passed by with a day at Athens by most world tourists.

They have had a great test in the assimilation of strangers into a land not prosperous at best. The industry of these refugees and their desire to be Greek make them a future asset. One public health act in the Smyrna emergency was done by the Health Section of the League of Nations. They gave five hundred thousand refugees, cholera, smallpox and typhoid immunization. The staff was sent out from Geneva.

The hardest problem for Greece is presented by the one hundred thousand Armenians who were caught by the Smyrna Disaster. They are not absorbable as they will not surrender their entity as a nation. They want to be helped in their own way and not in the Greek or League of Nations way! They were allies during the War and perhaps quite justly feel that they did not have a very fair deal in the Great War settlements. At any rate they present a problem in Greece.

Now a word of the days at Geneva, deserving of far more space than this article can give them. May I say that the saddest and most mortifying experience of my trip was to stand before the Palace of the League of Nations and read on the walls along the quay these words

"To Woodrow Wilson,
President of the United States of America
and Founder of the League of Nations,"

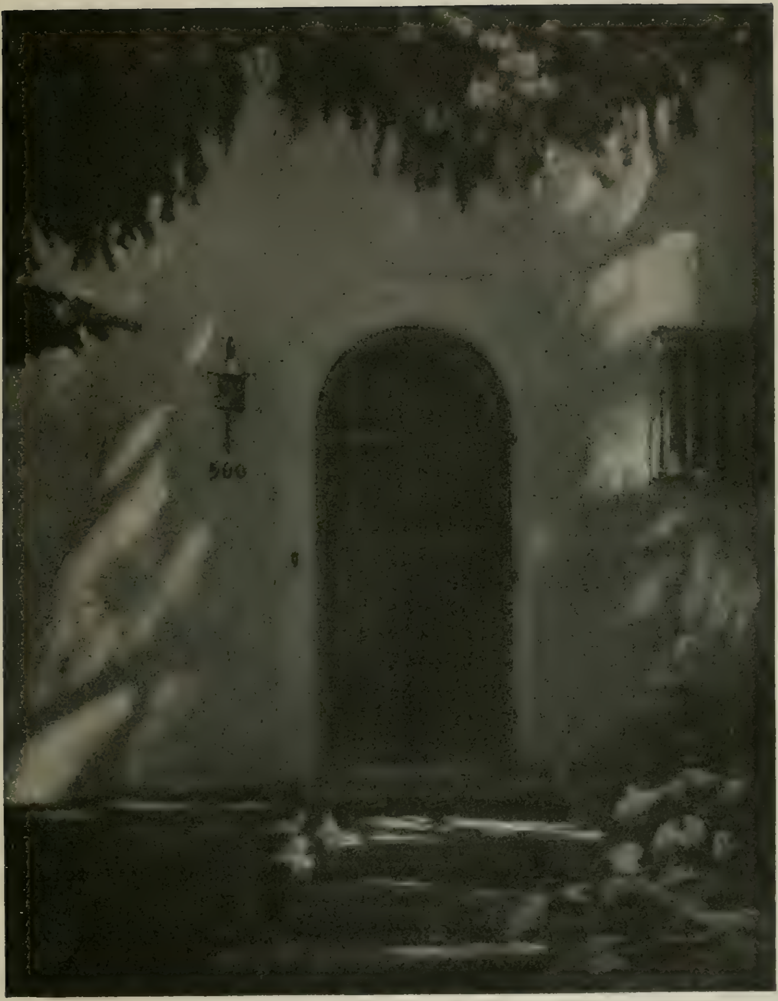
and know that we Americans were not of it!

We watch, we study the actions of the League, and whatever is done for better understanding internationally we shall profit by, but is *playing safe* worthy of us? Many Americans are doing work at Geneva and when the Tariff Meeting was in session in May many Americans were there unofficially.

The busiest and to me the most interesting part of the League was the BUREAU OF INTERNATIONAL LABOR. Housed in a huge new building it was a beehive of industry. It seemed impossible that the American Federation of Labor was not represented, but as we are not a member of the League of Nations our contribution cannot be made there. They have a Gompers Room but we have no real part in their activities. But this building and its health activities, and the Social Servive Committee, headed by Dame Rachel Crowdy will have to be subject for a special report.

And now to conclude. Were I a people and could choose my ruler or mandatory power I would choose Great Britain. As a considerate, far-seeing and real educative power, moving slowly and patiently, always careful in policy, Great Britain seems to me to lead. Palestine, India, Ceylon, the Malay States and Hong Kong show how far she has gone in developing her dependents, and feeling her responsibility. Everything is moving today toward a realization of racial and national consciousness. We differ, but all peoples have much in common and much they can give to one another, and due to the application of science to communications we are nearer and nearer together. Everything that helps to a better understanding or a basis for international relations is worthy of our best, our brains, our money and our share of responsibility. Our association with the health, the education and the prosperity of the world is intimate and covers a long period of years. We have so many times been big and generous in our decisions; now when we are needed in the birth of better understanding between nations are we satisfied with merely holding the purse strings and looking on, or are we going in to help work out the problems?

The Atlantic and the Pacific are highways, not barriers.



—Courtesy of Camera Craft. Photograph by Denzo Nakagawa

"Playing Sunlight"

Typically Californian is this Carmel Door.

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EDITORIAL

SAN FRANCISCO is in the throes of one of the most vehemently contested mayoralty elections of many years. Not since the good old days of the so-called graft prosecution, when families were split by political differences and life-long friendships temporarily sundered, has there been so much feeling.

The Women's City Club is not partisan, even when great causes and issues are in the balance. Politics have no place within its walls except as political subjects are academically discussed.

But it may not be improper at this time or unethical to remind members that it is their civic duty to vote.

Women assumed a moral responsibility when their efforts in behalf of equal suffrage were crowned with success. To evade that responsibility were inconsistent, to say the least.

"But," say many, "there are so many things said for and against all the candidates that we are at sea, and we believe it better not to vote at all than to vote for a man or measure we know nothing about."

Chester Rowell said, in effect, in the second of his lectures now being given at the Women's City Club that democracy is not the line of least resistance. It were often simpler to leave the business of government to somebody else. It is even probable that such a course would many times make for better government. But that is not the point.

The fact remains that we are a self-governing people, and so long as we are faced with that job we would better do it intelligently as possible. Education and information are not difficult to procure these days. The public strikes a fairly reliable appraisal of situations, even in crises.

Sincere investigation is pretty apt to lead the right way, but even if it lead the wrong way, the gesture, or the effort toward it, will result beneficially to both student of affairs and to the affairs. For the latter will be brought under the white light.

The Women's City Club has from time to time sponsored and given in its auditoria lectures and courses in political economy and civil government. They are fascinating subjects which have been well attended, proving again that there is no sex or gender in intellect or what the psychologists call the "drive," the urge which impels us to study this or do that or neglect the other thing.

PUPPETRY AS AN ART

By Perry Dilley

(*There will be performances of Perry Dilley's Puppets at the Women's City Club at* 2:15 *o'clock the afternoons of November* 5 *and* 12.)

THE art of puppetry is one of the oldest arts. It has attended the development of man's culture from earliest times. There are reasons for believing that it was the first form of theatrical art in many parts of the world. Greece and Rome had puppets; China has had them always; and in Germany and Italy there are municipal theatres devoted exclusively to them. Japan and Java have wonderful marionettes. In the former country they are very elaborate in construction and skillfully operated, and the actors study and seek to imitate their beautiful motions.

There are three types of the marionette, differentiated by mechanical structure. First, there is the "stringed marionette," a jointed figure controlled by strings from above. Secondly, there is the hand-puppet, which is on the operator's hand and is played from beneath the stage. The head of the figure is supported and moved by the index finger of the operator's hand; and the arms are attached to the operator's thumb and middle finger. The costume hides the hand and arm of the operator. These puppets are also known as Guignols (French) and Burratini (Italian). The third type is the shadow puppet. These marionettes are silhouettes cut out of cardboard, leather or silk, with articulated heads and arms. They are controlled from below by means of slender rods or wires. They are played between a lamp and a white sheet; and the audience sits on the opposite side of the sheet and views the moving shadows. In all cases, the puppet's movements are accompanied by lines spoken in an appropriate voice by the operator, or by the chant of a "Storyteller."

The art of puppetry combines in a quaint and whimsical manner the qualities of drama, music and folklore. It employs the principles of theatre art in a bold and unadorned way; and a rhythmic pattern of movements is an essential element in every good puppet performance. This miniature art of the theatre occupies somewhat the position in relation to the big stage that the modern wood-cut does to painting.

As a dramatic entertainment for children, it not only stimulates the imagination, but develops their taste in the fundamentals of the theatre. Puppets have been found valuable in education as a means of releasing creative energy. They are being used in many schools today in the teaching of literature, history and languages. They cover a wide range of activity and prove a happy mode of self-expression. They provide dramatics for the elementary schools.

Puppets appeal strongly to the sophisticated mind for the fantasy and naivete of their humor; and, too, by the gentle satire implied in the spectacle of the little wooden people carrying out the business of their mimic lives as passionately as we do ours.

Goethe, Voltaire, George Sand, Jonathan Swift, Robert Louis Stevenson, Maeterlinck, and Paul Claudel have all written for or about puppets. But the story of the puppets is endless. No one can say where they originated.

BOOKS OF THE MONTH

Reviewed by INGLIS FLETCHER

NAPOLEON
by Emil Ludwig
Translated by Eden and Cedar Paul
Boni and Liveright—$4

A BOOK that is selling at the rate of fifty thousand a month, according to a bookman, is not in need of a boost, a knock or even a notice by a reviewer. Still when a book like Ludwig's Napoleon has been read one is really constrained to talk about it, urge people to read and enjoy.

The man who gave me the above information about the Napoleon, a New Yorker who knows more about books than anyone save the publisher, had other remarks of interest, notably one about Trader Horn. "Do you think," he said, "that Trader Horn is authentic?" "What matter," I answered, "whether the Old Visitor is a real Trader Horn or a creature of John Galsworthy's imagination? The effect is the same for the material is authentic." "How do you know?" "The answer is simple enough. Last week in the old book shop I came across two books on Africa, one of them on explorations in Africa published in 1875, and the other Livingston's 'Africa' published in 1872. The books are a double check on the material contained in Trader Horn."

However, this is a long way from Herr Ludwig's Napoleon. The Ludwig biography is one of the most useful books in the whole list of Napoleana because after we thought everything to be said about the Man of Destiny had been said along comes a book that is different. Ludwig has used the Plutarchian method in writing his book. This is particularly fitting since Napoleon acknowledged his debt to that great writer for much of his own inspiration.

Napoleon, from the beginning to the end is dealt with internally. The interpretation of the mind of a man of genius is a difficult thing but intensely fascinating. By bringing forward what Napoleon thought, everything in the way of events and external things falls into place at once. There probably never has in history been a better example of one man's rise to power through sheer force of will than the Corsican lieutenant. Poverty-stricken, morose, misunderstood—hating aristocracy, hating inferiority, possessed of boundless dreams and overwhelming ambition, the young foreigner lived in France—alien and out of place.

Herr Ludwig gives Josephine short shift. A vain, immoral woman, constantly deceiving her husband whom she married only for position, she threads her way through his life. His passionate letters to her, usually unanswered, during the Italian campaign, are human documents of pathos and tragedy.

English reviewers lay great stress on the belief that Ludwig is not authentic in the St. Helena phase. This is a natural reaction since the treatment of Napoleon at St. Helena has always been open to argument. The Bonaparte legend at one time had England by the ears. The whole country was terrorized if we are to believe the vivacious diarist of the period, Creevy.

The biography is as easily read as

any romance, and proves the contention that there is more romance in real life than in the imagination. Emil Ludwig's Napoleon will lead many a youth into that marvelous field of history.

THE ARRESTED MOMENT

By Charles Caldwell Dobie

John Day—$2.50

In that most difficult of all mediums, the short story, Charles Caldwell Dobie excels. "Second to none in America," as some of the enthusiastic reviewers have said. Others not so sweeping give him second place among contemporary short story writers.

In his latest book of short stories issued under the title of "The Arrested Moment" there are twelve stories of unusual interest based on widely diversified subjects, each story a little gem in finish and construction.

Perfection of form is only secured through careful writing and long apprenticeship, and Mr. Dobie has passed the apprentice period some time since. Unhurried in style, moving slowly, gathering momentum with each clear-cut sentence, his stories unfold themselves dramatic documents of surpassing interest.

"Laughter" is the best story in the collection. It is as internal as the famous chapter in "Crime and Punishment" in which Dostoievski unfolds the wandering thoughts of his hero prior to the murder. Dostoievski is not the best writer of short stories among the Russians. Chekhov has surpassed him in the shorter form of writing. Bringing forward comparisons is always unfair; the younger writer usually suffers. There was a great heralding of William McFee and Francis Brett Young as being the successors to the master, Joseph Conrad, because they all wrote of the sea. This was obviously unkind—the two young writers are both good writers, each in his own way, but certainly not a Conrad. It would be unkind to compare Charles Caldwell Dobie with the great Russian master of short stories, because not only had Chekhov the advantage of years of training but he was the outgrowth of a supreme school of writers. Mr. Dobie, with characteristic independence, is breaking his own trail, but he does, in his handling of material, remind one of the greater Russian writers of short

CHARLES CALDWELL DOBIE

San Francisco novelist, whose latest book, "The Arrested Moment," is just off the press stories. He shows also his kinship to Bret Harte in three stories in the collection — "In the Hands of the Enemy," "Horse and Horse," and "Partners." These stories deal with the California of today comparable with the California of Bret Harte. They are not, however, action stories —they belong to the middle register that lies between the psychological and the story of events. They are full of vigor and alertness with the tang of the desert country and the clear air of the hills about them, but they are not Charles Caldwell Dobie at his best. His mature work is more thoughtful —it moves more leisurely and there is a deeper insight into human values in his purely psychological stories, "Laughter" being the best example in the book. Mr. Dobie is a novelist by instinct. He surveys the human comedy with interest but is unmoved by it. As the great Leonardo da Vinci has said, "the artist should be a mirror reflecting on its surface but unruffled by the life around it."

In a recent number of *Harper's* Mr. Dobie had a story that surpassed "Laughter." It was called, if I remember correctly, "Slow Poison." There was no action whatever in the story. It was based entirely on a thought. The only other modern writer who has used this same idea, though developing it in a different method, was that brilliant young wife of Middleton Murray, Katherine Mansfield. Mr. Dobie uses no tricks, no obvious methods. His attack is direct and as clear as crystal, but he does not make the mistake of many of the moderns of having only the skeleton of the story. He surrounds his characters with atmosphere and he gives them a background from which they emerge, human beings.

BOOKS RECEIVED

Books to be commented on later are "The Lordly Ones," by Benjamin H. Lehman, and "Backfire," by Lola Jean Simpson.

LITERARY GOSSIP

By Vachel Lindsay

In the July issue of the London Mercury there is an interesting poem by Vachel Lindsey called "The Parable of Deepness." The American poet takes a series of tales of deep places as recounted by old timers. The following quotation is of local interest:

"In the ocean there sure is a bottomless pit
Said a San Francisco sailor to me.
The sea spiders come when we ship in that sea
And they fasten their threads to the ribs of the ships
Shark proof silk, resisting the lip
Of sharks of the highest or lowest degree
And spiders spin down, and swim down and dive down
And bite everything in the green-wooded town,
And clear things away and swim down and say
"Oh where is the floor of this fathomless sea?"
But the sea is as deep as the bottomless pit
No spider has ever dived down into it
Not a spider of highest or lowest degree."
"Now where is this water?" I asked the proud sailor
"Just north of the South Pole," said he.

MUSIC IN THE WOMEN'S CITY CLUB

By ANNA CORA WINCHELL

MRS. PAUL BUTTE
Acting Chairman of the Women's City Club Music Committee

THE ideals of the Music Committee of the Women's City Club in setting forth excellent standards have been maintained from the first, and this, its second term, has presented artists and musicians of the fine calibre. Mrs. Alfred Hurtgen was hostess September 11; Mrs. Lillian Birmingham, September 18; Mrs. Charles H. Holbrook, Jr., and Mrs. Paul Butte, acting chairman of the Music Committee in the absence of Mrs. Leonard Woolams, September 25; Mrs. Francis Shaw and Mrs. Allan Cline, October 2; Mrs. Sidney Van Wyck, October 9; Mrs. Horatio F. Stoll, October 16, and Mrs. Shirley Walker, October 23.

The Women's City Club offers and receives service in all its departments. Its history and foundation are that of service to women primarily, having established itself during the war period and then determining to carry on through whatever might be needed in peace time. Its music is becoming a factor and a benefactor of no small import. There are those in its membership who have not always the opportunity of the greater music season and the Music Committee wishes, within its best ability, to supply good and frequent music programs. That the attendances continue eager and large is the best proof of success.

MRS. CHARLES H. HOLBROOK, JR.
Member Music Committee Women's City Club

WHAT RATE OF INTEREST CAN I EXPECT ON MY INVESTMENT?

By W. F. GABRIEL
Wells Fargo Bank and Union Trust Company

THAT day is indeed a happy one for a woman, upon which she finds herself numbered among those who have for the first time in their lives some money to invest. Whether the amount be large or very small, it is a transaction of tremendous importance to her. Nearly always on reflection she recognizes "riches" as a problem.

In reading the daily paper she has noticed a page or two devoted to financial news and she turns to these sheets which now hold a new interest for her. Perhaps there are several new issues of securities offered for sale that day. The one offering the largest return stimulates particular interest. Elsewhere on the page there are lists of stocks and bonds listed on the San Francisco Stock and Bond and New York Stock Exchanges. Here again she discovers a wide range of prices for bonds with coupons varying from 3% to 8% (representing annual interest), as well as stock of still wider range of price and dividend, and she recognizes the existence of some underlying cause.

What is to govern her selection of an investment and what income will it produce with safety? If a dress is to be purchased she undoubtedly has a wealth of experience from which to draw. The contemplated investment on the other hand is a new experience, and it is hardly fair to expect her to be sufficiently well informed to select an investment without counsel and advice from some competent agency.

In approaching the problem of investment it is well to inquire as to the current interest rate for high grade obligations. Money being a commodity, and interest simply its rental value, the current interest rate is fixed by supply and demand, and other conditions over which no one individual has control. If a security under consideration for purchase affords a greater return than high grade securities, our new investor is immediately put upon her inquiry as to the reason. There is, as she first surmised, a cause underlying substantial differences in yield. United States Government long term bonds, the best security available in the world, yield approximately 3¼% at the present market price. High grade corporation bonds at current price levels return from 4½% to approximately 5%.

In addition to money rates, there are only two remaining factors which could have a possible influence on the expected rate of return from an investment — those of safety and marketability. Of these latter, safety above all, must not be sacrificed, but on the other hand should be the paramount consideration in building for the future with these first dollars. It is a fact not generally recognized, apparently, that most substantial fortunes have been accumulated slowly and by intelligent and careful effort. It is true that the "best" in the long run is always the cheapest. It is therefore of vital importance to make quality rather than interest return the objective of investment "bargain-hunting."

FRANK VAN SLOUN

By BEATRICE JUDD RYAN

Frank Van Sloun, painter and sportsman, a man of dual personality, an artist rich in American background, is a San Francisco painter whose talents and convictions are a direct and insistent inheritance from the Old World.

Born in Minnesota, much of Van Sloun's boyhood was spent on his grandfather's farm, where he lived intensely the outdoor life of the Middle West boy. He grew up in that American institution, the small town of the Middle West, and the characters about the village store were his first models. An artist who is interested in football, plays a good game of golf, and could have been a professional baseball player but the year St. Paul wished to sign him up he chose rather to go to New York to study further to be an artist. There he was intimately associated with Bellows, Henri and Rockwell Kent. His environment and training altogether American, yet the talent of the craftsman and artist has a subtle quality that seems to be the outcropping of a heritage that finds its place in the courts and cathedrals of Europe. It is no wonder that he loves the Old Masters.

DECORATION
Painted by Frank Van Sloun for
Mrs. S. B. Pauson

BY HELEN FORBES
Bought by Dr. Leo Eloesser

As a teacher Frank Van Sloun has had a wide experience and his students seem to remember his instruction long after much else is forgotten. He taught in the Art Institute in New York, for years at the old Mark Hopkins in San Francisco, and is now at the University of California.

Van Sloun is one of the few figure painters in California, and whether it is figure or landscape his art has a beautiful poetical quality.

SOCIAL AFFAIRS AT THE WOMEN'S CITY CLUB

A "get-together dinner" was held in the National Defenders' Dining Room the evening of October 8, when the spirit of the old days of the National League for Woman's Service was revived by nearly a hundred members who had worked and played at 333 Kearny Street.

The committee in charge of the dinner consisted of Mrs. Leon Guggenhime, chairman, and Miss Evelyn Larkin, secretary. It was Mrs. Guggenhime's idea to have each one come in a Mother Goose character, and a great many of the guests came in costume.

Mrs. Guggenhime came in the character of the "Old Woman Who Lived in a Shoe," dressed in a quaint costume of orange and lavender, and to further carry out the effect she had an immense shoe on the table in front of her filled with dolls, and each of the fifty-five guests received a pretty doll as a souvenir. At the end of the dinner she also had one of the bus boys with a chef's cap on bring in a huge pie with "four and twenty blackbirds" in it, and as this was passed around each guest picked out a whistle or some instrument for making noise, and then the fun began. If they didn't like what the speakers were saying, every effort was made to drown them out.

The table was decorated with asparagus fern and pretty paper flowers of different colors, which the guests afterwards wore. At each place were sticks of candy and all-day suckers, and the table was lighted with forty red candles. All the favors, decorations, candy and prizes for bridge were the gifts of Mrs. Guggenhime.

After the dinner, Miss Evelyn Larkin, toastmaster, dressed as Mary, Mary, Quite Contrary, called for speeches. Mrs. Guggenhime started by reading a short poem she had written for the occasion, and received much applause.

Each guest in costume recited the nursery rhyme she represented. The guests wearing costumes were:

Miss Jean Doub—Lady from Banbury Cross.

Miss Edwarda Pickett—Polly Put the Kettle On.

Miss Alice Reilly—Peter Pan.

Miss Florence Locke—Simple Simon.

Miss Julia Sharp — Red Riding Hood.

Miss Bess Mansell—Old Mother Hubbard.

Miss Florence McCoy—Mary Had a Little Lamb.

Miss Anna Knief — Queen of Hearts.

Miss Vivien Warren—A Woman from Korea.

Miss Ella Concannon — The Cat and the Fiddle.

Miss Dolly Dolcini—Mary, Mary, Quite Contrary.

After the speeches the merrymakers played bridge.

Other guests were Mrs. E. C. Weber, Mrs. Lulu Spencer, Miss Harriett Adams, Miss Gail Sheridan, Miss Tillie Henrickson, Miss Inez Vincent, Mrs. Marie Maloney, Miss Adele Godfrey, Miss Dorothy Ratto, Mrs. R. Stevens, the Misses Lorich, Mrs. H. Dumont, Miss Margaret Dumont, Miss Evelyn Larkin, Mrs. Katherine Cassidy, Miss Christine Ramsey, Miss Beatrice Pinkiert, Miss Louise O'Hara, Miss Jane Steele, Miss Mary L. Jamison, Miss Mary Hoster, Miss May Harrington, Mrs. Georgia Ditzler, Miss Belle Goldman, Mrs. Oneida Austin, Mrs. H. Houseworth, Mrs. Nettie Metzger, Miss May Turnblad, Miss Bertha McCarthy, Mrs. Horace Ball, Mrs. Virginia Ford, Miss Martha Lovey, Dr. Louise B. Deal, Miss Etta Graff, Miss Edith Black, Dr. Mary Campbell, Mrs. Frances Musgrave, Miss Anna T. Carroll, Miss Amy Cook, Miss Jessie Kant and Miss Edith Stone.

* * *

Mrs. William Kelday was hostess at a bridge luncheon October 20 in the National Defenders' Room of the Women's City Club. Her guests were Miss Emi Eggers, Mrs. Harlow W. Culver, Mrs. Fred Anderson, Mrs. Harry S. Young, Mrs. George M. Broemmel, Mrs. Rex Sherer, Mrs. C. B. Pressley, Jr., Mrs. Clinton R. Morse, Miss Minnie Shulte, Mrs. James F. Pressley, Mrs. Walter H. Cramer, Mrs. William Herrmann, Mrs. O. A. Eggers, Mrs. C. B. Pressley, Mrs. J. F. Barber, Mrs. A. J. Geldermann, Mrs. Robert F. Koch, Mrs. C. Jantzen, Mrs. J. H. Ankele, Mrs. M. A. Bertheau, Mrs. Erneste Johansen, Mrs. Frank P. Wickersham, Mrs. A. Willkomm, Mrs. H. von Kapff, Mrs. Emma Krebs, Mrs. Albert Victors, Mrs. R. G. Brush, Mrs. H. W. Hansen and Mrs. J. Ulrichs.

Brother Leo Lectures

BROTHER LEO
St. Mary's College, Oakland

Four more of the Brother Leo lecture series remain to be given. The distinguished cleric will speak every Thursday morning at eleven o'clock on the general subject, "Literary Criticism." His topics will be:

November 3, Impressionism.

November 10, Some Critics of Today.

November 17, A Sheaf of Recent Books.

December 1, An Eclectic Credo.

The price of the course was three dollars. Single lectures are seventy-five cents for a single admission.

* * *

PROFESSOR LEHMAN LECTURES

The Tuesday morning lectures by Professor Benjamin Lehman of the literature department of the University of California are enthusiastically attended by large audiences. The lectures will continue through November, being given each Tuesday at eleven o'clock.

"Death Comes for the Archbishop,"

by Willa Cather, and "The Grandmothers," the *Harper's Magazine* prize novel for 1927, were the two books reviewed by Professor Lehman in his first talk and in the second he dealt with the literature of the early eighties in America. Tickets for the remaining lectures of the series may be procured from Mrs. Edward Rainey, chairman of the committee, or at the Club.

* * *

What Every Member of The Women's City Club Should Know:

That bedrooms with or without bath can be rented by the hour. Price without bath 25 cents, with bath $1.00 an hour.

Members can extend privileges of the bedrooms to out-of-town guests.

Card tables will be set up in the American Room for 50 cents a table, each table being supplied with two decks of used cards. New cards are rented at 25 cents per pack.

Food to take home can be ordered in the Cafeteria.

The Club operates a Beauty Parlor on the Lower Main Floor, which is open to the public.

The Club has facilities for serving luncheons, teas and dinners to large and small groups.

* * *

A series of thirteen lectures are being given Tuesday evenings at 8 o'clock by Professor Mazain, Food Chemist, in Room 222 of the Women's City Club. The lectures commenced October 4 and will continue until the first of the year.

* * *

The Women's City Club will serve a Thanksgiving dinner. Price two dollars per place. Reservations for parties of any number are now being made.

Chester Rowell's Lectures

Chester Rowell is a living refutation of the saw about the prophet in his own country.

For Chester Rowell's prestige as sage and commentator, especially in political economy, grows with each time he speaks on a public rostrum. His series of talks at the City Club on Friday evenings has elicited wide interest and the audiences are growing with each lecture. Men and women of affairs find him stimulating, challenging sometimes, and entertaining always. The series will close this month with an exposition on November 4 of the Chinese situation, and on November 18 of the Foreign Policy of the United States.

* * *

Miss Ball Publishes Book

Miss Katherine M. Ball, member of the Women's City Club, is being congratulated upon her book on "Decorative Motives of Oriental Art," which is just off the press of John Lane and Company, London publishers.

In thirty-five chapters, dealing with the legends and symbols associated with the portrayal of certain animals, Miss Ball not only covers the whole ground of the mythology and folk lore as manifested in the works of art of the Orient, but gives a most helpful analysis of the motives which enrich their art. The book is a compendium of information and a veritable library of design, since six hundred seventy-six illustrations include reproductions of a number of masterpieces of Oriental art of every kind and period.

BATIK

By MARY H. DENNETT

Student in University of California Art Department

MODERN Batik has an origin of which many of us are unaware. On the island of Java, one of the Malay Archipelago, resides a populace having extraordinarily fine artistic instincts. The Javanese manifest a great love of the beautiful in the wearing of jewels and richly decorated materials. The enrichment of their fabrics is done in Batik, the process which has been borrowed by the Western world, also for the purposes of decorating stuffs.

In Java one type of garment is worn by both sexes. It is called a "Sarong" and is a simple rectangular shaped piece of cloth. It is either worn open and wrapped securely about the body or is sewn in the form of a sack and then draped upon the figure. The women wear upon the head a scarf, "Slendang." The men a kerchief, the tying of which requires great skill. All of these articles are made of Batik.

It is impossible to definitely know at what time the art originated. A technique of a similar type was long ago used by the Chinese and Hindus occupying the regions adjacent to the island of Java. But it is only among the Javanese that the technique took any definite form. This method, a hand process, as used today is practically the same that was employed centuries ago.

The highly developed artistic sense of the native workers is plainly evident in the great numbers of decorative motifs. Of interest is the individuality of each design. Although the patterns are preserved from generation to generation, these used forms serve only as inspiration for the workers whose every motif has originality. Influences of small account are felt from the people with whom the Javanese have come in contact.

The designs are generally composed of two parts—a body and a head. The former is of most importance and may contain forms of animals, birds, flowers, exotic fruits and many varieties of leaves. The human figure is rarely reproduced. If it is used there is always a great disfiguration and characterization of the body, head and limbs. The head of the design, a sort of border, is made of a series of triangles inside of which are other designs.

The industry has acquired a national prominence, but its development in the Occident has been without as universal success. Imitations are made in the form of mechanical prints, others are done by hand. The technique and form of design of the original Javanese work can be compared on an equal basis with the finest of Chinese silk embroideries, though the material be of simple cotton.

Application of the process to present day materials and uses has been successfully achieved. Wall hangings and covers for tables and cushions as well as garments of every type have been decorated in this manner. Among the stuffs best suited to the technique are crepes de Chine, light-weight velvets (preferably of silk base) and light-weight woolens and some types of cotton goods. Very thin materials, such as chiffon, are unsatisfactory because their transparency destroys the solidity of the design.

Of primary importance in the modern Occidental use of Batik is the exercising of an extremely careful technique and a discrimination in taste and the choice of design. Unfortunately there is often shown a tendency toward a careless haste resulting in a distressing sloppiness of the finished article both in the creation of the design and its execution on material.

Those who purchase as well as those who produce any sort of Batiks should bear in mind the fact that all arts and artistic crafts have, as their aim, beauty. Batik differs not at all from any other art. It should never be made merely for the sake of its name alone and without regard for the manner in which it is done.

Innumerable types of motifs may be used. The main thing to be considered is the form, size and shape of the garment (if an evening wrap or dress is being made). The decoration must be consistent with the general shape of the dress and with the kind of occasions on which it is to be worn; that is, for sports, informal or evening wear. Not of the least importance is the person for whom the garment is designed. Batik is as individual a type as is the peasant dress.

As to the design of the motifs themselves. In dresses and wraps the most

Javanese Batik

Modern Adaptation of Javanese Batik

pleasing results are obtained by avoiding the naturalistic shapes. An interpretation, conventionalization, of real flowers or birds in two-dimensioned design, avoiding any use of perspective (or a feeling of going back in space), will be the most satisfactory.

Those who are unfamiliar with the principals of design from the standpoint of the artist will, I think, agree that simplicity is of prime importance in any work of art. So there must be an avoidance of over-abundance of shapes and sizes within the design. Such errors lead to confusion and disorder that is never beautiful.

Color is an integral part of the whole decoration. It is to be noted that the true Batik, following the original Javanese idea, is dyed in a succession of colors. That is, each color from the lightest tint to the darkest shade has been dyed one on top of another. The advantage of this procedure lies in the fact that by so doing it a delightful tone is carried throughout the design; quite different from the brilliant and harsh colorings of many mechanically printed stuffs. A contrast of values can give the same sparkle and vivacity of color without the loudness so often apparent in printed textiles.

With proper attention being given the elements of form, color and design, the modern Batik can be an art of originality and beauty whether used on garments or for interior decoration.

THE UNKNOWN SPARK

Out of the dust I came, and I shall go
Back to the dust. A sweet and unseen flame
Will charily consume my careful frame,
And in the ardor of its yellow glow
Many an insect, many a root will grow,
Nourished and warmed by what had once my name
And spoke my thoughts. Out of the dust I came
And towards the ocean of all dust I flow.

And yet, when I recall the certain ill
This body knew and faced: when I recall
The times this brain, defeated, said, "I must,"
And did the things, by empery of will,
I ask: Did man, that conscious animal,
Strike his grim fire from a grave of dust?

—*The World Tomorrow* (*New York*).

HUNGRY EYES...

follow the wearer of fine furs ... the hungry eyes of the hold-up man, the sneak thief, the burglar, the coatroom hanger-on, the dishonest maid ... and when eyes are hungry hands are bold!

Hungry eyes will hold less terror for you if your furs are insured under a Saint Paul All-Risks Policy. The cost is nominal and the policy can be easily obtained through any reputable agent or broker.

This insurance is available not only for furs, but also for Jewelry, Works of Art, Musical Instruments, Rare Books, Manuscripts, Silverware, Personal Effects, etc.

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114 Sansome Street San Francisco
Telephone Douglas 3371

MODES OF THE HOUR

By CLYDE HENDRICKS

FOOTWEAR — a dominant note in costume harmony. San Francisco is said to support, in proportion, more shoe salons than any other city in America! This is a rather startling fact . . . but we have lived here for exactly six years and seven months and upon the wearing out of our very best boots (alligators) at the very tender age of one month and three weeks we promptly investigated the reason for this high rate of shoe mortality.

We decided to live on a hill. No sooner said than done. Upon locating two of the steepest hills in the city we moved *between* them. They're terrible! . . . Going up, one stubs one's toes on crevices and opportunely placed cobbles . . . going down wears one's heels . . . and ankles. But such a lovely view!

Then too, the "unusual climate" is something of a factor in wearing holes in the family budget. Like the "little girl with the little curl" in the jingle, when the weather's nice, it's very, very nice . . . and when it's bad, well it's better than any other place we know.

So, everything considered, there are lots of reasons-why. And besides this isn't an economic treatise, for when we write a fashion article the rule is to suppose that the gentle reader has ten times the wealth of the fashion adviser (which would be about ten dollars in our case).

The two materials which promise to rule the field this Fall are reptilian and suede. The styles which will predominate, however, are governed largely by the occasions they will

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styles meet
economic
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Better Values

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WILLARD'S

grace, the costumes they will complement, and the hours during which they will be worn.

In the reptilian group we would suggest alligator, python, crocodile and the sturdier types of leathers. There are many reasons for selecting any of these and the most important is their unusual durability and long life. For during the rainy period they will probably stand up better under hard usage than any other footgear, unless we include rubbers and galoshes. Snake, particularly in the lighter shades, is more akin to kid in its soft and pliable texture. And in the light shades it will be found that snake shoes are apt to soil more quickly.

I think I should select alligator oxfords from the same viewpoint that I would in purchasing the usual Russia calf walking shoes. And in the end you will have a shoe that has, by far, kept its shape and appearance longer and at the same time been far smarter.

Suede slippers are so impractical, they ruin one's hose and leave smutty marks on the hostess' best damask. Furthermore they will get a permanent shine on their nose and fairly beam at passersby until we tenderly bid them adieu, wrap them in tissue and send them along to a solitary life . . . unless the cook should want them. And what of it? While they last they impart the most delicious sense of luxury and frivolity. Like a subtle perfume adroitly used . . . so does suede set off the costume.

There are many styles and colors of suedes. Its colors all possess the deepness and richness of draped velvet. But the styles in some cases tend toward the gauche in footwear. If the instep is covered even slightly, the foot will look at least two and a half sizes wider than it is, so . . . if normally you have wide feet, be very careful in your choice of styles. I think the opera, or a version of the d'Orsay pump in suede is by far the most flattering—particularly with cut steel buckles.

A golden tinted buckle on the redcasted brown is one of the most beautiful combinations in shoes. But I am still in favor of another combination which was the vogue many years ago —the bronze kid and bronze buckle ensemble. I may be so maudlin over this combination because they were my dress-up shoes when I used to "play lady." So be it—but I am glad they may again be worn, and worn so well.

Leather, color, style — what will you? But don't forget your San Francisco hills.

* * *

Special Children's Luncheon

A special children's luncheon will be given at the Women's City Club for young guests who will attend the Perry Dilley Puppet Shows November 5 and November 12 at the Club. A menu suitable to children will be served in the National Defenders' Room at the Club, the price to be eighty-five cents.

* * *

Golf Practice Court

Members are enjoying to the utmost the golf practice court recently installed on the roof of the Women's City Club, where the Brun net registers distance and drive.

The fall mode decrees — severe tailleurs for morning. With the tailored costume the Oxford is correct — CANTILEVER Oxfords with perfect flexibility of sole insure foot comfott and are the only shoes built on scientifically correct lines which combine smartness of design.

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For smart women and women who would be correctly smart this Fall.

"ATLANTA"

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Women's City Club

Travel Bureau

The many members of the Women's City Club who travel find it a convenience to avail themselves of the Club's Travel Bureau and Service and of guest privileges at the clubs with which we have reciprocal relations, namely:

Women's City Club of Boston
Women's City Club of New York
Women's City Club of Washington
Women's City Club of Cleveland
Women's City Club of Chicago
Women's City Club of St. Paul
Women's City Club of Detroit
Women's City Club of Philadelphia
Women's City Club of Rochester
Women's City Club of Kansas City
The Illinois Women's Athletic Club, Chicago
The Town Club of St. Louis
American Women's Club of London
American Women's Club of Paris
Caledonia Club of Edinburgh
Lady Artists' Club of Glasgow
American Women's Club of Shanghai
Otago Club of Dunedin, New Zealand
Pioneer Club of Wellington New Zealand
Women's Club of Sydney
Halcyon Club of London
Themis Club, Montreal, Canada
Providence Plantation Club Providence, R. I.

There is a great wealth of choice in the cruises offered for the winter of 1927-28, among them being five round the world cruises, 23 Mediterranean Cruises, three to South America and Africa, and a great number of shorter cruises to the West Indies. Information regarding the formation of a unit for any of these cruises may be obtained from the Executive Office on the Fourth Floor.

Members returning from abroad are invited to send in any bits of information about travel which may be interesting or helpful to others.

Cruise to

NEW YORK

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Days of pure delight on balmy seas with 7 never-to-be-forgotten visits in Mexico, Guatemala, Salvador and Nicaragua. 2 days crammed full of interest at Panama Canal; thence to lovely Havana, and on to New York.

This trip gives you an opportunity to visit the centuries-old Capitals of Guatemala and Salvador while your steamer awaits. Colorful Historic! Romantic!

Steamers modern and comfortable, built especially for tropical service. All outside cabins, with comfortable lower bed for every passenger. Wonderful meals, music and dancing.

The cost is remarkably low. First-class fares to New York, bed and meals included—

One way $250 up
One way water, one way rail $350.

Next sailings From—	S. F.	L. A.
S. S. Colombia	Nov. 26	Nov. 28
S. S. Venezuela	Dec. 17	Dec. 19
S. S. Ecuador	Jan. 7	Jan. 9

Full details from ticket or tourist agents, or

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Return via another of Southern Pacific's 4 great routes across the continent—Golden State, Overland, or Shasta. A choice matched by no other railroad.

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Manicuring	$0.50
Liquid Polish Manicure	.50
Hot Oil Manicure	.75

Shampooing

Plain Shampoo — Short Hair	.75
Plain Shampoo — Long Hair	1.00
Plain Shampoo — Extra Heavy	1.25
Plain Tar Shampoo . . .	1.25
Lus Tar Shampoo	1.50
Lus Tar Shampoo with Vibrator	2.00
Hot Oil Shampoo	1.50
Hot Oil Shampoo with Vibrator	2.00

Rinses

French Blue Rinse	.25
Lemon Rinse	.25
Chamomile Rinse	.50
Vinegar Rinse	.25
Henna Tea Rinse	.50

Packs and Hair Dyeing

White Henna . .	$2.50 and up
Henna Pack . . .	1.00 and up
Liquid Dyeing . .	5.00 and up

Scalp Treatments

For Oily, Dry or Falling Hair	1.50
Course of Treatments . .	7.50
Brushing and Massage .	1.00
Tonic Rub	.75

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Marcel (Guaranteed) .	$1.00
Marcel and Bob Curl . .	1.25
Paper Curl	1.50
Finger Wave	1.00
French Curl	1.50

Permanent Waving

Whole Head, regardless of number of curls . .	15.00
Thoroughly competent operator in attendance—and professional advice on care of hair after waving.	

Facial Treatments

Plain Facial Massage—45 minutes	1.50
Plain Facial Massage—1 hour	2.00
Minerva Lesson Facial .	2.50
Minerva Special Treatment (1 hr. 15 min.) .	3.50
Course of Six Treatments	18.50
Minerva Contouration Facial (1½ hrs.) . . .	5.00
Course of Six Treatments	25.00
Greek Beauty Mask . . .	3.50
Course of Six Treatments	18.50

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Prince William of Sweden

Prince William of Sweden, the explorer Prince who will visit San Francisco in November, is the brother of the Crown Prince Gustav and the Princess Louise who visited here last year. The Princess Louise visited the Women's City Club at the invitation of the Hospitality Committee of which Mrs. Charles Miner Cooper is chairman. She inspected the whole Club and made particular comment on the volunteer work done by women of San Francisco.

* * *

Institute for Business and Professional Women

The first meeting of the Fall was held on Wednesday, October 19th, with the subject "Social Service as a Profession for Women." We felt honored in having Dr. Adelaide Brown for our first speaker. She treated the subject in an interesting and instructive way, mingling words of wit with words of wisdom. Short addresses were given by a number of others.

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are as miraculous in achieving
rejuvenation and the petal-glow
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NOTES FROM THE SAGE CIRCULATING LIBRARY

Recent Titles Added to the Sage Library

Arrested Moment "A collection ot good short stories by the author of 'Less Than Kin'."	*Dobie, Charles*
Back Fire "A California story, by a California author."	*Simpson, Lola J.*
Bugles in the Night "A new novel by the author of 'The Chicken Wagon Family'."	*Benefield, Barry*
Chivalry Peak "This is Irvin Cobb's first novel."	*Cobb, Irvin*
Come to My House "One wild, reckless hour in the life of a beautiful and altogether modern young woman and the exciting consequences which follow it."	*Roche, Arthur Somers*
Dancing Silhouette "The puzzle of the violent death of a famous surgeon."	*Lincoln, Nathalie Somne*
Dangerous Business "It is dangerous to mix business and social friendship."	*Balmer, Edwin*
Fancy Lady "This is the story of a woman who lost her faith, and what happened to her when she did."	*Croy, Homer*
Gift in the Gauntlet "A good love story."	*Reynolds, Mrs. Baillie*
Hardigan's Hollow "A thrilling mystery story."	*Fletcher, J. S.*
Hearthstones "Deals with a problem of vital importance to all who are concerned with the maintaining of ideals and traditions handed down by those who first envisioned homes for America."	*Payne, Elizabeth Stancy*
House of Fulfillment	*Beck, J. Adams*
In a Yun-Nan Courtyard	*Miln, Louise*
Jalna	*De la Roche, Mazo*
Jeanne Margot	*Cleugh, Sophie*
Kitty	*Deeping, Warwick*
Leopard in the Bush	*Stockley, Cynthia*
Lordly Ones, The	*Lehman, B. H.*
Mad Carews	*Ostenso, Martha*
Marriage of Harlequin	*Frankau, Pamela*
Moor Fires	*Young, E. H.*
More Than Wife	*Widdemer, Margaret*
Other Tomorrow	*Cohen, Octavus Roy*
Over the Boatside	*Eiker, Matilda*
Road to Rome	*Sherwood, Robert E.*
Something About Eve	*Cabell, James Branch*
Springboard	*Wolf, Robert*
Tarboe	*Parker, Gilbert*
They Call It Love	*Vance, Louis Joseph*
An Unmarried Father	*Dell, Floyd*
What Can a Man Believe?	*Barton, Bruce*
Where's Emily?	*Wells, Carolyn*
White Flower	*Hill, Grace Livingston*

Course for Volunteers in Social Service

This series of talks arranged by the Committee of the Vocational Information Bureau is but the small beginning of a service that will, we trust, prove to be a valuable contribution to the social work of the community. The course started on Friday, October 14th, at eleven a. m., with an enrollment of thirty representatives of the type of women we aimed to reach.

Dr. W. G. Beach has taken as his general subject "Causes of Despondency," which he has classified as follows:

1. Social Conditions or Social Work—October 14.
2. Aspects of Population as a Basis of Social Ills—October 18.
3. Industrial Life and Individual Welfare—October 21.
4. Family and Community—October 25.

The speaker in his first two talks treated his subject in a simple, yet scholarly way. He held the interest of his audience and stimulated them to ask interesting questions at the close of his talk.

The other speakers will be Mrs. Emily H. Nobel of the University of California; Miss M. Lathrop, Stanford University; Mrs. A. Saylor, State Welfare, and Mr. N. F. Higby of the Community Chest. The meetings are held on Friday at eleven a. m. and Tuesday at two p. m. from October 14th to November 15th.

Tunnicliffe

Photographic Portraits

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SAN FRANCISCO

DOUGLAS 2607

ALINE BARRETT
GREENWOOD
CURRENT REVIEWS
Covering World Events, Books, Music, Art Plays
SAN FRANCISCO
Friday, November 4—Fairmont Hotel, 11 a. m.
Thursday, November 10—St. Francis Hotel, 11 a. m.
One Evening Talks in Bay Region
Thursday, November 10—Women's Bldg. 8 p. m.
Friday, November 11
10:45 a. m.—Ebell Clubhouse, Oakland
2:30 p. m.—20th Century Clubhouse, Berkeley
Eight Tickets, $6.00, interchangeable between cities; Single Tickets, $1.00 (plus tax), on Sale, Sherman, Clay & Co. or Door of Halls
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GIFT SUGGESTIONS

DEBUTANTES and brides, not to speak of birthdays and anniversaries, suggest gifts.

Windows in the shopping districts are opulent with suggestions for any occasion at any price, from the sable coat at the furrier to the ash tray at the china counter. Uninitiated and unimaginative is the person who can walk a block and not find something suitable to present as a token of affection, appreciation or admiration.

It would seem that the purveyors had set themselves the task of solving just such problems as "What shall I send?"

The art shops are particularly alluring at this time of the year, the summer having given new impetus to those who create lovely pictures and bits of modeling. Etchings and aquatints, many of them by San Francisco artists of national reputation, are shown along Post and Sutter streets in the downtown district.

Costume jewelry never before has been so universally worn. It is frankly not set with precious jewels, nor, in many instances, is it of gold, silver or platinum. It is synthetic, but correct. Also it is attractive and adaptable to many uses. Shoe buckles, for instance, of cut steel or rhinestones. Or the little doo-dads now worn on the ends of shoe ties. They are of silver or white metal, or even gold, and every well-dressed woman covets them.

Silk hose in nifty boxes may be had at prices from two to ten or twelve dollars. The silk stocking gift to a woman is like the tie gift to a man, always acceptable.

The Gift Shop in the foyer of the Women's City Club is especially come-hither at this time.

Some of the things shown here and in similar places about town are:

Dresden china (odd pieces, tea sets, vases). Fine English and French chinas and peasant pottery.

Swedish glass, with its dark richness, and Venetian glass with all the gayety and sparkle of infinite color.

Danish handmade pewter, East Indian brasses, bronze inlaid with silver made into smoking-sets, desk-sets, picture frames.

Hand-tooled leathers in book covers, desk-sets, memorandum books and what-not.

Etchings and aquatints—many of them by San Francisco artists of national repute.

Tapestries and wall-hangings of Indian and Chinese embroideries, and batiks for interior decoration or scarfs, opera cloaks, or distinctive blouses with the new ensemble.

Lampshades, bright in color and distinct in design, for boudoir or living-room. There is one small shop in the Chinese quarter that specializes in lampshades and standards.

Antiques in silver, glass and porcelain.

Candlesticks that delight in color and design.

Costume jewelry, inexpensive and effective, quaint mosaics, jade in pounded silver, bracelets, rings, necklaces.

Chinese jades, hand-carved, exquisitely set, and the odd-corner shops in town that specialize in resetting precious and semi-precious stones in newly-designed settings.

And still they come!
Choicest Fabrics
from the looms of all Europe,
to fashion into
Shirts, Pajamas, Robes
AND
Neckwear
FOR
Christmas Gifts
FOR
the men who have their apparel
Made to Order *by*
D. C. HEGER
444 POST STREET, SAN FRANCISCO
[*Opposite Our Club*]

In Los Angeles: 614 So. Olive St.
In Paris: 12 Rue Ambroise Thomas

Christmas orders should be placed *now*. Select Handkerchiefs before stock is depleted, and in time to have monograms carefully embroidered.

Living at the

Women's City Club

offers

Comfortable bedrooms, with or without private baths; moderate rates; downtown location.

Unlimited use of lounge, library and other facilities.

An attractive place in which to entertain.

A place where mental and physical recreation are obtainable under one roof.

The unequalled combination of seclusion and companionship.

The fraternity of clubship, whereby a member unacquainted may find congenial friends.

Out-of-town guests and members find convenient headquarters near the business, theatre and shopping districts.

Membership in the Club *offers:*

An attractive place down town where one can swim, exercise in a gymnasium, have a massage, visit the beauty salon for marcel and manicure, attend an interesting lecture, meet friends at luncheon, rest, write letters, meet one's financial advisor in a confidential conference; enjoy a game of bridge and later a refreshing cup of tea; dine alone or with guests in a pleasing atmosphere—in short, time and energy may be conserved by using the facilities of the Club.

Members Can Help the Club . . . *by:*

Familiarizing themselves with all facilities and talking about them to any members who have not learned quite all the Club offers.

Members . . . Know Your Club!

Lingerie, handmade and tailored or with cobweb laces and embroideries.

Shopping bags of Italian straws, pliable and brightly-colored (make most useful steamer gifts), or of vari-colored felts.

California fruits—fresh baskets and glaced.

And for the menfolk:

Monogrammed handkerchiefs and shirts.

Dressing gowns and smoking jackets.

Tuxedo links and studs.

Golf balls and other accoutrements of the links.

Golf socks in gay pasteboard boxes.

Scarfs and mufflers.

Merchandise orders for any of these things.

Cigarette cases and lighters.

Specially made neckties to match handkerchiefs, with dressing gowns of the same material, if desired.

Leather belts with metal buckles.

* * *

Ginger Ale Salad Recipe

We are repeating, by request, the recipe for Ginger Ale Salad that appeared in an early issue, and can recommend it as a refreshing change:

CONTENTS

Two cups ginger ale, 2 lemons, ½ package Knox gelatine, ½ cup boiling water, ½ cup cold or iced water, 1 cup crushed pineapple, 1 cup white cherries or grapes, 1 cup nuts, or if preferred other fruit, sweetened to taste.

Dissolve gelatine in boiling water, cool with iced water, add lemon juice, ginger ale and sugar. Into this mix fruits and nuts and turn into mould. Serve with lettuce and mayonnaise.

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239 POST STREET
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Your Greatest Asset

THE tremendous success of our courses in Physical Culture is due to careful instruction and scientific treatment for

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Instruction given individually or in classes . . . . Special classes for Business Women in the evening and for Housewives morning and afternoon.

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* * *

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Greenwood Lectures

"Aline Barrett Greenwood makes 'Current Reviews' interesting." Her means of presenting events is somewhat similar to Lytton Strachey and Philip Guedalla's method of writing history. She breathes the breath of life into cold facts, with wit, satire, admiration and profundity, she sends a procession of live people in action before your eyes. Into your mind she pours with a vigorous force that makes them stick, the reasons and motives that make diplomats and politicians do what they do and make political events what they are. A rare gift that, and one used to its full value.

Miss Greenwood's ideas are of great importance to thousands of women who hear her and her influence is wide reaching. She is very aware of this and holds it as a trust. She is never in any sense a propagandist—her views are dispassionate, tolerant and very broad on all subjects she discusses. If she gives an opinion it is presented after careful study of the best available authorities. She announces new books, new plays, current events of world politics and interesting personalities who are to be in the cities where she gives her Reviews. She endeavors in every way to keep her audiences abreast of current happenings of importance. This marks her talks of real value to the cultural life of the cities where she appears.

Miss Greenwood will give her Current Events in November at the Fairmont Hotel, the first Friday morning, November 4, at eleven a. m., and at the St. Francis Hotel the second Thursday morning, November 10, at eleven a. m.

RHYMED RECIPES

By MRS. C. M. REYNOLDS

SPANISH EGGS

When I was in Spain I loved to roam,
I found these eggs in a Spanish home,
"Really," they said, "They are easy to fix,"
The recipe here is only for six.

CONTENTS

One onion, butter, 4 chillies, 1 can tomatoes, 6 eggs, 1 cup Parmesan cheese.

Butter the size of a walnut,
Fry one chopped onion in it,
A can of tomatoes added
And you're ready to begin it.

When this has cooked, add chillies
Just four cut into disks
Then poach your eggs when this is smooth,
So you will run no risks.

When eggs are in, use one full cup
Of Parmesan cheese, to add
The subtle touch that adds so much
To make new foods a fad.

DANISH APPETIZER

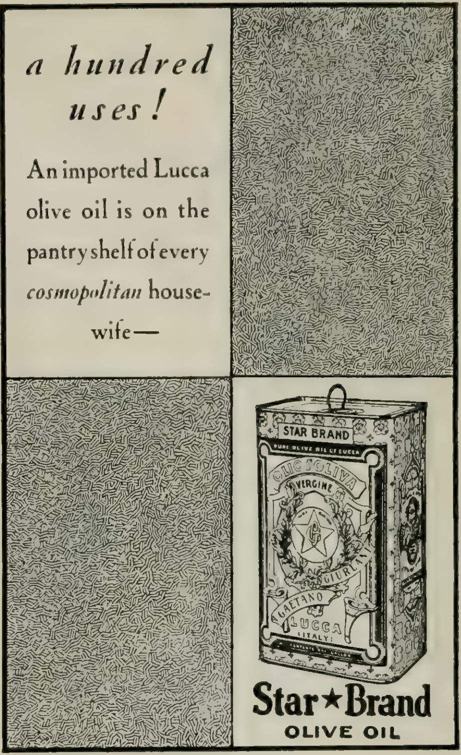
You may not be in Denmark
To try this appetizer,
But, here's the way to make it
To win your Ann Eliza.

CONTENTS

One tin Copenhagen paté with truffles, 2 hard boiled eggs, lemon juice, salt, paprika, butter, rounds of toast.

Of Copenhagen paté with truffles
Just one tin,
Two hard-boiled eggs which should be cooked
Before you do begin.

Now mix the paté with the yolks
The paprika and salt,
A drop or two of lemon juice,
Until it's smooth, don't halt.



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OLIVE OIL

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Imported Cake and Jelly Moulds

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Everything for the Kitchen

Just What

would it mean to you to have your product, your shop or service brought personally to the attention of 25,000 women buyers each month?

If yours is a specialized business with a limited clientele, you want, of course, to reach a preferred audience.

If women have the "final word" when it comes to purchasing your commodity, then you want them to know intimately of its worth.

Or—if you depend entirely upon women's patronage

Then

you should know more of the audience you can reach directly through this personal woman's magazine.

◆

Write or telephone
The Advertising Department
Women's City Club Magazine
465 Post Street, San Francisco
Kearny 8400

Butter the size of a hazelnut
Rubbed well into the paste,
Adds just that touch which makes you know
No bite will go to waste.

Cut whites of eggs in rings about
A quarter inch in thickness,
Then fill them with the paste with
Dexterity and quickness.

Now, lay them on thin buttered rounds
Of toasted Danish bread,
And as an appetizer,
The last word has been said.

STONELEIGH FARM SPONGE CAKE

At Stoneleigh farm this cake was eaten.
It has all other sponge cake beaten.

Contents

Four eggs, 1 cup flour, 1 cup sugar, 1 teaspoon vanilla, 1 teaspoon baking powder, pinch of salt.

Beat whites of eggs, then yolks, apart,
Add sugar, slowly, for the start.

Sift one teaspoon of baking powder
With one cup full of flour,
For, baking powder, as you know,
Is full of hidden power.

A pinch of salt to give it savor,
Vanilla, then, to add the flavor,
In moderate oven slowly bake it,
"Tread aisy," so you will not shake it.

When every crumb is gone, I ween,
This word I'll have from you,
"Oh, where is Stoneleigh farm, I pray,
I want to go there, too."

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The Health Drink FERMILLAC

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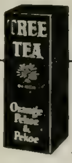
ORANGE PEKOE



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SAN FRANCISCO, CALIFORNIA

WOMEN'S CITY CLUB CALENDAR

CURRENT EVENTS

First and Third Monday evenings, 7:30 o'clock. Every Wednesday morning, 11 o'clock. Assembly Room. Mrs. Parker Maddux, Leader.

LEAGUE BRIDGE

Tuesdays, 2 and 7:30 P. M. Assembly Room.

DRAMA READING

Wednesday, 3 and 7 P. M. Mrs. Thomas A. Stoddard, Leader.

THURSDAY EVENING PROGRAMS

Thursdays, 8 P. M. Auditorium. Mrs. A. P. Black, Chairman.

SUNDAY EVENING CONCERTS

Sundays, 8:15 P. M. Lounge. Mrs. Leonard A. Woolams, Chairman; Mrs. Paul A. Butte, Vice Chairman.

EVENTS, NOVEMBER 1 TO DECEMBER 10, 1927

	NOV.	
Tuesday	1	Lecture by Professor Benjamin H. Lehman, 11 A. M., Auditorium. Lecture to Volunteers in Social Work, 2 P. M., Room 208.
Thursday	3	Lecture by Brother Leo, 11 A. M., Auditorium.
Friday	4	Lecture by Chester Rowell, 8:15 P. M., Auditorium. Lecture to Volunteers in Social Work, 11 A. M., Room 208. Symphonylogue by Victor Lichtenstein, 11 A. M., Auditorium.
Saturday	5	Perry Dilley Puppets, 2:30 P. M., Auditorium. Special Children's Luncheon preceding Puppet Performance.
Monday	7	Executive Committee Meeting, 12:30, Board Room.
Tuesday	8	Lecture by Professor Benjamin H. Lehman, 11 A. M., Auditorium. Lecture to Volunteers in Social Work, 2 P. M., Room 203.
Thursday	10	Lecture by Brother Leo, 11 A. M., Auditorium.
Friday	11	Lecture to Volunteers in Social Work, 11 A. M., Room 208.
Saturday	12	Perry Dilley Puppets, 2:30 P. M., Auditorium. Special Children's Luncheon preceding Puppet Performance.
Tuesday	15	Lecture by Professor Benjamin H. Lehman, 11 A. M., Auditorium. Lecture to Volunteers in Social Work, 2 P. M., Room 208.
Thursday	17	Lecture by Brother Leo, 11 A. M., Auditorium.
Friday	18	Symphonylogue by Victor Lichtenstein, 11 A. M., Auditorium. Lecture by Chester Rowell, 8:15 P. M., Auditorium.
Monday	21	Meeting of Board of Directors, 12:30, Board Room.
Tuesday	22	Lecture by Professor Benjamin H. Lehman, 11 A. M., Auditorium.
Tuesday	29	Lecture by Professor Benjamin H. Lehman, 11 A. M., Auditorium.
	DEC.	
Thursday	1	Lecture by Brother Leo, 11 A. M., Auditorium.
Friday	2	Symphonylogue by Victor Lichtenstein, 11 A. M., Auditorium.
Monday	5	Executive Committee Meeting, 12:30 P. M., Board Room.

NOTE: The November Meeting of the Business and Professional Women's Institute will be held either November 16 or 30. Date will be announced on bulletin board later.

EVENTS ON THIRD FLOOR

That the cuisine and accommodations on the third floor of the Women's City Club offer inducement to hostesses is evidenced by the number of smart and happy affairs given in the public and private dining rooms every day and evening. The following tabulation indicates how busy was the "commissary department" in September and October:

			Guests
Sept. 27—Business and Professional Women's Club	*National Defenders' Room*	*Luncheon*	50
Sept. 28—Miss Isabel Moore	*National Defenders' Room*	*Bridge Luncheon*	28
Sept. 30—Dinner in honor Dr. William F. Bade	*National Defenders' Room*		12
Oct. 1—Miss Virginia Wise	*Board Room*	*Bridge Tea*	20
Mrs. Foote	*Main Dining Room*	*Luncheon*	8
Miss Grace Dorey	*Main Dining Room*	*Luncheon*	8
Oct. 2—Mrs. Francis Shaw	*National Defenders' Room*	*Dinner*	32
Oct. 4—Miss Clay	*Mural Room*	*Dinner*	13
Prince School Alumnae (Mrs. Viola Burke)	*Annex*	*Luncheon*	12
Oct. 5—Mrs. Milton Esberg	*Board Room*	*Luncheon*	8
Miss Julia George	*Mural Room*	*Luncheon*	10
Oct. 7—Federal Reserve Bank	*National Defenders' Room*	*Dinner*	60
Oct. 8—Mrs. F. V. Lee	*National Defenders' Room*	*Bridge Tea*	55
Oct. 9—Mrs. F. H. Palamountain	*National Defenders' Room*	*Dinner*	32
Oct. 8—Get-Together Club (Mrs. Guggenhime)	*National Defenders' Room*	*Bridge Dinner*	60
Oct. 11—League of Business and Professional Women	*National Defenders' Room*	*Dinner*	50
Oct. 11—Business and Professional Women's Club	*National Defenders' Room*	*Luncheon*	50
Oct. 11—Luncheon in honor of Professor Lehman	*Mural Room*	*Luncheon*	20
Oct. 12—Mrs. Strange	*Main Dining Room*	*Luncheon*	9
Oct. 13—Mrs. Neils Larson	*National Defenders' Room*	*Luncheon*	36
Oct. 13—English Speaking Union	*Assembly Room*	*Tea*	85
Oct. 15—House Guests Party	*Cafeteria*	*Dinner*	50

The National League Cafeteria

LUNCHEON: 11:30 to 1:30   DINNER: 5:30 to 7:00
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TYPICAL MENUS *at* FORTY CENTS

Home Made Tamale Loaf with Chili Sauce
Garden Peas
Poppy Seed Roll
Coffee and Cream

* *

Stuffed Bell Pepper
Zucchini Italienne
Egg Muffin, Butter
Coffee and Cream

* *

Chicken Cake
Bent's Water Crackers, Butter
Huckleberry Pie or Ice Cream
Coffee and Cream

TYPICAL MENUS *at* FIFTY CENTS

Deviled Crab in Shell, au Gratin
Corn Muffin, Butter
Home Made Apple Pie
Coffee and Cream

* *

Club Special Hash of Corned Brisket Beef
Hot Roll, Butter
Rubyette Ice Cream
Three Honey Graham Wafers
Coffee and Cream

* *

Breast of Lamb, Tomato Sauce
Creamed Spinach   Zwieback
Half Pint of Milk

WOMEN'S CITY CLUB DINING ROOM

A la Carte Service from 7:00 a. m. to 8:00 p. m.
Table d'Hote Menus Offer a Wide Choice

Special Women's City Club Breakfast, 25c to 75c
Table d'Hote Luncheon and Dinner, $1.00 per Plate
AFTERNOON TEA: Special Menus, 35c, 50c, 60c and 75c
Sunday de Luxe Dinner, $1.25

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THE crisp, piquant, ever-refreshing flavor of HOLLYWOOD DRY finds new opportunities every day. ❡ *Just a suggestion!* Thanksgiving is coming, and Thanksgiving means roast fowl . . . duck, turkey or chicken . . . all are seasonable. ❡ But the suggestion: Prepare the fowl in accordance with the family recipe . . . and baste it with HOLLYWOOD DRY. (*See directions below.*) ❡ The novelty of it is delightful, but beneath the bit of "difference" is the realization of a heavenly taste . . . delicate, indefinable . . . and *good!*

Directions for Basting Roast Fowl

At intervals of fifteen minutes, pour one-half cup HOLLYWOOD DRY Pale Ginger Ale over the roasting fowl, until entire bottle has been used . . . continuing basting in usual way.

Insist on *Hollywood Dry*
Pale Ginger Ale

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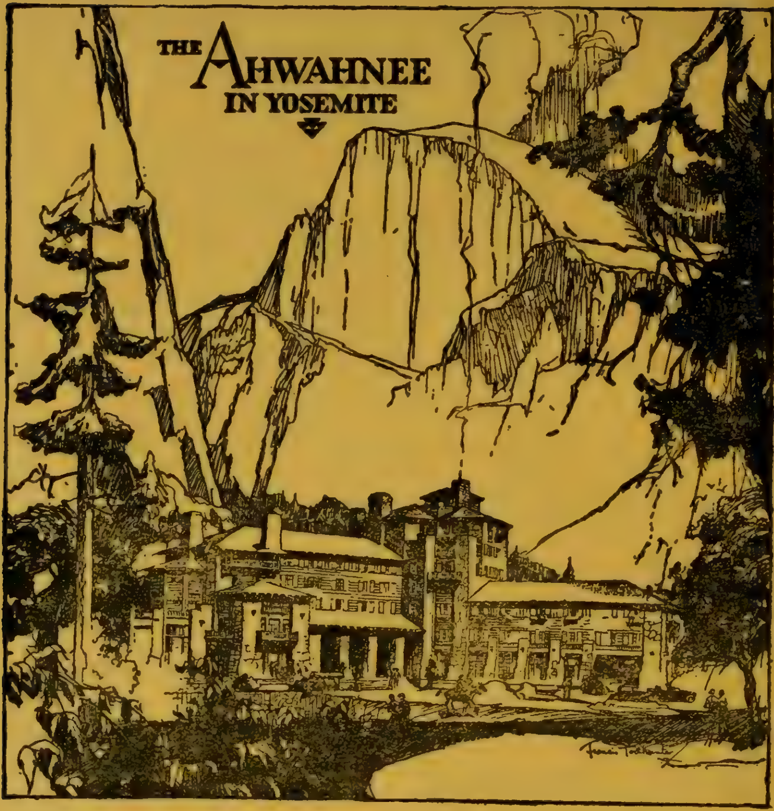

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Cathedrals on the Hills

WOMEN'S CITY CLUB MAGAZINE

Published
Monthly by the
Women's
City Club of
San Francisco
465 Post Street

SAN FRANCISCO, CALIFORNIA

Volume I, Number 11 Price 25 Cents DECEMBER, 1927

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GIFTS OF LASTING MERIT ✢ A CONTINUOUS EXHIBITION OF ETCHINGS & OTHER GRAPHIC EXPRESSIONS BY JOHN STOLL ✢ TUESDAY & THURSDAY AFTERNOONS FROM TWO TO FIVE AND BY APPOINTMENT IN THE STUDIO ✢ ONE FOUR ONE SAN PABLO AVENUE ✢ ST. FRANCIS WOOD ✢ SAN FRANCISCO ✢ CALIFORNIA TELEPHONE ✢ SUNSET FIVE ONE SEVEN THREE

The WOMEN'S CITY CLUB MAGAZINE
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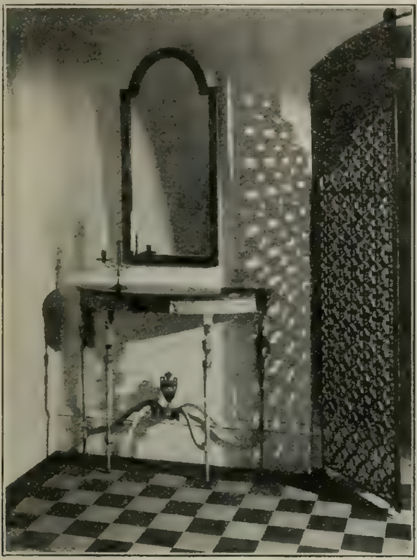

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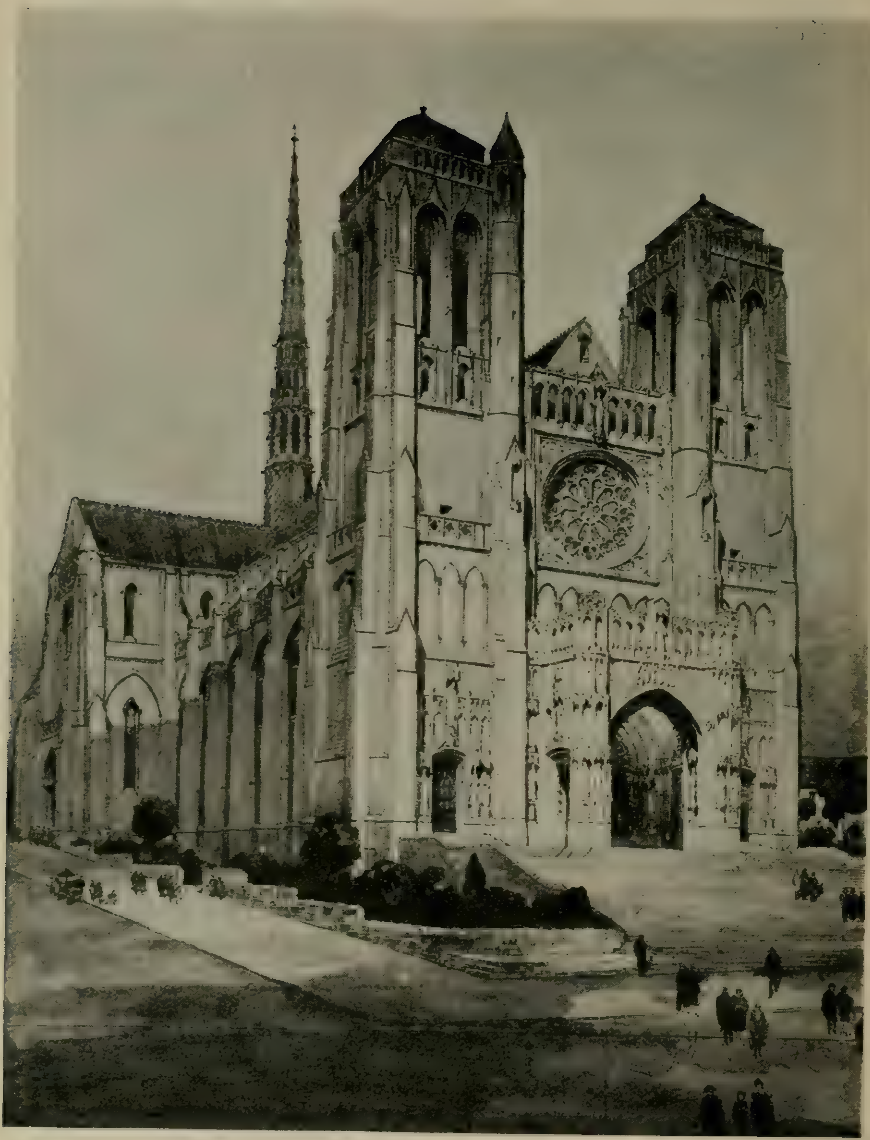

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Facing Huntington Park and the Pacific Union Club. Twin Towers one hundred and fifty-nine feet from the street level. Width of front one hundred and nineteen feet from buttress to buttress.

THE
WOMEN'S CITY CLUB
MAGAZINE
OF
SAN FRANCISCO

VOLUME 1 DECEMBER, 1927 NUMBER 11

GRACE CATHEDRAL

THE Episcopal Diocese of California is to have its cathedral, an edifice which will add dignity to the City of San Francisco, embody the spiritual ideals of the Diocese, and will be forever an uplifting heritage bequeathed by our own to future generations.

Christmas suggests cathedrals, and since Grace Cathedral is the latest addition to the city's ecclesiastical architecture, it was deemed fitting to here have a review of the plans for the new structure.

A great cathedral standing as an enduring symbol of faith, expressing the spiritual aspirations and noble purposes of a race, must be built first in the hearts of the people.

The cathedrals of the Old World represent the hopes, the faith, the gifts of the whole commonwealth, rich and poor alike. Thousands of lives labored in their completion. Dynasties passed while the work moved slowly on. They stand there today, these majestic Temples of God, the supreme fulfilment of their time expressed in the enduring art of architecture.

Now as ever, the will to create these symbols is definite evidence of a national and community consciousness, and marks an inspired determination to acknowledge the dominance of the things of the spirit. But today the genius and wealth of America enable her to raise in a few short years these exquisite shrines, instinct with ancient beauty yet eloquent of our age, wherein all people may be humble before the mystery and wonder of their Maker.

In this country there are now several Episcopal cathedrals in the process of erection — cathedrals that because of their size, their beauty, their peculiar relation to their communities, represent in a way other buildings cannot the spiritual life and aspiration of the cities which they grace. It is significant that three of these structures should now be rising in the strategic centers of the life and culture of our nation—in New York, its teeming metropolis; in Washington, its national capital; and in San Francisco, the gateway of its western empire. Other cathedrals are projected, as, for instance, those in Seattle, Baltimore, and Philadelphia.

America's First Church Service in English

Although smaller than some of the great edifices now actually under construction in the United States, Grace Cathedral in San Francisco may justly make its appeal to the faith and sentiment not only of the people of its city, diocese, and state, but to Episcopalians throughout the country. There are facts of deep significance for America and for the English-speaking race linked with both the city and church history that should inspire the raising of this building in grateful appreciation and commemoration.

On the shores of California just above the Golden Gate there was held the first Christian service in the English tongue in America. History records that, in the summer of 1579, when Sir Francis Drake put into harbor, the first act of his chaplain, Francis Fletcher, was to hold service of thanksgiving. It was an event of immense historic importance, for English was then first spoken on this continent. For the first time in the New World the stately and beautiful words were uttered which are one of the great heritages of the English race. Here was the English prayerbook used for the first time in America.

Bishop Kip, the first bishop of California, placed his Episcopal Chair in Grace church, San Francisco, when rector of that congregation, thereby causing the church to be known as Grace Cathedral. This was the traditional system of the mother church, and by his action in September, 1863, Bishop Kip established the real cathedral origin of our national church and its first cathedral seat in America.

Bishop Nichols Begins the Cathedral

From such a rich historic background the present Grace Cathedral has emerged. Although the need for the cathedral in San Francisco was first expressed sixty-five years ago, the time was not then ripe, nor was there a leader at hand for the realization of the historic purposes of a cathedral church. The vision of Grace Cathedral to be was born of the catastrophe and common sorrow of the fire of 1906.

For years before this, Bishop Nichols, the second bishop of California, had spoken and worked for the creation of this cathedral. His was a splendid vision of a center that should beautify and inspire and serve the whole city and the diocese which surrounds it. To see the fulfilment of this dream was the most ardent desire of his fruitful and many-sided life. It was through his wise, steadfast, and creative purpose and his abundant energy that the conception of this cathedral took hold upon the minds and hearts of his people and thousands of other men and women throughout the city and state to whom he had endeared himself. It is proposed that the choir, crossing, and transepts of Grace Cathedral shall be linked with his name, perpetuating his unselfish life forever.

The First Gift, a Magnificent Site

Soon after the destruction of Grace Cathedral and seven other Episcopal churches in the great fire, a revision of plans for the future, not only in San Francisco, but throughout the diocese, became imperative. This revision offered a definite opportunity to devise an ideal cathedral program.

In the heart of the burned area stood the prominent hill overlooking lower California street, with the financial and commercial districts at its foot; the Golden Gate and the residential section to the west, and San Francisco bay lying to the north. Other sites had been considered before the fire, but Bishop Nichols realized that the crest of this commanding hill was the ideal place to erect a supreme community shrine. He presented the need of a cathedral to members of one of the earliest and most prominent families of the city whose homes on this site had been destroyed. The result was their offer of the block bounded by California, Taylor, Sacramento and Jones streets.

Construction of the Crypt

Bishop Nichols laid the cornerstone in the presence of the governor of the state, January 24, 1910, and the crypt was opened on January 27, 1914. The delay of thirteen years preceding the present endeavor to complete the cathedral has been occasioned by the war, and by conditions that followed the war. The cathedral chapter has believed, also, that the idea and significance of erecting a cathedral should be allowed to grow in the public mind until the time was ripe for spontaneous effort on the part of all interested people.

The present crypt, containing the foundation walls of the cathedral, is known as the Founders' Crypt because it was built by the gift of a group of pioneer families. Here have been held not only the regular cathedral services but special services on exceptional occasions. When the cathedral is completed, the crypt will become the cathedral hall for use on both religious and civic public occasions, and will serve as no secular building can to further the finest impulses of the community.

What Is a Cathedral?

The popular but inadequate conception of a cathedral is that of a building rather larger and more ornate than most churches, in which stately and ceremonial services are held on a scale denied the average congregation. But it is more than that. In a singular and special way it is a center of Christian life in the city and representative of all those elements which seek the spiritual betterment of a community. In this light, the cathedral first of all is a message—the message of every

EXTERIOR OF GRACE CATHEDRAL FROM THE SOUTH

Length, three hundred and forty feet. The cross on the top of the fleche or spire will be five hundred feet above sea level and will be lighted at night.

NAVE OF GRACE CATHEDRAL, SAN FRANCISCO

This will be three hundred feet long, ninety feet high and forty-two feet wide, considerably larger than many of the largest English cathedrals.

person who joins in the task of building it. In its beautiful form, its aspiring towers, the soaring lines of its vaulted interior, its lovely treasures of carved marble and richly stained glass it speaks to the world of human desire to glorify the things of the spirit. In such a building nothing less than the most perfect gifts that men can give, the finest workmanship of artist and artisan, will suffice. For it must represent the deepest religious emotion of men in such unmistakable form that none who enter it can fail to feel its beauty and power.

A Center of Spiritual Power

As a moving symbol and a stately monument the cathedral has meaning. But, more than that, it is a center of power and usefulness in the community. More public than a parish church, and serving a congregation that changes more or less from service to service, it reaches out to and draws in those who are not attracted to other churches, and thus influences many lives that could not otherwise be touched. It is a sanctuary, too. Open from morning to night, many are those who enter alone to feel its calm beauty, to sit a while, to rest, to pray, to go away refreshed in mind and spirit. Representing as it does in an impersonal way the whole spiritual life of the community, the cathedral is available as is no other building for gatherings on public occasions. Here memorial services for great men and women are fittingly held; here thousands can gather to express their common sorrow or joy or thanksgiving. The cathedral is thus, in a special sense, a community shrine.

The Hearthstone for the Diocese

Mother church of the diocese, the cathedral is, in fact, the seat of its bishop and the home of all its ministers. In the words of Bishop Nichols, "Young and old in the diocese should come to regard the cathedral as their common possession and common hearthstone pride, and the sanctuary of solidarity for every priest and pastor."

At the cathedral the work of the diocese is centered. The bishop is assisted by the dean and other clergy in maintaining the worship of God. From the cathedral center, representing the bishop and the diocese, they go out to their labors in mission work, in homes, in hospitals, in retreats, and in the multitudinous interests appertaining to a vigorous and healthy diocese. The cathedral, therefore, represents the corporate life of the diocese, just as it provides a spiritual center for the communal energies of the city which it adorns.

An Architectural Achievement

Creating the structure most suitable to the site has received the attention of several outstanding architects. In 1907, the famous English architect, George Bodley, was engaged, and submitted plans. But before these could be revised by him, upon suggestions submitted by the committee, he died. His successor, Mr. Cecil Hare, revised the plans, and Mr. Lewis P. Hobart of San Francisco, associated with Mr. Hare, adapted them to local conditions, with particular attention to the physical difficulties of the site. The entirely fresh conception of the structure prepared by Mr. Hobart has been approved by Mr. Ralph Adams Cram, the consulting architect. Mr. Cram, who is the first authority on the subject in America, says of these designs:

"The problem of San Francisco Cathedral was one not easy of solution. Physical considerations implied, and even compelled, a treatment that departed in certain particulars from the established precedents of the Middle Ages. It was necessary frankly to meet these conditions, yet at the same time to obtain an architectural effect that should be impressive and spiritually stimulating, while the sense of religious and architectural tradition would be scrupulously maintained. That these results have been achieved, and even beyond what might reasonably have been anticipated, the designs and drawings demonstrate beyond question. Here is a building of impressive dimensions, with a nobility and power in general effect that promise a cathedral certainly not unworthy to stand with similar, if larger, structures now being erected in the United States and destined to take its place amongst the great works of ecclesiastical architecture in modern times.

A Truly American Cathedral

"It is not in any respect archeological. There are motives which may be traced to thirteenth, fourteenth and fifteenth century work in England, France, and Spain. None of these has been used after a servile fashion. In effect, the building is an epitome of the great art of the Christian Middle Ages. Through these varied motives in their logical combinations runs a certain element of modernity that makes the design unquestionably of this day and generation. No one could

South Aisle and Crossing,
Grace Cathedral

mistake it for a copy of an ancient structure. It is unquestionably of America, and of the twentieth century; yet with equal certainty it proclaims not only the vitality of the religion that brings it into existence, but also the unbroken continuity of this force as it follows backward, century after century, to the great moment when, in Europe, Christianity became fully self-conscious, and so expressed itself through the art it had brought into being.

"While the exterior is as vigorous, vital, and effective in its detail as one could ask, the interior promises to be no less impressive, perhaps, indeed, more so. The whole plan is clear, open, and spacious, with great widely spaced and very lofty piers supporting a clerestory, but without triforium, somewhat after the Spanish mode. The scale is large and powerful, the organism logical to a degree, while the vistas through aisles and chapels can only be strikingly effective in their combination of light and shade.

"Disassociating myself wholly from the part I have been privileged to play as consulting architect, I can truthfully say that Mr. Hobart has produced one of the most impressive, convincing, and promising schemes for an American Cathedral that has thus far been brought forward during the process of creating in America a logical and consistent architectural expression of the Christian faith and the Christian polity. Not only the Diocese, not only the Church in the United States, but also the entire community must be grateful for what promises to be one of the great works of religious architecture in this country."

It is clear that the Cathedral will be a shrine of inspiring beauty, embodying a sacramental offering from the heart of mankind to its God. Although the biggest undertaking of its kind west of the Mississippi, the Cathedral will not be merely a thing of stone and cement. It will be a House of Prayer for all people, built for the spiritual joy of this and future generations.

The Dimensions of Grace Cathedral

Not only spiritually, but also physically, the Cathedral site occupies a strategic position. When the Cathedral is raised it will be visible for miles, crowning the city. Journeying westward across this wide continent men will find poised above them on the coast this symbol of western unity, and those that come up from the sea in ships will lift their eyes to its topmost towers and to its welcoming cross against the sky. In its dignity and beauty the Cathedral will be a structure of which all San Francisco can be proud. It will stand 278 feet above the sea-level. Its spire, which is to be lighted at night, will be 230 feet high; thus the cross at its peak, 500 feet above the waterfront, will be visible all over the city and across the bay. The twin towers, at the east end, will rise 158 feet from the level of Taylor Street. The exterior length measurement will be 340 feet, while the width of the main front will be 119 feet, from buttress to buttress. The height and width of the nave will be greater than those of such famous English Cathedrals as Canterbury, Ely, Lincoln, and Durham. The seating capacity will be 3,200, and, with standing room filled, the Cathedral will hold 4,500.

The vision of the Cathedral will appeal to the spiritual imagination of all Californians and to people all over our land.

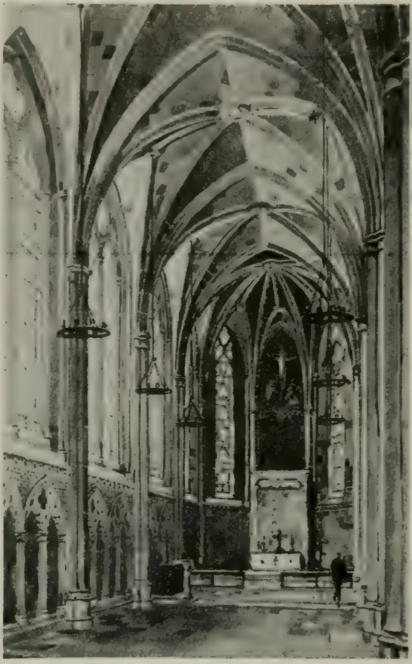
A Shrine of Memorials

Cathedrals have throughout the ages been places of memorial and commemoration. Porches, chapels, windows, and towers of the cathedrals of the Old World are inseparably linked with the names of the men and women of their time who were their donors. In glory of glass and carving and masonry of these noble structures the names of their builders live forever.

As in England, France, and Spain, so in America, the cathedrals will be marked by many memorials which will perpetuate the names of their donors. In the cathedrals now building in New York and Washington, individuals, families, and other groups are providing various portions of the structures as memorials or thank-offerings. There have been given such units as columns, arches, windows, chapels, a baptistry, bays of the nave and their various portions.

The erection of Grace Cathedral will afford an opportunity for the placing of memorials to those lost by death; memorials to deeds of charity and noble living; memorials of sacrifice and service to country and to humanity. It will become a sacred temple of the great sons and daughters of California to whom the Church and State do honor, drawing all classes and creeds to witness the love, the beauty, and the reverence with which their splendid memory is forever enshrined.

In their loveliness, in their permanence, and in the purpose of the structure in which they are placed, these vital portions make singularly appropriate tributes to those whose lives they commemorate.



CHAPEL, GRACE CATHEDRAL
Gift of Mrs. William H. Crocker

* * *

The Cathedral

It is most gratifying to those who are concerned in the project of the building of Grace Cathedral to know of the interest which has been aroused. It is especially gratifying to have such interest as is shown in this article in the Women's City Club Magazine. No effort is to be spared to make the building a worthy symbol of the highest spiritual aspirations of our city and community. Its appealing beauty, its dignity and the wealth of tradition which its architecture suggests will, we trust, give it a big place in the hearts of San Franciscans.

EDWARD L. PARSONS,
The Bishop of California.

The Christmas Box for Employees

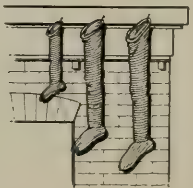
Members are reminded that the Women's City Club each year accepts contributions for the Christmas bonus for each employee of the club in proportion to his or her remuneration and period of employment.

Club employees may not receive gratuities. Their service is as conscientious and as cheerfully given as if there were no ruling against "tips."

The conclusion, then, is obvious. Each member should consider it a privilege to contribute to the Christmas gifts of those whom she has not been permitted to tip throughout the year.

If the total contributed is not sufficient to give each employee in proportion to his monthly pay, then the amount must be made up in some other way.

It is hoped that the Christmas box be as generously "lined" as it was last year and that each member's contribution will be in proportion to her Christmas joy.



ST. DOMINIC'S CHURCH

San Francisco

The Nativity

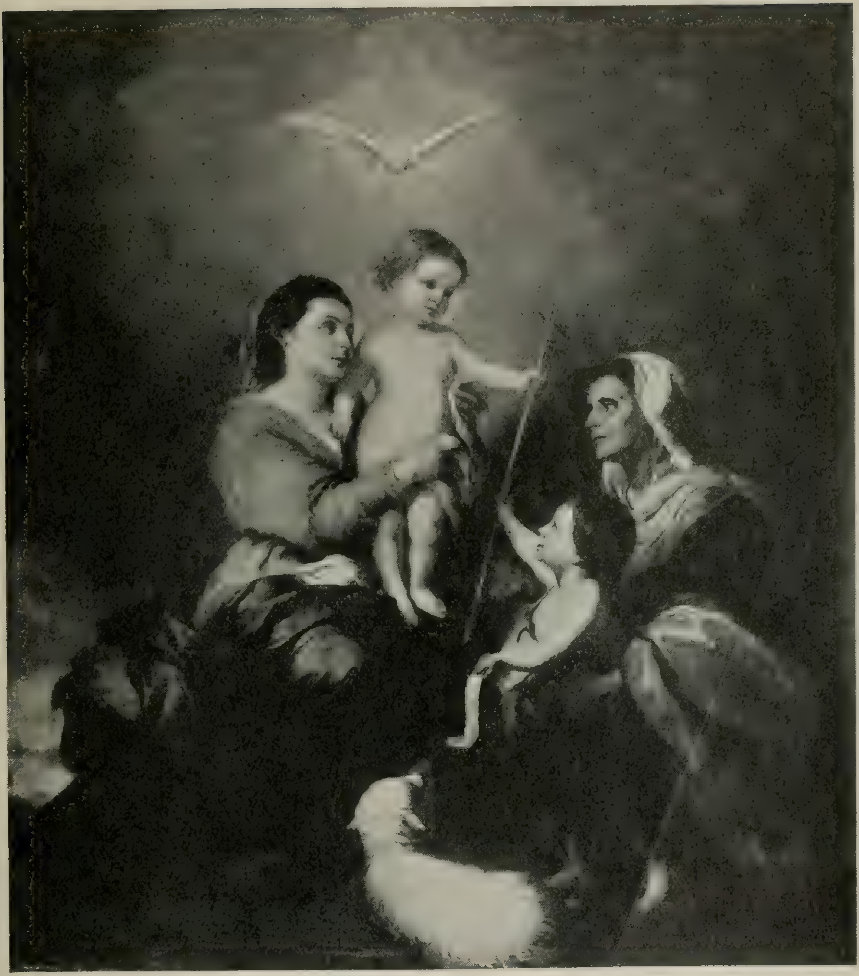
The Ox he openeth wide the Doore,
And from the Snowe he called her inne,
And he hath seen her Smile therefor,
Our Ladye without Sinne.

Now soone from sleep
A Starre shall leap
And soone arrive both King and Hinde;
Amen, Amen:
But O, the Place co'd I but finde!

The Ox hath hush'd his voyce and bent
Trewe eyes of Pitty ore the Mow,
And on his lovelie Neck, forspent,
The Blessed layes her Browe.
Around her feet
Full Warme and Sweete
His bowerie Breath doth meeklie dwell:
Amen, Amen:
But sore am I with Vaine Travel!

The Ox is host in Judah stall
And Host of more than onelie one,
For close she gathereth withal
Our Lorde her littel Sonne.
Glad Hinde and King
Their Gyfte may bring,
But wo'd to-night my Teares were there,
Amen, Amen:
Between her Bosom and His hayre!

—LOUISE IMOGEN GUINEY.



"THE HOLY FAMILY"

Contemporaneous copy of a Murillo canvas now hanging in the crypt of Grace Cathedral. Gift of Mr. and Mrs. Louis F. Monteagle.

Gates and Doors—A Ballad of Christmas Eve

There was a gentle hostler
(And blessed be his name!)
He opened up the stable
The night Our Lady came.
Our Lady and Saint Joseph,
He gave them food and bed,
And Jesus Christ has given him
A glory round his head.

So let the gate swing open,
However poor the yard,
Lest weary people visit you
And find their passage barred.
Unlatch the door at midnight
And let your lantern's glow
Shine out to guide the traveler's feet
To you across the snow.

There was a courteous hostler
(He is in Heaven tonight!)
He held Our Lady's bridle
And helped her to alight,
He spread clean straw before her
Whereon she might lie down,
And Jesus Christ has given him
An everlasting crown.

Unlock the door this evening
And let the gate swing wide,
Let all who ask for shelter
Come speedily inside.
What if your yard be narrow?
What if your house be small?
There is a Guest whose coming
Will glorify it all.

There was a joyous hostler
Who knelt on Christmas morn
Beside the radiant manger
Wherein his Lord was born.
His heart was full of laughter,
His soul was full of bliss
When Jesus, on His mother's lap,
Gave him His hand to kiss.

Unbar your heart this evening
And keep no strangers out,
Take from your soul's great portal
The barrier of doubt.
To humble folk and weary
Give hearty welcoming,
Your breast shall be tomorrow
The cradle of a King.

—JOYCE KILMER

O Little Town of Bethlehem

O little town of Bethlehem,
How still we see thee lie;
Above thy deep and dreamless sleep
The silent stars go by,
Yet in thy dark streets shineth
The Everlasting Light;
The hopes and fears of all the years
Are met in thee tonight.

For Christ is born of Mary
And, gathered all above,
While mortals sleep, the angels keep
Their watch of wondering love.
O morning stars, together
Proclaim the holy birth
And praises sing to God the King,
And peace to men on earth.

How silently, how silently
The wondrous gift is given!
So God imparts to human hearts
The blessings of His heaven.
No ear may hear His coming,
But in this world of sin
Where meek souls will receive Him still
The dear Christ enters in.

O holy Child of Bethlehem,
Descend to us, we pray;
Cast out our sin, and enter in,
Be born in us to-day.
We hear the Christmas angels
The great glad tidings tell;
Oh, come to us, abide with us,
Our Lord Emmanuel.

—PHILLIPS BROOKS.

Holly Carol

Toward the doors of lonely folk
And such as wait in dread
The Christ-child comes to us
With holly round His head.

Light He brings and laughter
And a bright holly-wreath
To show them how the thorn-leaves
Have scarlet fruit beneath.

And where there is happiness
And none who need mourn
He stands on their pathways
With His wreath of thorn!

He stands in their doorways
Where joy is in the air
With holly for a prick to those
Who have joy to share—

He comes to men's hearthstones,
Telling all of them
How that joy and sorrow
Flourish on one stem.

The holly is a bright promise
That hearts need not break,
The holly is a gift to us
To keep joy awake.

Early Christmas morning,
When first dawn is shed,
The Christ-child comes to us
With holly round His head.

—MARGARET WIDDEMER.

Christmas Legend

There is a legend that the love of God
So quickened under Mary's heart it wrought
Her very maidenhood to holier stuff...
However that may be, the birth befell
Upon a night when all the Syrian stars
Swayed tremulous before one lordlier orb
That rose in gradual splendor,
Paused,
Flooding the firmament with mystic light,
And dropped upon the breathing hills
A sudden music
Like a distillation from its gleams;
A rain of spirit and a dew of song!

—DON MARQUIS.

A Christmas Folk-Song

The Little Jesus came to town;
The wind blew up, the wind blew down;
Out in the street the wind was bold;
Now who would house Him from the cold?

Then opened wide a stable door,
Fair were the rushes on the floor;
The ox put forth a hornèd head;
"Come, little Lord, here make Thy bed."

Up rose the sheep were folded near;
"Thou Lamb of God, come, enter here."
He entered there to rush and reed,
Who was the Lamb of God indeed.

The little Jesus came to town,
With ox and sheep he laid Him down;
Peace to the byre, peace to the fold,
For that they housed Him from the cold!

—LIZETTE WOODWORTH REESE.

The Oxen

Christmas Eve and twelve of the clock,
"Now they are all on their knees,"
An elder said as we sat in a flock
By the embers in hearthside ease.

We pictured the meek, mild creatures where
They dwelt in their strawy pen,
Nor did it occur to one of us there
To doubt they were kneeling then.

So fair a fancy few would weave
In these years! Yet I feel
If someone said on Christmas Eve,
"Come, see the oxen kneel

"In the lonely barton by yonder coomb
Our childhood used to know,"
I should go with him in the gloom,
Hoping it might be so.

—THOMAS HARDY.

Christmas Bells

I heard the bells on Christmas Day
Their old, familiar carols play,
And wild and sweet
The words repeat
Of peace on earth, good-will to men!

And thought how, as the day had come,
The belfries of all Christendom
Had rolled along
The unbroken song
Of peace on earth, good-will to men!

Till, ringing, singing on its way,
The world revolved from night to day,
A voice, a chime,
A chant sublime
Of peace on earth, good-will to men.

—HENRY WADSWORTH LONGFELLOW.

Christmas Morning

If Bethlehem were here today,
Or this were very long ago,
There wouldn't be a winter time
Nor any cold or snow.

I'd run out through the garden gate,
And down along the pasture walk;
And off beside the cattle barns
I'd hear a kind of gentle talk.

I'd move the heavy iron chain
And pull away the wooden pin;
I'd push the door a little bit
And tiptoe very softly in.

The pigeons and the yellow hens
And all the cows would stand away;
Their eyes would open wide to see
A lady in the manger hay,
If this were very long ago
And Bethlehem were here today.

And Mother held my hand and smiled—
I mean the lady would—and she
Would take the woolly blankets off
Her little boy so I could see.

His shut-up eyes would be asleep
And he would look just like our John,
And he would be all crumpled too
And have a pinkish color on.

I'd watch his breath go in and out,
His little clothes would all be white,
I'd slip my finger in his hand
To feel how he could hold it tight.

And she would smile and say, "Take care,"
The Mother, Mary, would, "Take care";
And I would kiss his little hand
And touch his hair.

While Mary put the blankets back
The gentle talk would soon begin,
And when I'd tiptoe softly out
I'd meet the wise men going in.

—ELIZABETH MADOX ROBERTS.

Prayer

Last night I crept across the snow,
Where only tracking rabbits go,
And then I waited quite alone
Until the Christmas radiance shone!

At midnight twenty angels came,
Each white and shining like a flame,
At midnight twenty angels sang,
The stars swung out like bells and rang.

They lifted me across the hill,
They bore me in their arms until
A greater glory greeted them.
It was the town of Bethlehem.

And gently, then, they set me down,
All worshiping that holy town,
And gently, then, they bade me raise
My head to worship and to praise.

And gently, then, the Christ smiled down.
Ah, there was glory in that town!
It was as if the world were free
And glistening with purity.

And in that vault of crystal blue
It was as if the world were new,
And myriad angels, file on file,
Gloried in the Christ-child's smile.

It was so beautiful to see
Such glory, for a child like me,
So beautiful, it does not seem
It could have been a Christmas dream.

—JOHN FARRAR.

MISSION DOLORES, SAN FRANCISCO
Founded by Franciscan Friars, Francisco Palou and Benito Cambon, attended by Lieutenant Joaquin Moraga of the Spanish Army, October 9, 1776, the year of the signing of the Declaration of Independence.

CITY CLUB LOSES MEMBER

MISS Lisle Parthenia Freligh, superintendent of nurses at the San Francisco City and County Hospital, died October 22 after many weeks of heroic suffering from arthritis. Miss Freligh was one of the best trained and most beloved women in her profession. She was a graduate of the Illinois Training School for Nurses, Cook County Hospital, Chicago. She took her B. S. degree from Teachers College, Columbia University, in 1923, holding their diploma as Superintendent of Nursing and Principal of Schools of Nursing. In 1924 Columbia University conferred the M. A. degree upon Miss Freligh and the following year she held that famous and beloved recognition of a great nurse, the Isabel Hampton Robb Fellowship at Colum-

(*Continued on page 51*)

WOMEN'S CITY CLUB MAGAZINE

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Volume 1 DECEMBER, 1927 *Number 11*

EDITORIAL

A MERRY Christmas and a Happy New Year.

This is the second Christmas of the Women's City Club in its present quarters, and the backward glance glimpses a year in which the good wishes of last Yuletide have been amply realized.

May this Christmas bring its meed of joy to every member of the Women's City Club.

The end of the year is a good time for taking stock.

The close of the old and the beginning of the new is upon us.

And because it is timely and also because it has been contemplated for some months, the Women's City Club is about to initiate an analysis which will result in every member being tabulated as to her relation to the Club—what she derives from membership in it and what she is willing or qualified to contribute.

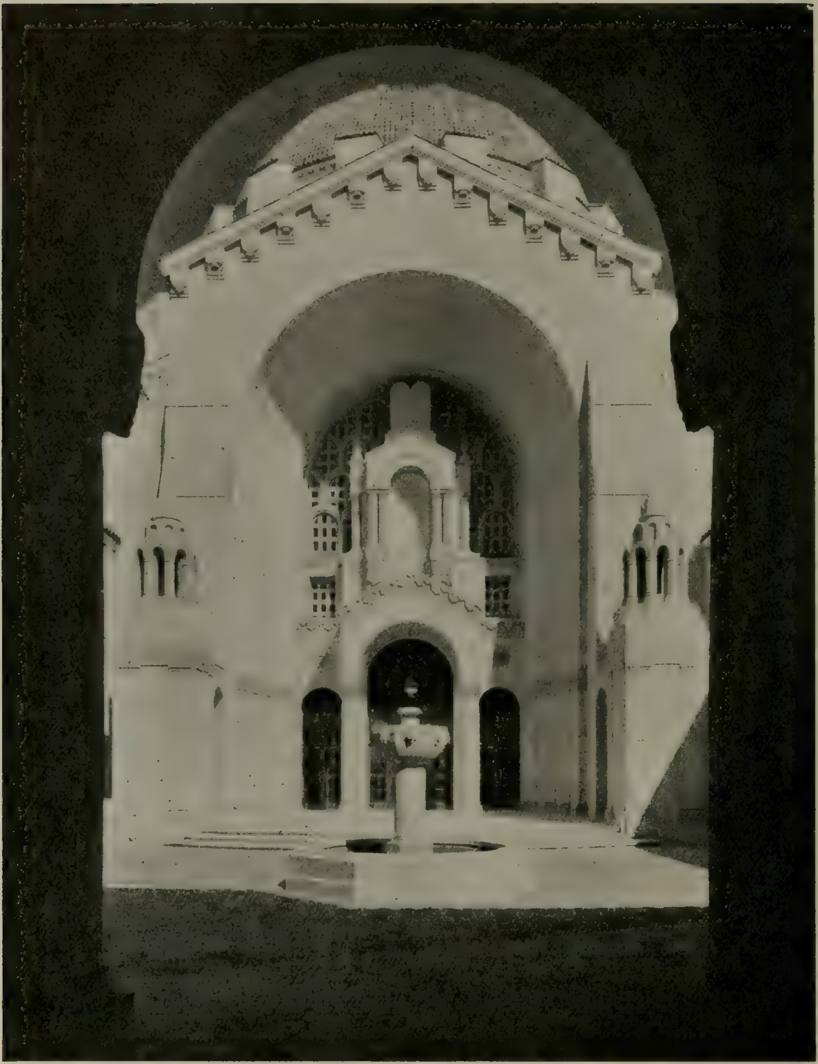
There are seven thousand members of as many varying temperaments and talents. Since the Club is founded upon the rock of service, it is only regular and ethically sound that there be an inventory which shall show what each member has to give.

There may be unplumbed usefulness and efficiency in the ranks, now dormant because unknown to those whose job it is to apply it.

Each member will be asked to discuss informally her relation to the Women's City Club. She will be expected to say what departments and phases she most enjoys and to state how she should like to take part in its manifold activities. The purposes of the analysis are three: to ascertain what the members want; to define what the Club means to each and the aggregate, and to discover if the present trend and purpose parallels the ideal which the founders had in mind. The composite of these three things will, naturally, be a factor in outlining the future development of the concept of democratic service.

Each member is a potential asset, a leader in some avenue toward the common weal. The crux is the discovering of the one talent or the ninety and nine.

The person who will call upon you is a fellow member. She is not actuated by personal curiosity nor spirit of prying. She simply wants to make you a vital part of a big programme. It were but part of the responsibility of membership to meet her with courtesy and candor. The data assembled will be incorporated in the Club's archives along with the roll and the minutes of past meetings. Miss Marion Leale is chairman of the committee in charge of the proposed analysis. The committee consists of Mrs. S. G. Chapman, Mrs. H. A. Stephenson and Mrs. J. R. McDonald.



COURT TEMPLE EMANU-EL, SAN FRANCISCO

One of the splendid houses of worship in San Francisco is the beautiful Temple Emanu-El, the dominating feature of which is a dome of heroic proportion in a rhythm of line that is particularly suited to its site. The architects of this temple were awarded the "distinguished honor prize" offered by the Southern Chapter, American Institute of Architects, for best design of building erected in Central California in last few years.

BOOKS OF THE MONTH

Reviewed by INGLIS FLETCHER

THE LORDLY ONES

By B. H. Lehman
Harper & Bro.—Price $2

"How beautiful they are, the Lordly Ones
Who dwell in the hills, in the hollow hills.

"They have faces like flowers—
They laugh and are glad and are terrible."

No one but a super-sensitive poet like Fiona Macleod could have written the lines that gave B. H. Lehman the title for his latest novel, and no one without a delicate and sensitive insight into human nature would have selected the title or the theme for a novel.

"The Lordly Ones" are terrible, to the unlordly ones, because they are free. People who are free in spirit always arouse, in the lesser people, antagonism, envy and even dread. They have such a way of walking through life unperturbed, with clear eyes and high heads—undisturbed by the petty confusion of life about them.

Kate Willow, the sixty-year-old heroine (it takes courage in a novelist to write about a sixty-year-old heroine!) is a perfect example of one of those dispassionate onlookers of the human comedy who sees everything in proportion. A static person herself, calm and clear-eyed, she draws to her side, with no effort on her part, those uneasy, restless ones who are thrashing about trying to discover where they are going and what they are doing.

Roger Morlay, the youth of the mining camp, later the president of a university, is one of the restless ones. He reaches out for the free spirit instinctively. In his youth he has chosen, or his mother has chosen for him, the road that leads to fame instead of the road that leads to mental freedom! He has been driven to seek high places, not of the spirit but of the world. The tragedy of this man is that he recognizes the fact.

The early part of the novel deals with life in an Idaho mining town. Fine writing this—a cross-section of any mining town. The people are real. You have met them in many mining towns in many climes. You know them by a dozen different names and you recognize old friends and acquaintances. The mining town is a life quite apart from anything else in this country, yet it is as characteristic as the early pioneer days of the West. It is in this section of the country chosen by Professor Lehman for his book that the pure American stock exists to the greatest degree. The sturdy pioneer moved west and sought the hard living—and only the strong survived. In their own environment they remain admirable—taken out of their background, they lose strength. The author brings that out in Roger. He is not as fine a man as his father, who died in the harness—self-sacrificing, unassuming. Culture gave nothing to the college president. Learning he had, but his application of it was wrong, therefore he was unhappy—restless—unplaced. There is a fine bit of contrast between this great man in the university and the janitor—the humble, uneducated foreigner who thought more clearly than Roger Morlay.

We have had mining camp stories by the hundreds. Mining town life is almost an untouched field. B. H. Lehman has a rich source to draw from. Robust, living and quaint lore that is wholly native to the West. He might well write a series of novels with that background. He knows his material so well that it is satisfying even to those who know the life thoroughly.

The second part of the book deals with college life. It is probably as authentic as the mining camp life but not as interesting. It is too near the life we see everywhere about us. It is not native—it is extraneous. It is a struggle with applied conditions and unessential things which comes with modern civilization. I do not say that it is not carefully and thoroughly represented. But the curse of modern civilization is that we are so taken up with unimportant things that we have no time for the important ones. We must go back to the hills to have time to think, as Roger Morlay does, lest we become so involved in "things" that we can never find our way out. Fortunately there are always the "Lordly Ones" who know the way out and who do help, by their example of living, the lesser people.

It is an extremely interesting theme. I am not sure whether it is not sometimes obscured by the plot of the novel. That may be part of the author's artistry. There is always an argument as to whether the theme of a story should or should not be brought to the surface.

Professor Lehman is too deep a student of human nature to be involved in something he does not intend to set forward in his writing, and I take it that he means by contrasts to develop his main idea and allow his readers to use their imagination at times, which is after all a subtle compliment that most authors do not pay their readers.

The sub-love story is modern and full of modern discussion on marriage and life. It is adequate but not really as interesting as the main theme. A woman of sixty who is brilliant enough to have a younger man of the mental stature of Roger fall madly in love with her must have a personality that has nothing to do with time or dates. Perhaps the author is dealing with "Woman" instead of "a woman." Perhaps he wants us to read into the character of Kate Willow something of the deathless pursuit of *Man,* for the unattainable; whatever his idea, it is charming and altogether reasonable in his hands.

The style is easy and flowing—but the author often strikes sharply into the depths, to give balance. He has certainly a distinct method of his own. "A sophisticated novel, suave and slightly cynical," the blurb on the jacket tells us. That seems to me far from the truth. It is a serious, thoughtful novel, written in a sophisticated manner. There are too many fundamental truths involved to use the term suave. But differences of opinion sell books, so perhaps this is a good thing. The method of presentation is one thing and the idea behind the presentation quite another matter. One thing is certain; Mr. Lehman has moved forward considerably with his second novel and he has an open field in front of him for future work.

"BACKFIRE"

By Lola Jean Simpson
Macmillan Co.—Price $2.50

In "Backfire" we have without doubt another autobiographical novel. Starting with a setting of a Sacramento Valley town, presumably

Woodland, it moves on to Berkeley, then, to complete the circle, back to Woodland, where it ends.

The early part of the book is by far the best. It is the small town of California and the West — dealt with deftly, with knowledge and some resentment. The heroine, an incipient Emma Bovary (without Emma's courage), is bored with the small town. She feels the restraint, the limited existence—and hates the discipline administered by a pioneer mother. She branches out into teaching. This gives her financial independence but not freedom. This she almost reaches in Berkeley. But when it is apparently within her grasp she is afraid to take it. She has not the stamina that makes for freedom. She is as narrow as the surroundings she despises.

Her law-abiding, duty-loving mother, on the contrary, is a fine character. Straightforward, fearless, with an uncanny insight into the inside of people, she stalks through the book with a firm tread. She diminishes her daughter to zero. She knows exactly what she is doing, therefore she is a first-class person. The daughter seems always to select the second rate. Her lovers and her women friends are the sham intellectuals and sham bohemians. In the end she is won by a slow-going, sturdy man, in spite of herself, and goes back to the home town, understanding it little more than she did in the beginning.

She is a disagreeable heroine. Her use in the book is to make the fine mother character more outstanding. Even the village Magdalene has more strength and stability than the girl the book is written around. The novel is a brief against modernism. That may be the intention of the author, and if so, she has accomplished her aim.

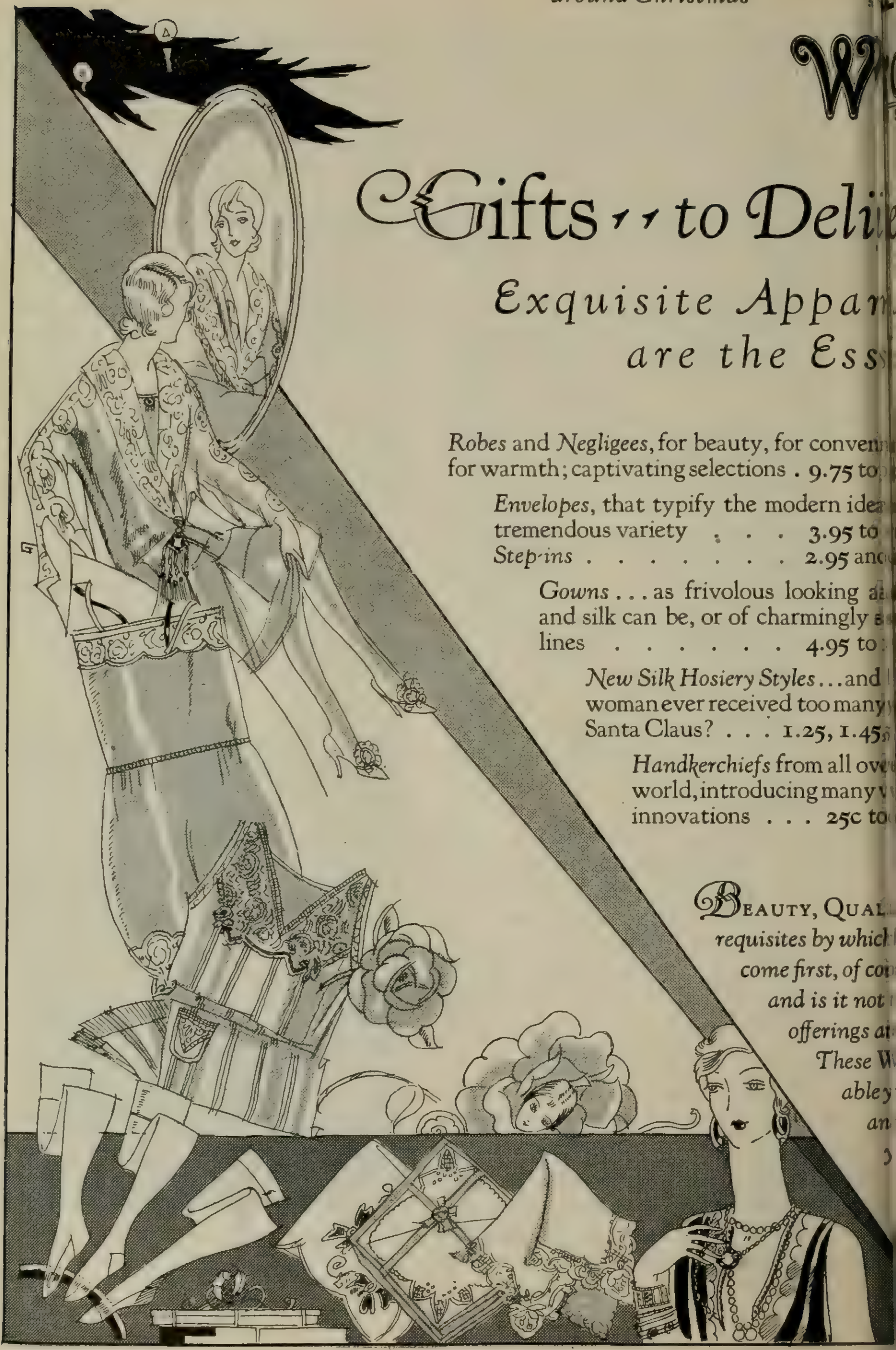
There is enough material for a trilogy in the book, which is the common failing of young writers. Elimination is the mark of genius.

In spite of these obvious failings, "Backfire" is a readable book.

Miss Simpson will write other novels, and better ones. She is a young writer and enthusiastic, much of her writing is extremely vivid. This is in itself valuable to an author. If she studied her Flaubert she would gain much and lose nothing. She should guard against the over-use of plot. With her ability to delineate character dramatically, a novel of characterization would give full scope to her best work. We have too many writers of action stories and too few creators of characters that remain living after the book is closed. Miss Simpson's "Mrs. Plover" is one of these.

THE DOME OF TEMPLE EMANU-EL
San Francisco

A Willard Charge Account
is especially convenient
around Christmas



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HOBNOBBING WITH PRESIDENTS

By MARION W. LEALE

WHEN it fell to my lot as second vice-president of the Women's City Club of San Francisco to attend the conference of presidents of Women's City Clubs in Boston the first week in October, I was most enthusiastic, for I had a vision of what such a meeting would mean to each one. Of course I could not but regret that my privilege came through the inability of our president, Mrs. Forbes, and our first vice-president, Miss Willard, to accept Boston's invitation, for I was sure that this particular conference would be unique and that the value of the experience rightly belonged to our leaders at this time.

When Mrs. Lorenz F. Muther, president of the Boston City Club, in the name of the board of directors, invited the presidents of the City Clubs having reciprocal relations with Boston, whose membership was over a thousand or who owned a club-house representing over a hundred thousand dollars, she initiated something of which that club may well be proud. The call was answered by twelve clubs from Montreal and New York to San Francisco. The presidents assembled at Number Forty Beacon Street in the historic house on Beacon Hill at ten o'clock promptly on a rare October morning with the sunshine pouring in from the Common through the purple window-panes which tourists come from afar to see. Mrs. Muther's introductory words of welcome were concise and cordial and as we looked back after four days of real work interspersed with most relaxing play we realized that the keynote was struck by our hostess-club that first day. Each day's session was marked by an honesty of purpose, a keen desire to help and to be helped, a definite attention to business as we delved into the history of our clubs and the present management with a view to determining a constructive future program, and as we dispersed we felt a real responsibility as delegates to carry back to our respective City Clubs the findings of this conference. Three presidents of neighboring Boston club-houses attended by courtesy, as did also the past presidents and officers of the Boston City Club.

It is impossible to tell the story in detail. All I can hope to do in this article is to outline the conclusions, and even then but sketchily, in the brief space allowed me. Three of the clubs whose origin was either suffrage or civics interpreted the name as working for the city. The other nine interpreted it as democracy of membership —any woman in the city being eligible. As a direct result of their origin four clubs endorsed measures, eight do not, and none endorse candidates. All clubs give their members their money's worth for their dues and the programs are of a high type. All educational lectures are attended by only a small group of members interested in a particular line. Restaurants pay only where there is a volume of support proportionate to the expense involved. Therefore clubs like ours with an overhead of modern equipment, expert staff and service comparable to a first-class hotel must demand membership support.

There were other innumerable conclusions of importance to the management of the club-houses and to various special committees of programs which I cannot here enumerate, but these three were so vital to us all and so important to the various boards of directors that they stood forth as common problems which we then strove to solve.

With then so much in common, how did we differ? And just here I will be excused for boasting a little. Mrs. Curtis of Rochester always brought a laugh by modestly whispering her figures (for example 2200 membership as against my 7000) and putting California in the position of quantitative rather than qualitative character. But there was one characteristic of our club which was nationally known before the conference and which was admired by all and, I must admit, envied a little. That was our "raison d'etre"—our purpose, if you will, our volunteer service. Its history was called for, its psychology analyzed, its results and its reputation abroad stated in no indefinite terms, and the discussion of the last afternoon brought out the fact that clubs which had builded to give club privileges were tottering, that clubs which were organized to educate were having their programs grabbed from them by others, not organizations or public lecture platforms. Clubs founded on service were in line to develop and to find a job at hand as the years brought new problems and new responsibilities. As I have said, there were several City Clubs with democratic service.

I was proud as I was urged to tell the story of how it had been done, and as I was asked over and over again, "Do you suppose we could do it?" To the latter I always answered, "Yes, if you're willing to follow the rules."

If I were asked what these presidents considered the next most important step in the future progress of City Clubs, I would answer unequivocally, "To develop the responsibility of the individual member."

The report then that San Francisco was about to start its analysis of its seven thousand membership in order to find out what the individual member felt regarding this City Club of hers, was met with real enthusiasm, and again I was proud to be the delegate from California.

And as we came away we appreciated that East is West and that problems are common in this great country of ours, so that "getting together" is valuable to us all, provided always that delegates are honest and discussion unselfish in presenting facts.

We left Boston fired with enthusiasm for the future, having seen our problems in relation to the whole question of City Clubs, having found causes in the analysis of results. We felt grateful for the privilege of being delegates to such a conference and we felt obligated to bring back the challenge to our memberships to realize that leaders which they have chosen for their wisdom and their unselfish devotion to the cause can succeed only so far as the individual member feels her own responsibility to her own City Club. For a City Club, unlike an exclusive club, serves not the individual member alone, but stands as a unit member itself in the community—the personification of service.

Ours is a great task, for we have pioneered in this idealism.

* * *

The Christmas Box

Do not forget the Employees' Christmas box. The contents are in lieu of gratuities which the Club does not sanction.

JAMES G. SWINNERTON, PAINTER

By Louise Scher

JAMES GUILFORD SWINNERTON
Painter of Deserts
Portrait sketched by Oberhard

IN the fastness of the desert mountains of Arizona and New Mexico are canyons and caves on whose crumbling walls and escarpments are carved the last traces of a vanished civilization. Cliff Dwellers, we call them, because they lived sky-high in fortified cities, along with the eagle on the sides of the mesas and mountains. The earth then was still swarming and controlled by animals and birds of terrifying proportions.

These people vanished as other civilizations have passed and are passing. The Navajo and Hopi Indians now follow the primitive paths these people blazed. With what patience the Cliff Dwellers must have trod the First Road! From high country to low they traveled, back and forth, unceasingly at toil. They strode the basalt over the rough metamorphic masses up the mountains to the high country of sandstone mesas.

First Farmers! how they worked, their patient backs bending ever to the load. They carried their water, they lugged their grain and, heaving and tugging, with giant strength they carried the slab-rocks to build their houses, first homes. Pre-historics. At night when the sun sank in a blaze of blooded glory, they must have looked below at the purple desert in distance and viewed with utter satisfaction the tracery of their aching feet—flesh on rock, marking daily the first faint patterns of Human Progress.

Today in that Bokara colored country, in addition to the Indians, some few others follow these same trails. They are the scientific seekers after knowledge of mankind. They write us long technical discourses on periods and the development of Early Man. We do not usually understand what they have written. We do not know what it is all about. What they tell us about the country makes us shiver at its hazardous ways. But another has visited this strange country—this most romantic portion of our American Treasure Land. He has roamed its vastness, climbed the selfsame mountains of First People, viewed the ruins of their dead cities, seen the carved characters chiseled on the face of rock walls, looked from the very doors of Man's first dwellings and has brought us back something we can understand.

The man is James G. Swinnerton, Painter of Deserts, native San Franciscan, creator of the California Bear, Little Jimmy, and The Canyon Kids. His desert paintings of the Southwest have placed him in the world of art until he is now ranked among the foremost American landscape artists of today. Eastern and Western critics of prominence say he is one of America's finest colorists. His paintings for the past sixteen years have created national attention.

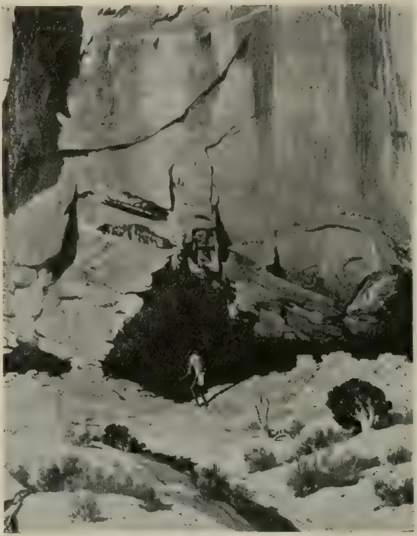
Among devotees of art in the West who have secured his canvases are William Randolph Hearst, Mrs. Anita Baldwin, Arthur Brisbane, columnist, Peter B. Kyne, Rupert Hughes, George Middleton of Santa Barbara, the Gardena High School of Los Angeles, and many others throughout the Southland and Northern California.

This month the Chicago Art Institute has hung a large painting titled "A Navajo Hogan," a striking example of Swinnerton work. The artist took for his subject the brush plastered home of a nomad Navajo. It sits silhouetted in all the vastness of sky and the desert country accentuating the loneliness of space. The Hogan faces the East. The sun is rising and one notices that the dwelling is built perilously near the edge of an arroyo, beneath whose crumbling banks lies, far down, muddy water, Desert Treasure.

This picture upon its completion was exhibited privately in San Francisco at the Bohemian Club, then sent to Chicago.

It is not comfortable to write about the art of this famous and modest painter. He works and has his studio in Palo Alto in the top of an old barn. It boasts one very large skylight, otherwise the atmosphere of the place is like stepping into any bunkhouse in the Southwest.

Individually, one simply cannot apply the usual art terms to Swinnerton. He is too different.



JOURNEY'S END
By James G. Swinnerton
Owned by Arthur Brisbane

An old Indian going off to die—forced to because he is no longer of any use to his tribe. This is custom. The subject of the picture is melancholy. It raises our bitter resentment. It gives us food for thought. The figure is true, the country beautiful, the color is fine. But remembering the subject we experience a feeling of pride. We are proud because we are so different—we treat our old folks more graciously.

The boys at Stanford University call him "Hey, Jim." To them he is no famous being—just a sort of Western "good guy"—a person who can ride, break a horse, tell a story and recount them historical, ethnological and geological facts which sound interesting.

The younger generation like his paintings. They fill his studio over the week-ends until one wonders sometimes how he is so patient in answering questions. When has he time to work?

The occasion of this interview, a

BA TA TA KIN
(*Lost City of the Dead*)
By James Swinnerton
Owned by Gardena High School,
Los Angeles

This painting thrills us. There is something wistful in its appeal because it makes us reflect on those toiling First People who built the village rock on rock with no other instruments than bare hands. We reconstruct vanished life.

small black-haired, blue-eyed, gangling girl climbed the stairs to the studio. In her hand she held tightly to an orange-colored sweater. "I've come," she said, "to get you to draw me a Jimmy on my sweater." The artist drew the picture and to the Jimmy he added Beans and a little bear.

Swinnerton, it can be truthfully stated, has none of the artiness of the usual painter. I believe him to be a sort of crusader and a deeply sincere one. In addition to having critics talk of and praise his work, he has the popular appeal. Just folks like his work. They understand it. I have seen prospectors and Westerners whose homes were in the Southwest stand entranced before his canvases. Not very long ago, during a one-man show of his in Los Angeles at the Ambassador Galleries, a cowboy drifted in to see the pictures. He sat on his heels squinting at one of high country and juniper trees. "Say," he said, "I could hang my hat on that limb right now. I've punched cows all over that country and I know every inch of it. That picture is near the Grand Canyon."

Personally the writer has studied Mr. Swinnerton's art for the past eighteen years, back in the time when he was a tubercular and using his paint-box to keep his mind off the illness. I consider his work not like that of other painters, but something more particular, a religion of its kind. His canvases are not just beautiful things which one longs to possess or buy, but something bigger, something more puzzling and holding.

Many American artists paint the desert, but to them it is usually impressionistic, decorative, a thing of distance, cumuli, paint hills and purple. Swinnerton paints his Southwest as something stupendous, gripping, awe-inspiring, thrilling — a country where God dwells.

His paintings are the record of the wanderings of a man who not only loves and sees the dramatic in Nature, but a man who reverences the handiwork of the elements. Very few of his canvases depict Nature in smiles. Each tells a story.

He chooses the giant cliffs, the deep arroyos, the sweeping storms, the dead Indian villages, the charred rock ruins—history of past eras and the vast glory of fiery hanging clouds.

Swinnerton with his brush depicts Power.

I have lived in the desert. I know its cruelty, its handicaps and the weary vastness. Swinnerton gives his audience much of this in his pictures, and something which is wistful too. To talk to him about it seals his sincerity. He is a painter minus eccentricities.

About the painter in relation to his art he says:

"Don't interview me about the academic peculiarities of painting. I have no hobbies on technique.

"I paint for two reasons. I love the work and I love wandering. In relation to the canvas, I try to take certain big things which Nature has done and treat them as a reflection of religion. I am individually merely the instrument. God is the Power. The soul of a landscape is the reflection of the Infinite—an artist is merely the reflector."

PUPPET MATINEES

TWO matinees of the Perry Dilley Puppets were held November 5 and 12th in the Auditorium of the club. At the first performance which delighted the children, and the grown-ups as well, "A Barrel O'Trouble" and the nursery favorite "Red Riding Hood and the Wolf" were presented.

On November 12 "Boiled Celery," the Japanese tale, and "The Dragon Who Wouldn't Say Please" were presented. If the applause and interest of the children were a criterion the second play, "The Dragon Who Wouldn't Say Please," which was shown for the first time at a public performance in San Francisco, will undoubtedly become a great favorite. Mrs. Howard G. Park was chairman of the committee for the Puppets.

Preceding each performance of the Puppets a special luncheon for the children was served in the smaller dining rooms on the third floor. The tables were attractively decorated with flowers and small puppets which were later presented to the children as souvenirs. "The Old Woman in the Shoe" was much in evidence with her large brood peeking out at all angles from the shoe and waiting to be adopted by the children.

Among the small guests who were entertained at luncheon were: Betty Madeleine Bell, Dion O'Sullivan, Hooper O'Sullivan, Katherine Jane Rolth, Martha Jane Kenneck, Marjory Fontana, Theodosia Fontana, Elena Fontana, Caroline Clifton, Janet Clifton, Jones Skews-Coxe, Edward Rice, Booth Rice, Marile Rice, Scott Stafford, Jane Osborn, Jane Fagan, Nancy Burt, Estelle Christin, Patsy Walker, Mary Louise Hammer, Harriett Hall, Delenie Madison, Elena Madison, Elaine Hadsell, Barbara Hadsell, John Hadsell, Mary Louise Cobb, Barbara Shainwald, Ruth Shainwald, Jean Ransohoff, Ethel Walter, Peggy Walter, Anne Park, Howard Park, Jr., Charles Park, Polly Clark, Evelyn Clark, Kent Hutchinson, Margaret Jane McClelland.

WHAT IS INSURANCE?

By SAMUEL HOUSTON BECKETT

Department of Insurance
State of California

A NUMBER of people, each of whom realizes that he is subject to the possibility of some loss, the time and amount of which are matters of uncertainty, agree to create, through justly proposed contributions, a common fund from which, in the event of such loss happening to any of them, compensation may be made to the loser, and the burden thereof distributed over the entire group—this is *insurance.*

It is the most idealistic, economically and technically sound, co-operative institution, undertaken through the efforts of man. It is a "key business"—in some way or other nearly every human activity depends upon it. Insurance involves two main factors, social progress and security. The fact that an insurance contract is protection, *not* against calamities and disasters, but against losses sustained through catastrophes and disasters, should be impressed on the minds of the general public. Insurance is founded and sustained by service, and that service is the protection and relief afforded to the people, against the financial distress which invariably follows in the wake of death, disability, or fire. It is a service not limited to the individual, but primarily and pre-eminently, it carries its beneficial help into every business and into every home. Insurance is fraught with responsibility, and is concerned with the elements of human relationship. It is an exact and a sound commercial principle, that a value must always replace a value, if there is a loss; and it is an infallible rule, that the loss must be paid. Insurance marks the difference between the helpless savage and the civilized people. Unfortunately, very few policyholders take the trouble to read their contracts, until after they have sustained a loss. When fire consumes property it leaves destruction in its wake, its cost is not a price, but a tribute, in short, it is a dead loss. The company issuing a contract of indemnity does not know the cost beforehand, it learns that fact afterwards. No prudence and care by the individual can make his or her person or property wholly safe against the eventualities which beset our present day living. It is the failure to recognize this condition in our new civilization that gives the public a false sense of security and independence, and deludes them with the belief that they can best protect themselves and their property against the hazards to which they are constantly exposed. The human element is a factor in all life and property hazards. Because hazards are unpreventable, insurance protection is indispensable and necessary.

It is bad enough to be laid up and rendered inactive by injuries, be they of a major or minor character, but to have one's income cut off and to be burdened with obligations, or to be liable for damages to the person or property of another, in addition to nursing one's own hurts, is "laying up wrath against the day of wrath." If catastrophes must come the least one individual can do is to secure proper insurance coverage that relieves him or her of some of the burdens of disaster. Insurance needs the cooperation of every industry and every individual in the country and everybody in turn needs insurance.

Feeble, indeed, is a mind that does not readily grasp the value of the protection offered by the different insurance coverages today. The companies keep abreast of the insurance needs of the times, and the latest developments in indemnities. They have been leaders in movements for fire prevention and fire protection; their personnel is equipped with the latest insurance knowledge, their investigation of hazards and their dissemination of information have contributed to a betterment of conditions and a safer world in which to live and work. Insurance companies are not looking for a large measure of profit. They are looking for a safer margin consistent with financial security which must be maintained.

No business can gain, or retain the confidence of the people, unless its conduct merits public approval. There may be, and undoubtedly is, a great lack of the understanding of the underlying principles of the insurance business on the part of the general public. But the prevailing attitude of the public towards insurance companies is one of friendship and encouragement, based upon the realization that they afford one of the greatest social services in mitigating and alleviating the blows and casualties of misfortune.

* * *

League Shop

The League Shop on the first floor of the Women's City Club offers a variety of distinctive Christmas gifts at reasonable prices. The display adds to the color of the corridor and may solve "that" disturbing problem.

HUNGRY EYES...

follow the wearer of fine furs ...the hungry eyes of the hold-up man, the sneak thief, the burglar, the coatroom hanger-on, the dishonest maid ... and when eyes are hungry hands are bold!

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SOUTH AMERICA AND AFRICA REDISCOVERED!

IT is not to be wondered at that so much interest and enthusiasm are being shown in the cruises which embrace the principal ports of the two southern continents. Last year, and again this winter, the steamers which follow in this path will sail out of New York harbor with full lists of passengers seeking this unusual and restful vacation—away from their daily cares and from the rugged winter weather which most of the United States presents us each year.

These ships leave the harbor and steam down the Atlantic seaboard, into the blue Caribbean, with its sunshine, fruit and flowers at each port, and the colorful life of the busy little towns. Romance still lingers there and we feel its power, whether based on history or fable. It is easy to half close the eyes and see the old pirate ships of Captain Blood swoop down on one, and it is truly possible to see the old castle of Blue Beard of the many wives. Orchids growing on trees, humming-birds, jasmine — all are there.

(Courtesy of Panama Mail S. S. Company)

Banana barge on the Rio Chagres, Panama.

"Rolling down to Rio"—the harbor with its Sugar Loaf Mountain acting guard. Santos, the great coffee port; Montevideo, the fascinating social center of the continent, with its atmosphere of old Spanish days, and Buenos Aires, the sophisticated, wealthy city of the Argentine, which Ibanez made so familiar to us in his "Four Horsemen." What a series of contrasts!

A voyage is made across the waters of the southern Atlantic to Capetown, close to the Cape of Good Hope, or "Cape of Storms," as it was first called by Diaz in 1487. Capetown, with beautiful Table Bay at its feet, and Table Mountain towering in the background, has such natural beauty and charm of environment that it is counted among the fairest spots of the world. One learns to know the strength and the lure of this country which was so loved by Olive Schreiner. The opportunity is here given to make the trip inland to Victoria Falls, which is the largest in the world—many times higher and broader than our own majestic Niagara. The pioneer spirit of such men as Cecil Rhodes surrounds the visitor here and at the various ports touched on the journey up the eastern coast of Africa—Port Elizabeth, Durban, Zanzibar of clove fame, Mombasa in the Kenya

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South America and Africa Rediscovered

(*Continued from page 38*)

Colony—and then Cairo and the Nile!

Crossing the Mediterranean, a call of two or three days at Naples, with its blue bay and Mount Vesuvius in the background, brings us again to the present day customs with a truly Latin flavor. Then worldly wise Monte Carlo, and grim Gibraltar, before swinging around to Northern France, a touch of England and home.

Fortunate are those who can embrace such an opportunity this winter. On their return we shall hope to learn from them more of the interest and value in knowing better our Southern Continents.

* * *

This trip would give members and their friends an opportunity to visit the following Clubs with which our Club has reciprocal relations:

Women's City Club of Chicago
The Illinois Women's Athletic Club, Chicago
Women's City Club of Boston
American Women's Club of Paris
American Women's Club of London
Halcyon Club of London
Caledonia Club of Edinburgh
Lady Artists' Club of Glasgow

* * *

Members who have been abroad, or who are just returning, are requested to send in the names of *pensions* and hotels which they found particularly comfortable—also any bits of travel information that will prove helpful to others. Address the

WOMEN'S CITY CLUB TRAVEL SERVICE
Executive Office, Fourth Floor.

SWIMMING MEET

A Junior Swimming Meet will be held in the pool Friday, December 9, at 4 o'clock. Children of members and their guests will be eligible to compete. If you are a tiny tot and do not swim, there will be a walking race for you.

Some of the events are:

Musical life buoys.

Umbrella race.

Tube race across the pool for the tiny tots.

Fifty yards free style (senior).

Twenty-five yards free style (junior).

Twenty-five yards free style (juvenile).

Two boys' races and a diving event.

An exhibition of swimming and diving by Miss Evelyn Mefford.

A Junior National Champion will close the meet.

Practice days are Mondays and Thursdays at 4 o'clock.

Come and register now.

Tea For Tagore's Niece

The hospitality committee of the Women's City Club, of which Mrs. Charles Miner Cooper is chairman, sponsored a tea in the lounge of the Club Saturday afternoon, November 26, in honor of Sushama Tagore, niece of Rabindrinath Tagore, Hindu poet and philosopher, who is in America on a tour of observation of the status of women and children in this country. The young Hindu woman appeared in native costume and charmed all who met her by her gracious simplicity of bearing, her intellect and beauty. She spoke briefly, contrasting the conditions of her own country and the Occident as she has found it.

Miss Hallie Keating, daughter of Mrs. John A. Keating, member of the Women's City Club, was last week elected president of the Senior Class at Stanford University, the first time in the history of Stanford that a girl has held that honor.

Miss Keating last spring was a contributor to the WOMEN'S CITY CLUB MAGAZINE, an interesting interview with Gertrude Atherton appearing under her name.

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This laundry gives particular attention to the washing of colored goods, in such wise as to preserve delicate tints and fancy patterns. You will be pleasantly surprised, as well as pleased, at the care with which dainty articles are handled.

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INGENIOUS GIFTS

THE gift season is at hand, and the many enticing shop windows one sees at every turn promise treasures beyond former hopes. No matter how studiously we may make our gift-lists to conform with our ever slender pocket-book, these glimpses of shopper's Utopia are destined to make an otherwise rigid list very flexible.

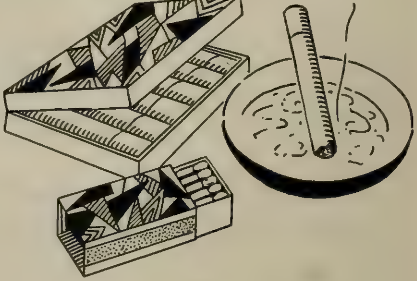
And for one who plans many gifts this will no doubt make her temporarily unhappy. I say *temporarily,* for who could be permanently unhappy or practical with such lovely suggestions constantly before their eyes? Luxuries unthought of, novelties which make pleasing gifts. And very important to you, they are pleasing mutually. San Francisco has thousands of gift shops—downtown, little Bohemian nooks, your own shopping district — and Chinatown for gifts to send East—each one offering an exceptionally large and individual selection. Just to prove this theory we will suggest a few seen while passing.

For the girl who has her own apartment there are a multitude of appointments which will fit into her decorative scheme—and offer her the things that have so often tempted her. An etching to grace her walls, or an aquatint, quaintly designed and colorful to the imagination. Of course etchings may be purchased for hundreds of ducats—and they may also be found for less than five ducats. And etchings need not be framed.

Pottery, too. Such primitive colors symbolic of a different world. Crudely handled clay, and very effective for its crudity, is found in pot-pourri jars, cigarette boxes, ash trays, bowls and vases. These vases may be used for vases or converted into delightful tabouret lamps. And any of these are moderately priced—yet are the things we practical-minded people resist. For, unless we are given to rationalizing, they seem classed in our minds as luxuries.

As for lamps, there seems always room for one more in the modern apartment. Not that I advocate cluttering the place with oddities; nevertheless lamps offer a very wide field in selection, ingenuity and actual beauty. There are several small shops about town that specialize in attractive shades and fixtures. Or they will make up shades to match your own vase, and handle the wiring for you. They are very reasonable.

Or perhaps a trip down McAllister Street may reap its just rewards. And



surely any rewards gleaned here are most surely just! A casual inquiry, a lot of indifference and later a lot of pressure might get you something for nothing—almost.

Tri-cornered bottles, reminiscent of "days when," may be wired reasonably by some small electric shop. A frame purchased for forty-five cents and a sheet of batik paper cut to fit your frame and pleated. It is great fun and, unlike lots of things we try to make ourselves, does not in the end cost much. Bottles of this sort are priced fifty cents if you act as though you want them and fifteen cents if you start to walk out.

Wiring varies, but should only be $1.50, for the only fixture you need fits on the top of the bottle and the bottle does not need boring. Colored water comes very cheap! A bit of crepe paper saturated in distilled water lends a lot to the gaiety of the occasion. Do not fill the bottle too full, but to about an inch and one-half from the beginning of the neck. Before pleating the batik paper spread a little linseed oil on the paper and rub in thinly to give sufficient body to hold the pleats.

With the left-over batik paper one may cover match boxes, leaving one side free to strike the match on. And by using a small box the right dimensions for cigarettes you may cover this also and have a smoking set to match the lamp. As a matter of fact, there are lots of ways to make these little sets. I saw one in a gift shop that was frightfully attractive in a modernistic manner. The boxes were covered with a stiff gold board and pasted on were triangles, squares and oddly cut pieces of tinsel. The bright shades of tinsel, like those candies are wrapped in, are very good. One design overlapped the

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In alluring color blendings. Linens, Silks, Voiles . . . Solid Centers, Solid Borders . . . Hand-rolled or Hemstitched; Monogrammed to your selection.

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other — thus often creating a new design.

Then for the well-dressed boudoir there should be a tiny quilted pillow. Quilting is shamefully easy, and works very quickly. Every large department store has patterns with the stamped fabric lined with wool. Specific directions are also enclosed. And let me add that quilting is the only branch of sewing where stitches may be amateurish without painfully advertising the fact.

And now, after these many suggestions, we will all do the human thing and run out at the last minute and buy our family and friends gifts that are so lovely to us—and that would be termed by the MM. Freud, Nietzsche, Kant and the rest of the venerable philosophers as material expressions of suppressed desires. Christmas is the time when we all have the pleasure of buying what we most desire ourselves—whether for ourselves or not!

Hanging of the Crane

The lighting of a fire in the big fireplace in the lounge for the first time this winter was made the occasion of an informal gathering of house residents at the Women's City Club. Mrs. Leon Guggenhime lit the fire, which blazed bravely, as if in invitation to the series of other "evenings about the fire" which are planned for the winter months. Miss Marion Leale gave an informal talk on her recent attendance at the conference of City Club presidents at Boston. The fireplace was a gift to the Women's City Club from Mrs. Guggenhime.

Garden of Shakespeare Flowers

By KATHERINE CHANDLER

A "Shakespeare Garden," in which shall be planted and cultivated every procurable flower or plant mentioned by the Bard, is now being installed in Golden Gate Park by the California Spring Blossom and Wild Flower Association, with the consent and sponsorship of the Park Commissioners. The site is a plot behind the California Academy of Sciences to the South Drive and from the hillock on the west to the drive that crosses behind the Aquarium to meet the South Drive.

The garden will be informal in plan. The flower beds will be superposed upon a lawn. There will be certain formal touches, a sun dial, a rose arbor, a hedge near the entrance, a marble bench, and eventually a statue of Shakespeare. The flowers will have small labels with botanical names and the names used by Shakespeare, which sometimes are different from the common name. On metal panels in the rose arbor will be accurate quotations of the mention of the flower, with the name of the play and the act and scene. Thus the garden will be of interest to students of literature as well as to lovers of floriculture.

The Association is receiving help from all quarters. Mrs. Robert Haskell Collier has offered a sun dial as a memorial to her husband, who had loved flowers and whose parents were both noted botanists. The dial will be of the type Shakespeare himself might have consulted some three hundred odd years ago.

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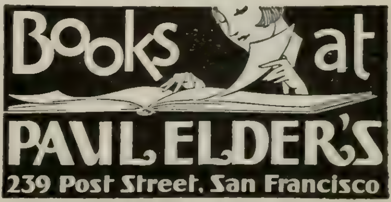
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has promised all the roses mentioned by Shakespeare, and these are quite different from their sophisticated descendants of today. Mrs. Derby is a vice-president of the American Rose Society and knows where to secure the specimens that are mentioned in the great dramas. Through Mrs. Derby's efforts, Mr. and Mrs. Fremont Older are giving a blooming pomegranate; Mrs. William Bogen presents both an orange and a lemon tree in bloom; and other orchardists of the Santa Clara Valley are donating the fruit trees mentioned. The Outdoor Art Section of the California Club of California has voted to donate a tree, and the literary classes of various private schools have asked to be allowed to send in gifts. All these trees and shrubs are now being planted. The seeds of the annuals and perennials are coming from Stratford-on-Avon, which insures that they are authentic plants.

The Players' Guild will, on Monday night, April 9, present a play and give the proceeds to the Garden of Shakespeare Flowers. This date is chosen because the Spring Flower Show of 1928 will be open to the public Wednesday and Thursday, April 11 and 12. It is hoped that the Garden will be completed by the next birthday of Shakespeare, April 23.

A marble bench, from an organization whose name I am to keep secret until our December meeting, as it is giving the bench in honor of some one as a Christmas present.

A holly tree from the girls of Miss Merriman's school, Piedmont; Castilleja gives a tree, as do the California Writers' Club, the Berkeley Penwomen, and many individuals; the seeds for which I sent to Stratford-on-Avon have been donated by Mr. Sherman Blake. As a matter of fact, practically all the plants are the gifts of interested persons.

What we need now is the statue of Shakespeare.

* * *

League Shop

The Shop Committee wishes to call your attention to the very charming gifts for Christmas to be found in its attractive room on the ground floor of the Club, just opposite the elevators. There Mrs. Brothers, in charge, who has long been a collector of beautiful things, will show you a varied assortment of the most intriguing gifts.

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SWEET PICKLED FIGS

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SAN FRANCISCO

MUSIC IN THE WOMEN'S CITY CLUB

By ANNA CORA WINCHELL

A PROPER resumé of programs given this season by the Music Committee on Sunday evenings partakes somewhat of reminiscence. A review of the artists and their gifts beginning with September 11.

The list of contributing musicians in the interim contains the names of:

Mr. Hans Niederhofer, baritone; Christine Howells Pfund, flutist; Jessie Moore and Mr. Joseph Greven, pianists; presented by Mrs. Alfred Hurtgen.

Mrs. Emily Johnson Lowe, soprano; Miss Alma Birmingham (soloist), Mrs. Elizabeth Alexander, pianists; Mr. Noel Sullivan, basso; Mrs. Lillian Birmingham, contralto; presented by Mrs. J. E. Birmingham.

Bertha Weber, composer-pianist; Mme. St. de Maurice, soprano; Hilliard Burton, tenor; Evelyn Previati, lyric soprano; presented by Mrs. Paul C. Butte and Mrs. Charles H. Holbrook, Jr.

Francisca Vallejo, composer-pianist; Nancy Buckley, lyricist; Bessie Fuller Turner, Cecile von Seiberlich Bowley, pianists; Teresa tum Suden, soprano; Eby Burzan, violinist; presented by Mrs. Francis Shaw and Mrs. Allan Cline.

Marian Nicholson, violinist; Margaretha van Loben Sels (soloist), Margo Hughes, pianists; Mrs. Mabel Frisbie Adams, soprano; presented by Mrs. Sidney M. van Wyck, Jr.

The Glee Club of the San Francisco Assembly, No. 1, of the Order of Rainbow Girls; Patricia (Mrs. Carlo Sutro) Morbio, diseuse; Miss Zylpha Allen (soloist), Mrs. Jessie Burns Stoll, Miss Muriel Schaffner, pianists; Mrs. Byron McDonald, contralto; presented by Mrs. Horatio F. Stoll.

Harriet French, violinist; Dorothy Seely, coloratura soprano; Mrs. Elena de Olloqui Seeder (soloist), Miss Mildred Randolph, Eva Walker Kirschner, pianists; presented by Mrs. Shirley Walker.

Mr. Marcus Hall (negro), tenor, in the Schumann "Dichterliebe"; Miss Florence Briggs, 'cellist; Margaretha van Loben Sels, Constance Yates, pianists; presented by the Music Committee.

Mrs. Theolene Pohlson, violinist; Signor Rodolfo Caffaro, tenor; Mr. James Isherwood, basso; Mrs. Teresa tum Suden, soprano; Margo Hughes, pianist; presented by Mrs. Richard tum Suden.

Miss Esther Deininger (soloist), Mrs. Horatio Stoll, pianists; Mrs. Eloise Baylor Martin, soprano; Mr. James H. Todd, violinist; presented by Mrs. Percy Goode.

The Club's sponsorship of the Victor Lichtenstein Symphonylogues is the result of the interest shown in the "logues" given last summer, dealing with the symphonies of that season. Mr. Lichtenstein, whose powers to impart his musical knowledge are more than excellent, draws a large audience every Friday morning at 11 o'clock on the dates of the concerts given by the San Francisco Symphony Orchestra, with Alfred Hertz conducting. The program of the day is aided by musical illustration in which themes are further clarified. These processes give entertainment as well as education and have made many converts to symphonic music.

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Miss Ball Honored

The auditorium of the Women's City Club was the scene recently of a brilliant dinner given in honor of Miss Katherine M. Ball, by her former associates in the school department to felicitate her on the publication of her book, "Decorative Motifs in Oriental Art."

A hundred and fifty guests gathered about the beautifully decorated tables, every department of the San Francisco schools being represented. Mrs. M. Steward presided, introducing the following speakers: Dr. Joseph Marr Gwinn, Superintendent of Schools; Mrs. Ernest Mott of the Board of Education, Deputy Superintendents W. C. Nolan and Mrs. M. M. Fitzgerald, Director of Art, Aaron Altman and Mrs. Jane Graves of the Physical Education Department. The reading of some of Miss Ball's original poems from her book by Miss Alice McDonald was one of the delightful numbers of the program.

* * *

Greenery Wanted

Members of the Women's City Club who have country places are asked to contribute Christmas greens. The decoration committee hopes to have quantities of evergreen with which to make wreaths and garlands. Any kind of foliage, from oak to pine, will be acceptable.

* * *

Christmas Breakfast

Residents of the Women's City Club are planning a Christmas breakfast. Reservations may be made with the restaurant committee or on the third floor directly. Non-resident members may join the breakfast party, which, it is expected, will be a jolly beginning of the day's festivities.

Social Activities at the Women's City Club

Miss Marion W. Leale, who went east to attend a convention of representatives from Women's City Clubs the country over, whose report appears in another part of this issue of the WOMEN'S CITY CLUB MAGAZINE, was the guest of honor at a tea Monday afternoon, November 21, in the lounge of the Club. The rooms were prettily decorated with masses of autumn bloom. Miss Leale gave a report of her observations and told of the entertainment provided for the delegates.

Miss Emily Noble gave a bridge luncheon for thirty-two guests in the National Defenders' Room the latter part of October.

"No Host Dinners" preceding the Sunday night concerts at the Club have become occasions for groups to meet at happy informal affairs. Forty or fifty friends assemble by arrangement with each other and by notifying the chef a day or so in advance.

The dinner dance following the Big Game November 19 was one of the happy affairs of the early season. Mrs. Milton H. Esberg, who was chairman in charge of the dance, left the following day for the East, and will return before Christmas.

San Francisco Branch of Vassar Alumnae held a luncheon in the National Defenders' Room November 12, with thirty guests at the reunion.

Nearly three hundred guests played bridge Hallowe'en in the Auditorium of the Women's City Club.

Mrs. M. Rhine was hostess at a large bridge luncheon for one hundred guests, who were entertained in the Mural Room and the National Defenders' Room.

Mrs. C. C. Stevenson gave a bridge luncheon November 17.

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Thursday, December 8—St. Francis Hotel, 11 a. m.
One Evening Talk in Bay Region
Thursday, December 8—Women's Bldg. 8 p. m.
Friday, December 9
10:45 a. m.—Ebell Clubhouse, Oakland
2:30 p. m.—20th Century Clubhouse, Berkeley

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The best you've ever eaten.

CONTENTS

One cup molasses, 1 teaspoon soda, ½ cup suet, 1 cup water, 1 teaspoon each of cinnamon and nutmeg, 2 cups flour.

To me a yellow bowl for cake
Is really inspiring,
My efforts of the very best
And thoughtful care requiring.

So put within a yellow bowl
Molasses, water, spice,
Stir until it's very smooth
If you would have this nice.

Sift flour in, add suet,
The cut-up prunes and when
Your soda's mixed with water
You add the soda then.

Pour into mould and steam,
At least for full three hours.
I'll guarantee this pudding then
Would pacify the powers.

* * *

CHUTNEY

In my grandmother's cookbook
This chutney I found,
In her old-fashioned writing
So neat and so round.

CONTENTS

Eight lbs. ripe tomatoes, 3 lbs. onions, 2½ qts. cider vinegar, 1 doz. red and 1 doz. green peppers, 1 lb. prunes, 1 lb. seeded raisins, 2 lbs. brown sugar, 2 oz. ginger, 2 oz. allspice, 1 oz. cloves, ¼ lb. mustard seed, 6 or 7 sticks cinnamon.

Cook tomatoes until soft.
Then through the grinder run
The raisins, prunes, and onions
And cook again till done.

In vinegar, the spices boil,
When in a bag they're tied,
For this will bring the best results
Though others have been tried.

When all are cooked together
An hour I think is right
Then put this into earthern jars
And seal them good and tight.

"They say" that chutney alone's
required
To give cold meats a touch inspired.

* * *

City Club Loses Member

(*Continued from page 22*)

bia University. That year's work brought to her Columbia University's diploma as teacher of education. With this splendid equipment for teaching, it would have been natural for Miss Freligh to accept the call of Teachers College, Columbia University, to a place on the staff, but she loved the actual nursing side of her profession and accepted the call to the San Francisco Hospital. She had a warm, loving nature, a keen sense of humor, always kindly, that made a laugh with her worth so much to her busy nurses. In spite of the crowding demands of her busy life, she found time to be an active member of the Illinois Training School Alumnae Association, The American Nurses Association, the National League of Nursing Education, The National Organization for Public Health Nursing, The American Red Cross Nursing Service, The American Association of University Women, and a devoted member of the Women's City Club of San Francisco.

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Christmas Breakfast will be served December 25 from 7:30 to 12 M.
75c per cover
Club Breakfasts will be served as usual

Christmas Dinner will be served in the Main Dining Room
from 12 o'clock noon until 8 o'clock
$2.00 per cover

MEMBERS ARE REQUESTED TO MAKE RESERVATIONS AS EARLY AS POSSIBLE

WOMEN'S CITY CLUB CALENDAR

DECEMBER 1-31, 1927

Current Events

First and Third Monday evenings, 7:30 o'clock. Every Wednesday morning, 11 o'clock. Assembly Room. Mrs. Parker Maddux, Leader.

League Bridge

Tuesdays, 2 and 7:30 P. M. Auditorium.

Drama Reading

Wednesdays, 3 P. M. Mrs. Thomas A. Stoddard, Leader.

Thursday Evening Programs

Thursdays, 8 P. M. Auditorium. Mrs. A. P. Black, Chairman.

Sunday Evening Concerts

Sundays, 8:15 P. M. Lounge. Mrs. Leonard A. Woolams, Chairman; Mrs. Paul A. Butte, Vice Chairman.

Dec. 1	Lecture by Brother Leo	*Auditorium*	11:00 A. M.
2	Symphonylogue by Victor Lichtenstein	*Auditorium*	11:00 A. M.
3	House Guests Party	*Lounge*	7:30 P. M.
16	Symphonylogue by Victor Lichtenstein	*Auditorium*	11:00 A. M.

OTHER THAN CLUB ACTIVITIES

DECEMBER, 1927

Unity Temple Services, Sunday mornings, 11 A. M., Auditorium.

Lectures by Mrs. Katherine Maule, Assembly Room, Sunday mornings, 11 A. M., and Thursday evenings at 8 P. M.

Lectures by Professor Mazain, Room 222, Tuesday evenings at 8 o'clock.

Dec. 2	American Association of University Women	*Room 222*	10:00 A. M.
3	Parent-Teachers' Association Tea	*Assembly Room*	Afternoon
6	Social Workers' Alliance Dinner	*Auditorium*	6:00 P. M.
7	Republican Women's Study Group	*Assembly Room*	2:00 P. M.
8	American Association of University Women	*Room 222*	10:00 A. M.
13	Puerta del Oro Chapter, Daughters of the American Revolution	*Assembly Room*	2:00 P. M.
19	China Society	*Board Room*	8:00 P. M.
27	Theatre Arts Club Performance	*Auditorium*	8:00 P. M.
31	Dramatic Society of First Congregational Church	*Auditorium*	8:00 P. M.

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Women's City Club
Members

Decorative Art Exhibit

By Estell Curry

LESS than three years ago the women artists and art lovers of San Francisco organized "The San Francisco Society of Women Artists," their objective being to stimulate artist, student, and layman. This objective is to be realized in an all-city "Decorative Art" exhibition to be held early in February under the auspices of the Women's City Club. Fresco, painted decoration, architectural drawings, furniture, metal, glass, tiles, hand-woven textiles, and other achievements in applied and decorative art will be shown.

The interest already manifested in this exhibition indicates that decorative art is now receiving more attention in San Francisco than at any time in her history. The time has come to take stock of the achievements of artists, to better their opportunities for placing their output, to make the joys and inspirations of art more widely accessible to the people. Art is not the plaything of the rich—it is of the people and for the people—a powerful educational factor, a great social influence, a valuable civic asset.

The Society of Women Artists, keenly responsive to this urgent call, have pledged their time and service to this movement.

* * *

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Wednesday	9:00 a. m. to 7:00 p. m.
Saturday	9:00 a. m. to 6:00 p. m.
Sunday	10:00 a. m. to 12:00 m.

Junior Swimming Meet, December 9, 4 p. m.

* * *

During the winter months, members can obtain guest cards for a fee of *twenty-five cents* each, entitling their guests to admission to the pool for *ten swims*. Fee per swim for guests is, as always, *fifty cents;* for members, *thirty-five cents.*

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For general reservations, write

Tahoe Tavern, Lake Tahoe, California

JACK T. MATHEWS, *Manager*

WOMEN'S CITY CLUB MAGAZINE

Published
Monthly by the
Women's
City Club of
San Francisco
465 Post Street

SAN FRANCISCO, CALIFORNIA

Volume I, Number 12 Price 25 Cents JANUARY, 1928

To the Members of the
Women's City Club

ONCE MORE the Directors want to call the attention of the members of the Club to the fact that the amount necessary for the Club's Employees' Christmas Fund has not been subscribed. About a third of the members have responded most generously, and their ready response is appreciated. ¶ May we appeal to those who have not already contributed, and who feel they can, to do so, that an adequate expression of appreciation for service rendered may be made to our many faithful employees?

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President

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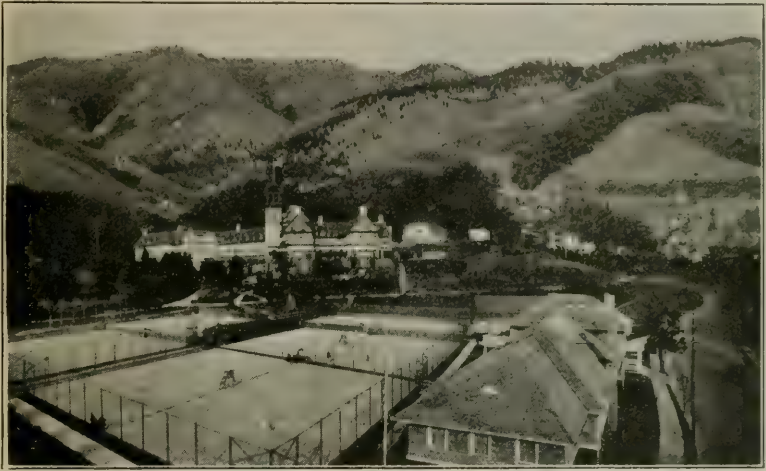

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Probably you have not fully realized just how much your mentioning the Magazine means to an advertiser—but it is the one certain proof he has that his investment is bringing returns, and the further success of your Magazine is dependent upon his satisfaction.

We have again listed in the next column for your convenience the particular firms who are represented in this issue. The fact that their names appear in these pages is your assurance of quality merchandise and pleasing service — and they are interested primarily in *your* patronage.

It is so easy to say, "I see your advertising in the Women's City Club Magazine"—and if each one of us were to make this statement when purchasing a hat, a gown, commodities for the home or table, or making a reservation, the value would be inestimable.

Why not make it a New Year's Resolution?

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THE
WOMEN'S CITY CLUB
MAGAZINE
OF
SAN FRANCISCO

VOLUME 1 JANUARY, 1928 NUMBER 12

MINIATURES AND BRITISH MINIATURISTS

By H. A. BROTHERS

ALTHOUGH the word "miniature" now stands for anything on a small scale, it should be remembered that, originally, the word had no bearing on size, but rather on color. It is derived from the Latin *minium* (not minimum). *Minium* is red lead, and *miniatura* stood for drawings in that pigment, which was the one used by the earliest scribes to give color to the initial letters, and headings of their manuscripts.

The art appears to have originated in Egypt where the early writings were decorated with capitals, and sometimes with a small miniature of a mythological subject.

From the East, the art was brought into Europe by Greek artists—about the 3rd or 4th century,—and it took root in Constantinople.

We next found it in the 6th century, in Ireland, then renowned for its learning and the number of its monasteries. In these schools the Irish created a native style of art differing from all other styles in the history of Illumination—a beautiful and intricate maze of curves. So far there was no capacity, or desire, to make any definite drawing of the human form, the features of the face being suggested by conventional curves — the eyes, circles, and the mouth a flourish. The feeling for color, though still simple, was very refined. This style was carried to Iona by St. Columba, and from there to Lindisfarne in the year 635. About the same time a school of *miniatura* was founded in Kent, England.

Up to the middle of the 15th century all miniatures were of religious subjects and were used to decorate musicals and the pages of manuscript books, but in 1454 the introduction of printing gradually brought about a great change—the number of miniaturists diminished—some took to oil painting, and others to wood engraving. Later, a new phase of the art came with the introduction into England of the *portrait miniature* by Hans Holbein and other artists, and, for some time, *British* miniaturists retained an almost exclusive preeminence in the art.

Nicholas Hilliard, born about 1547, was the *first great British miniaturist.* He followed the style of Holbein, and his work is characterized by most minute delicacy of painting and drawing. He is best known by his portraits of Queen Elizabeth. Then came the two Olivers, Isaac and Peter, who also painted small miniatures with microscopic detail in costume, headdress, and jewels.

Two later painters of note were Sir Robert Peake and John Hoskins, the latter, although a painter of very great merit, was soon overshadowed by his nephew, the great *Samuel Cooper,* who is now generally considered to be the *greatest miniaturist* the world has ever seen. Heath says, "It is hardly too much to say that Cooper's art contains the finest qualities possible in the miniature portrait —character, vigor, and solidity, combined with masterly balance, simplicity and dignity of color, a grace and nobility of treatment which more than counterbalances the lack of minute finish found in the works of Hilliard and the Olivers." Cooper owed much to the influence of Vandyke. His art belongs principally to the Commonwealth and his name is always connected with his wonderful portraits of Oliver Cromwell and the Duke of York.

At this period most of the sitters appear to have been *men,* perhaps because they were proud of their appearance in shining armor, (or laces, jewels, and ribbons), and perhaps, too, because the *lady of the house* did not then dream of her modern control of matters artistic—and domestic.

Flatman, and Dixon, pupils of Sir Peter Lely, followed, but gradually, during the Restoration there was a decadence in portraitism in all its branches.

Then, in the middle of the 18th century, came the *great Revival in art,* bringing Sir Joshua Reynolds, Gainsborough, and several other noted *oil-painters,* and among the miniaturists, Cosway, Engleheart, Smart, not forgetting Sir Henry Raeburn (who commenced as a *miniaturist*), and Angelica Kauffman, one of the very few *lady* Royal Academicians who have so far been elected.

Up to this time the miniatures in water color had been painted on vellum, cardboard, or chicken skin, but *now* was introduced a new base—ivory.

Richard Cosway, the great genius, was one of the first to avail himself of the full possibilities of this wonderfully mellow and luminous substance, and the soft, flattering, artificial effects which he produced well suited the vain and flippant age in which he worked—1750 to 1800.

* * *

Cosway's style is well known from the many reproductions—if not from originals. He was especially noted for a very beautiful blue introduced into nearly all of the numberless miniatures which he turned out with amazing rapidity. He is said to have frequently produced a highly finished miniature full of grace and delicate charm within two hours. (Many of them have been sold at auction at from five to ten thousand dollars each). Still the demands on his time were so great that he introduced two variations from the usual miniature. One was a rapid pencil sketch on paper, afterwards colored to give the appearance of a high finish, and the other was his famous "eye miniature" —a painting on ivory of the eye only. These, of course, took even less time than the ordinary portrait, but he increased his output yet further by employing at least two "ghosts," or assistants kept in the background, who worked on the less important parts of the portraits.

Andrew Phiner, the head "ghost," acquired his master's style so nearly that only an expert can find a difference. (Phiner afterwards set up for himself, and his best work commands almost as high a price as Cosway's.)

Cosway was a vain, ugly little man with a violent temper. He lived in great style and was in *great favor* at Court, and with the ultra smart set, as much for his amusing dandified manner as for his genius. Dressing in the height of fashion he often cut a ridiculous figure in flowered satin, silks, laces, wig, and a sword that seemed several sizes too long.

The comic papers ridiculed him severely. One "minor poet" wrote some lines commencing, "Jack a' dandy Cosway like a monkey on a stick." Meeting the writer in St. James Street, Cosway fiercely drew his sword! It began to look like a fight to a quick finish, but a friend *carried* the little artist away to safety. Late in life he claimed to be in touch with the spirit world and to have had important talks with Socrates, Plato and Julius Caesar.

George Engleheart was quite a different type of man. Sober, demure, and very methodical. The desk at which he worked was a wonder of orderly arrangement of his various brushes, colors, ivories, etc.—"a place for everything and everything in its place." His character seemed to be reflected in his portraits, the sitters appearing solemn, compared with Cosway's smirking beauties. His touch, too, is heavier and his color darker, but the whole effect is one of exquisite refinement.

Engleheart was also a court painter, and a great favorite among the more *staid* section of the aristocracy. Averaging 200 portraits a year for many years his output must have almost equalled Cosway's, but comparatively few of his miniatures can now be traced and, when offered for sale, command a very high price.

When considering the enormous output of Cosway and Engleheart, it must be remembered that in the *miniature* of those days, an *actual* likeness was not always expected *or desired* — in fact some miniatures were painted from a written or even verbal description. The general requirement was a pleasing and flattering little picture in the manner of their favorite artist—about eighty-five percent flattery and fifteen per cent likeness! The descendants of the sitters are now *proud* to possess portraits of such lovely ancestors—their beauty cannot be disputed—the *kodak* had not been invented.

Working in this rapid, mannered way, both Cosway and Engleheart developed a favorite nose and mouth which they varied so slightly that in Cosway's portraits particularly there is a *family likeness*, and even his *men* are ladylike.

Engleheart's men are manly, but an expert can identify *his* work by the mouth alone.

In the early nineteenth century the art again commenced to decline, and a completely different style of painting came in for a time. The colors were mixed with thick gumarabic, giving a heavy brilliant effect more like an oil painting than a water color, and the squared shape was generally preferred to the oval. Some quite large full lengths were painted on several sheets of ivory joined together and cemented onto cardboard. This thick gum has in many cases produced a sort of fungus which first dims the glass and eventually ruins the picture. If not removed by an expert the ivories, too, have frequently cracked when exposed to heat or dampness, owing to being fastened down, and having no play. These sheets of ivory are extremely sensitive to changes of temperature and to moisture. If one side of a sheet is wetted it will curl upwards to a half-circle like a thing of life.

* * *

We have now come to early Victorian days when the principal British miniaturist was Sir Wm. Ross, who was knighted by Queen Victoria, for whom he painted many miniatures.

But about 1830 the art had been dealt a blow by a French scene painter, Daguerre, who invented photography, and the new mechanically accurate likeness captivated everyone. Still the banner was kept waving feebly enough until 1890 when there *was another great revival,* and such an interest was taken in miniatures that painters of them sprang up everywhere (like mushrooms in the night). Sometimes some did steady work of merit, and the large majority, without experience or real ability, were turning out very poor stuff, and frequently exacting quite absurdly high fees from sitters who had nothing to guide them in selecting an artist to save the art from thus losing its dignity and to protect both themselves and the public. Several artists of standing came together in 1894 and two societies were formed in London on the same day. One was named the Society of Miniaturists and the other the Society of Miniature Painters.

The works of many applicants were inspected and only those who attained a certain standard of proficiency were elected. Others showing promise were recommended to continue the study of drawing for a year or two.

Before attempting color, the miniaturist should have a thorough grounding with pencil, pen, or etching needle in order to master the clean delicate *precision in drawing* (which has always been the mainstay of the miniature.)

Several societies in *this* country are now carrying on this good protective and educational work, and anyone employing a member can be satisfied that, at any rate, the artist knows what he or she is about and that the work will be a *genuine miniature.*

Ivory is still preferred for painting on. Not only on account of the soft pleasing effects obtainable, but because of the ease with which alterations and corrections can be made on its hard surface, which does not absorb the color. There is, too, a widespread idea that the picture is *not* a "miniature" *unless* on ivory—though, as we have seen, some of the finest *portraits* were painted on vellum or paper.

But ivory is not *only* rising greatly in price, but is yearly more difficult to obtain *at all* of the necessary quality. There may therefore be a reversion to vellum or other suitable surface.

Among many artists nowadays, there is a tendency to avoid both labor, and, particularly the *appearance* of labor—to get what they hope are "soulful" effects *with apparent* ease—and so we have the various kinds of ultra impressionism, cubists and the rest, producing, generally, crazy chaotic shapes, or perverse coloring, *or both.* But the miniaturist cannot be in that sort of a hurry, though there is sometimes a leaning towards sketchiness, or for the *wash* to predominate over the rest of the technique—line, cross hatching and stipple.

Vignetted work is also favored by some as affording "light and airy" effects. This treatment is, of course, quite legitimate.

When speaking of miniatures, the *Silhouette* calls for some mention. The word is now much used, I think, by dressmakers — "and they all *know!*"

But do they all know that the word came from a Frenchman, one Etienne de Silhouette who, in the time of Louis XV started a rage for what were then called shade or shadow pictures? To this day his name is used when we refer to an outline effect, particularly sideview, but he was not the inventor of the Silhouette portrait. (Some have greatness thrust upon them). The origin of the Silhouette is supposed to be in the full sized tracing of a shadow cast by sunshine.

Another Frenchman, named Edouard, who practiced the art in England between 1826 and 1849, cut an enormous number of these small portraits (in duplicate), the duplicater has lately been found.

Besides being cut out, the Silhouette was sometimes *painted* on card or ivory in black or orange color. Many of them exquisite works of art with an old world charm all their own. The art, never quite extinct, has had a sort of revival lately, but those posing for a Silhouette generally seem to do so more for amusement than with a view to adding to their gallery of family portraits.

* * *

TO A FRIEND BACK EAST

You who have never seen the purple storm clouds rise
And billow over Shasta's snowy steeps,
Nor watched old-gold and umber in the sunset skies
Above the pines that fringe blue Tahoe's deeps;
You who have never heard the rushing torrents' roar
As madly to Yosemite they leap
And charge full-tongued across the valley's meadowed floor—
With these you have a solemn tryst to keep!

You are an heir of many mountains' hidden lore,
And still have never heard the night winds sigh
Among the sugar pines and firs of Amador,
Nor watched from Whitney how the sunsets die;
You seek dead glacier-gravings on Monadnock's side,
And still have never seen the stately grace
With which Mount Lyell's living glaciers downward ride—
Take heed, good friend, and westward turn your face!

It was not meant that such as you should hide away
And trace the past among dead mountains' roots,
While living mountains seek aloft the brilliant day
That their grand rocks to flowing gold transmutes
Above the twilight-filling valleys dimly blue;
You have not lived until you have seen these—
So come, a neophyte, and have made known to you
The vast Sierra and its mysteries!

—WILLIAM A. BREWER, JR., in Sierra Club Bulletin for 1927

THE HOUSE OF CHRISTMAS

By G. K. Chesterton

There fared a mother driven forth
Out of an inn to roam;
In the place where she was homeless
All men are at home.
The crazy stable close at hand,
With shaking timber and shifting sand,
Grew a stronger thing to abide and stand
Than the square stones of Rome.

For men are homesick in their homes,
And strangers under the sun,
And they lay their heads in a foreign land
Whenever the day is done.
Here we have battle and blazing eyes,
And chance and honour and high surprise,
But our homes are under miraculous skies
Where the yule tale was begun.

A child in a foul stable,
Where the beasts feed and foam;
Only where He was homeless
Are you and I at home;
We have hands that fashion and heads that know,
But our hearts we lost,—how long ago!
In a place no chart nor ship can show
Under the sky's dome.

This world is wild as an old wives' tale,
And strange the plain things are;
The earth is enough and the air is enough
For our wonder and our war;
But our rest is as far as the fire-drake swings,
And our peace is put in impossible things
Where clashed and thundered unthinkable wings
Round an incredible star.

To an open house in the evening
Home shall men come,
To an older place than Eden
And a taller town than Rome,
To the end of the way of the wandering star,
To the things that cannot be and that are,
To the place where God was homeless
And all men are at home.

AMERICAN INDIAN POETRY

By INA SIZER CASSIDY

In Magazine of American Women's Club of Paris for August

IN the hurried and tumultuous life of this machine age how much of its sensitiveness has the human ear lost! Is the man in the street today keen enough of hearing to detect the rhythm of this steel age through which he hurries so blindly? Has it no message for him? Is the age of machinery to rob man of all his sensitiveness to old and primal beauty, leaving him with no beauty to replace it?

Who is there amongst us who can interpret the rhythm of the telephone wires which weave an encircling web across our heavens? We of today are unable to realize the rhythm of the ice age, the cataclysmic winds, and the crunching of the glaciers in their first slow marching to the sea, for who has ever heard them?

Have all countries lost the memory of their primal rhythm?

Those of France seem to be lost in antiquity. The rhythm of song and dance are more difficult to preserve than the rhythm of line. The dwellers of the Dordogne in those priceless prehistoric caves of the Pyrenees, no doubt had their song makers in those now forgotten days, song makers who wove into rhythmic sequence the story of their primeval life, with its simple joys and its struggles against the authority of existence in a trying age and climate. Their rhythm must have been, as with all primitive peoples, an integral part of their life living as they did so close to nature. But now this is irretrievably lost, and if some drastic action is not soon taken by the authorities even the little that is now left to the world, the rhythmic lines of those early peoples will be lost to the present generation.

The dwellers in the wonderful prehistoric caves of Niaux have left fragments of the pictorial record of their lives, it is true, but what of the songs sung by the returning hunters bringing back to their cave homes the carcasses of those newly slain buffaloes which are now the only remaining evidence that a people once lived in these caves? What of the love songs sung by courting swains, or of the lullabies which lulled to sleep the brown eyed babes and echoed softly through the passage ways? What of the war songs sung by the strong armed bowmen, or the lament of a bereaved father over the loss of a beloved son? And the chants to the dead? Where are they, for the soul of primitive man must have chants to accompany him on his long journey to the Other Land.

We of today know only the rhythms of the France of Villon, of Ronsard, of du Bellay and those who followed, and this was many centuries removed from the song makers of the Caves of Niaux. The primitive rhythms of a country are lost when civilization arrives and takes possession. Or at its best its remnants are preserved only in the folk songs of the countryside.

In America we are fortunate in having arrived not too late to find, by hunting, the rhythms of the first dwellers of a new land, for our Red Indians, or Amerinds, still live in certain isolated sections of our country, and have preserved in their songs and dance ceremonials much of the rhythm handed down from their early ancestors. As they had no written language in which to record their songs we have been slow to discover and learn much of their culture, which although vast, has largely existed within the memories of their own priests and in their religious ceremonials.

Fortunately, however, our government under the Smithsonian Bureau, had quite early, yet not early enough, realized the importance of gathering and preserving as much of this important material as was possible at so late a date. A few poets, unhappily too few, of America have gone to these records for the purpose of studying the new rhythms and from their acquaintance with them a still less number has been led to the Indian himself for further study. For my part I went to the Indian first, perhaps because he was to me easier of access, living as I did so near to his home. Later I found the government records.

It is not an easy thing to analyze the rhythm of the Indian in his dance ceremonials and his songs, for his is an intricate pattern, including as it does, and needing for its interpretation, the body rhythms acting and reacting harmoniously with the thought rhythms of the particular mood the song maker is trying to induce. Amerindian poetry is not informative poetry. This is not its purpose. Its aim is to bring about in the individual a change of rhythmic mood for the purpose of harmonizing his being with the rhythmic being of the object of his song. This is the reason that the Anglo Saxon finds it so difficult, and so few are able to translate or transcribe the full beauty of these primitive songs.

The Amerindian rhythm is the rhythm of the earth and of the air; of growing things; of the beginnings of things. In their belief in the "Oneness" of all things and their desire to harmonize themselves with it, they have captured the nature rhythms:

Swaying bodies in the wind,
Tramping feet upon the sand,
Booming thunder in the air as it
rolls
From mountain top to valley.
With the lightning flash
And the black thunder crash
As the Sky Father
Mother Earth impregnates with his
force,
Spell the rhythm of the dancers,
Spell the rhythms of the earth.

Mary Austin of Santa Fe, is one of the outstanding writers on this subject of primitive American rhythm. She is successful in transcribing the rhythm and mood as well, and is able to make it intelligible to her readers. Her book, *The American Rhythm* is well worth the careful study of those interested in this fascinating subject. Mrs. Austin has devoted years to its study, living among the Indians and hearing at first hand the songs of their priests and song makers. In her *Lament of a Man for His Son,* she has successfully caught the rhythm and the mood of Amerindian verse at its best.

The poetic form of these first people of America follows the pattern of the rugged landscape where lies their home. It is sometimes rugged, sometimes harsh, generally austere, but always it is the genuine gesture of a sincere, albeit a simple nature. Mary Austin holds that if America is ever to develop a poetic form of its own, a form distinct from the old world classical forms, it will come largely from the students of primal rhythmic forms of the new world, and in these the Ameridian rhythms predominate. To feel the correctness of her position one has but to hear the recorded song poems of these primitive people, to be found in Mrs. Austin's *American Rhythm,* in Natalie Curtis' *The Indian's Book,* and in *Indian Love Lyrics,* an anthology of Indian love songs compiled by Miss Nellie Barnes of the University of Nebraska. Natalie Curtis was a resident of Paris for a number of years. Alice Corbin, formerly associate editor of *Poetry,* has a number of very fine Amerindian poems in her volume of verse *Red Earth.*

That the contribution to American literature from the Indian is rich, and will continue to yield a richer strain as it is more and more explored, cannot be denied. What could be more deeply reverent and consecrated than the following song, *The Warriors' Invocation,* which I gathered at a Pueblo ceremony in memory of the days when the home of every peace loving Puebleño was the object of attack by the marauding plains tribes who came every autumn after the harvest had been gathered to despoil him of the harvest he had so hardly wrung from the arid land:

Lords of the Six World quarters,
The North and the West, the South and the East;
Lords of the Up Above and the Down Below!
For your defense I come!
I bring you my war club,
I bring you my flint;
I bring you my shield and my bow.
Lords of the Earth and the Sky,
I give you of my strength,
Lords of the Earth and the Sky
Your protection I pray!
Make of my enemies a weak woman;
Make their arrows of no avail
Lords of the Six World quarters,
Give me of your strength and your wisdom;
Lords of the nethermost world quarters
Your son comes before you now;
Listen to my song and my dance,
O Brothers,
Listen to my prayer.

The Pueblo Indian recognizes six points of the compass, the four cardinal points with the zenith and nadir added. All nature forces are personified by him and he recognizes himself as brother to all and one with all.

Here is the story song of the creation, which I got from an old Zuni Pueblo high priest:

In the dawning of the daylight,
In the beginning of the world,
From the womb of the earth my people came.
With the rumbling of eruptions,
With the tremblings of the earthquakes
They were born.
In the blackness of a midnight,
In the formlessness of Time
They had waited for the Word
To emerge.
In the stillness He had spoken,
In the silence they had heard Him
And obeyed.

That the red man has a sense of beauty is shown by this daylight song of the Navajo Indian, who lives next door to the Pueblo Indian:

It is daylight!
The Day-light Boy has brought it;
From the place of Dawn he has brought it.
The curtain of daybreak he has flung out;
Before him as it dawns it is hanging,
Behind him at dawn it is hanging,
In beauty it hangs.
It is daylight!

Now comes the Day-light Boy;
All is beautiful before us,
The world is beautiful before us,
The Day-light Boy is beautiful;
All is beautiful before us and
around us;
He is here,
The Day-light Boy is here,
All is beautiful with us.

The Amerind depends upon repetition of phrase and rhythm to work in him and his listeners the desired mood, which is to harmonize himself with the elements upon which he is dependent. So the task of the recorder is difficult. He must know when to cut and when to condense. This Day-light song is seventeen verses in length, but the essence of the song I have condensed into these two verses, for the Anglo Saxon mind cannot hold the mood as the red man can.

Their songs of love and of home follow very closely the rhythms of the heart emotions, being plaintive as the cooing of the wild pigeon, or the throbbing of rising sap in springtime.

From these examples of Amerindian songs it can be seen that America has in them a rich heritage.

* * *

THE RED MAN'S ALTAR

By Ina Sizer Cassidy

Son of Nature, copper-skinned and stalwart,
Environed by cactus covered hills,
Your altar is no costly thing of wood and shining brass,
Starred by burning candles.

Your altar is a rock,
Rain-stained, frost-mottled, ages old,
Resting on an arid hillside.
Wild shrub and desert flowers
Are your costly broideries;
Tall stemmed yuccas reaching skyward
Are your candles;
While bee-balm, aconite and juniper
Distill incense for your devotions.

DOSTOÏEVSKI IN FRANCE

By VLADIMIR POZNER

In August Number Magazine of the American Women's Club of Paris

IN our days in France, Dostoïevski, of all foreign writers is, if not, the most popular, at all events the most in vogue. Every day new translations of his old works are published, and his ideas as a writer influence the reading public, while Tolstoi and Tourguenev are completely neglected, Chekov and Gogol are known only by the elite, and as for Leskov and Rosanov, they are not even translated.

It is a strange thing, but it seems that the French reader can digest only one Russian at a time. The first was Tourguenev, obliged to give place to Tolstoi, who was dethroned in his turn by Dostoïevski. Tomorrow it may be Gogol, or even Chekov of whom M. André Maurois has said, "he is perhaps the greatest of all."

We know that the popularity of Dostoïevski in France has been of slow and painful growth. The first of his novels to be published in French, in 1884, were *Crime and Punishment* and *The Insulted and Injured.* The first translators of Dostoïevski were certain Frenchmen who knew their own language admirably, but Russian not so well, and from that time editions of his works have increased steadily. Not less than eleven of them appeared between 1886 and 1890. During this period the translators for the most part were Russians who, although they understood the text of Dostoïevski extremely well, were not able to transpose it into the corresponding French. Certain novels when translated are often incomprehensible, which is not calculated to render easy the task of the reader.

I might mention in passing that the titles of the works are frequently mutilated; thus we have *The Brothers Karamazov* called *The Soul of a Child* and *The Stages of Folly,* and what is more serious, *The Possessed* instead of *Demons.* Melchior de Vogüe is responsible for the latter unjustifiable change. On the contrary, one certain title has not even been translated, namely *Krotkaïa.* (If I am not mistaken M. André Gide translates this word as "timid"; *douce* "mild" would have been preferable, if it could suggest a shade of humility.) Whereas for the *Memoires écrits dans un souterrain* I have found four different titles, and all of them inexact, the Russian word *podpolie* which some translate by "subterranean" and others by "underground," has no equivalent in any European language. Then too these early translations have another more serious defect; they are for the greater part only adaptations.

Between 1890 and 1900 nothing of importance was published, except a few short stories and tales. In 1902, *A Raw Youth* appeared, in 1904, *A Writer's Diary,* in 1906, *The Village of Stepanchikovo.* Today the French public has the works of Dostoïevski complete. The translations have become more exact, more faithful, something like maps of Africa in which, in the course of years, the blank spaces have been filled up by newly discovered forests, deserts and rivers. But we were obliged to wait until the end of the war before irreproachable translations were forthcoming. At last the French are able to judge Dostoïevski, in so far as it is possible to judge a writer from a translation. So much for the translators. Now for French comments upon Dostoïevski.

Melchior de Voguë was the first to introduce Dostoïevski into France: this one fact is of such importance that we can overlook all his errors. It is obvious that the author of *The Russian Novel* was not able to penetrate into the real essence of Dostoïevski, he only valued those qualities which identified the author of *The Idiot* with the realistic school. All the other qualities he classifies as *étrange* and passes over in silence. Moreover, he maintains that with *Crime and Punishment,* the author's talent had reached its highest expression; he says not a word about *The Brothers Karamazov,* for "by common consent, very few Russians have had the courage to read that endless story." Finally, he declares that all the characters of Dostoïevski ought to have been under the treatment of an alienist.

Since Melchior de Voguë, writers who have dealt with Dostoïevski merely underline his strangeness and seek to explain it. Certainly many of them believe to have found the solution in the fact that the author of *The Idiot* was neurotic and epileptic; a mad writer, who produced mad works. But this explanation seemed to be unsatisfactory. Then someone suggested that the books are what they are because their author and his characters were Russians. About this time the conception of *l'âme slave* made its appearance. In reality, the springs which set the heroes of Dostoïevski in action still remained as unknown as in the past, but the critics declared that there could be no explanation, when one was concerned with *l'âme slave.* All seemed clear, though nothing was made clear. O, *âme slave,* I should like to consecrate to you an article in which there would be some discussion of the real spirit of nihilism, of the song of the Volga boatmen, of the mystic love and of the caviar eaten at every meal without spoon or fork. Soul of the Slav, a specious pretext for French writers from Abel Hermant to Emile Zavie, from Paul Morand to Maurice Dekobra for attributing to their heroes certain gratuitous actions without aim or motive for the single reason that they are swayed by names vaguely Slav. One day, I heard a Russian say: "When Russian students meet to have a cup of tea they talk about God; their French fellows, when they assemble together, dance the cancan around the monument of August Comte." I shall never make a Frenchman believe that the first part of this statement is as false as the second.

But to continue, the conception of Dostoïevski personifying Russia leads to that of a Russia interpreted in terms of Dostoïevski. And as the characters created by the writer have not been understood, an erroneous idea of the typical "incomprehensible Russian" has been formed.

What standards have the French taken wherewith to conceive the Russian character? Raskolnikov, Stavroguine and also Ivan Karamazov. Now, it is exactly these latter who in the eyes of the author are intended to be representative of the Occident, Europe. Let us not forget that Stavroguine, for instance, proclaimed that, "I have nothing in common with Russia." The true Russian for Dostoïevski is Zossima or Aliosha Karamazov of whom, to my knowledge, scarcely any French critic has spoken. Thus, we see that not only an imaginary Russian type has been created, untrue to life, but moreover that the type has been determined by the least Russian characters in the novels of Dostoïevski.

The fact is that the Russian writer has as small a reason to take a character such as Ivan Karamazov for the true exponent of the European spirit as his critics have to consider him as a Russian type. Dostoïevski goes beyond national frontiers; he designs figures belonging to humanity. To judge Russia by Stavroguine is like speaking of Denmark as if every Dane were a Hamlet, with this simple difference that the Russian writer, more realistic, has attributed to his personages certain exterior traits to place them in time and space. I shall return to this peculiarity of Dostoïevski. Raskolnikov might as well have been French or English as Russian. Romeo is neither Italian nor English; Phedra is no more Cretan than French. Shakespeare, Racine, and Dostoïevski do not stop to paint peculiarities of costume or of pronunciation, they go directly to the human soul. It is to be noticed that in order to form an idea of the Russians, the French generally take writers such as Tolstoi and Dostoïevski, who describe mankind, instead of studying such authors as Goncharov, Ostrovski, and Chekov who, inferior by this very fact, limit themselves to writing of Russia.

French critics are wrong in believing Raskolnikov the most Russian of Russians. However they are not the only ones to fall into that error: many Russians have committed the same fault before them. The fact has been observed that Dostoïevski describes certain personages who resemble in no way those of other novelists: the reason for this was supposed to be due to their nationality. But nationality counted for nothing: these characters were always the same men considered from a new angle. A world apart, M. André Suarès writes. I should say rather: another manner of treating our world. Novelty, not of the object, but of the subject.

This is no place to discuss either the art of Dostoïevski or his originality. If I were permitted to employ cinemagraphic terms, I should say that the Russian writer gives a painting *au ralenti* of accelerated sentiments, although I have no intention of thus summarizing all the work of the author. I should only like to add in support of my theory, that the actions of Dostoïevski's heroes are the realizations of subconscious desires common to all mankind. Here again the writer sounds such a depth that racial differences do not count, so to speak. Each of us has at some hour, no matter when, of his existence, the furtive idea, well-nigh unconscious, of murder, of robbery, of suicide. Dostoïevski has put these obscure impulses upon his stage. He did this because he was a realist. In order to make myself clearer I shall compare him to Proust. With this writer everything is the might-be, everything is supposition, he has recourse constantly to the conditional. Dostoïevski, who delved in the same layer of human sensations as the author of *A la recherche du temps perdu,* could not write without concerning himself with the matter of fact. All thought or impulses are carried out in action, or at least in words, and in the case of Dostoïevski the words have often a greater bearing than the actions. He cannot write a single page without translating the impulses or the thoughts of his heroes into action. The reader will remember the dialogue of Ivan Karamazov with the Devil, overflowing with instances and anecdotes, or the recital of Prince Myshkine relating his four encounters. From this the character of improbability and of conduct "without motive and without definite aim" often arises. In every one of his hallucinations Dostoïevski continues to be realistic. He says himself, "I am only a realist in the most elevated sense of the word; I paint all the depths of the human soul." Thus, realist, and also criminologist. We must not forget that *The Brothers Karamazov* is as much a clever detective story as a statement of philosophical doctrine. I lack space to show the connecting links which join Dostoïevski to Eugène Sue whom he admired so much.

Even now, the French critics have not yet commenced to study the art of Dostoïevski, all their attention is concentrated upon his philosophical conceptions. Thus, they neglect those of his works which are no less perfect, although free from all ideology; they never mention *Netochka Nezvanova, The Village of Stepanchikovo, The Gambler,* or *A Raw Youth,* which latter may well be the best novel of Dostoïevski. Nevertheless, if they examined these works, especially those written before 1850, they would probably give up another legend which has been built around the Russian author. People who speak about Dostoïevski affirm that he owes all to his prison experiences. Some of them even say that the works he wrote before 1850 are "mediocre and of very small value." *Netochka Nezvanova* mediocre? Perhaps; but Dostoïevski has put his entire self into these stories. Dostoïevski, I repeat once more, is not a prophet, nor the Messiah, he is a writer, not making his appearance in literature as *deus ex machina.* He owes more to Gogol than to the prison, not forgetting Lermontov, whose novel *The Countess Ligovskaïa,* unhappily left unfinished, contains signs of the coming of Dostoïevski. The least original work of the Russian writer is just that one which has been directly inspired by the prison, *The House of the Dead,* but from *Poor People* to *The Brothers Karamozov,* one follows a straight line which deepens and enriches as it goes.

I now come to the last point. Dostoïevski belongs to that class of writers which we might well call "aggressive." The works of such writers propagate of themselves in every land. The contagion of the philosophy of the Russian novelist becomes every day more apparent, yesterday in Germany, today in France. The French critics cannot help feeling it; the better to fight the danger, they try to explain the Russian author's mood: explained, Dostoïevski would cease to be dangerous. Critics relegate successively either him or his heroes to the mad house, to Russia, to dreams, to the unreal. At heart, they are in a state of confusion. Some of them content themselves in mocking him. Others, as for instance, M. Edmond Jaloux, make an effort to prove that Dostoïevski's heroes are not so tainted as it is generally admitted and that there are no grounds for alarm.

In discussing the ideas of Dostoïevski certain critics see in them "the religion of suffering," others "an evangelical spirit," others again "a profusion of love." All this can be found in Dostoïevski, but that is not the essential. Alone, M. André Gide has spoken, with regard to the Russian writer, of "some points of sadism." He has found the right road. Dostoïevski is not all love and humility, he has in himself some unsuspected and terrible forces. Evidently one cannot render a writer responsible for the ideas of his characters, but one must not forget at the same time that these characters have been called into being by their creator. I am not sure whether Dostoïevski has put into the mouths of Raskolnikov and Ivan Karamazov certain destructive ideas for the simple purpose of attacking them. Everywhere, in his works, in the dialogue between Ivan and the Devil, in that of Christ with the Grand Inquisitor, doubt persists. A spirit of negation, of corruption broods over all the work of the writer. "Points of sadism;" rather integral sadism. Not "religion of suffering" but the sadistic voluptuousness of suffering.

This is remarkably evident when Dostoïevski speaks of women. "According to me," writes M. André Suarès, "he looks for virginity in every woman," and he hastens to add: "his motive in doing so is not vicious." It is more than probable that his motive was vicious. People speak so much of these prostitutes to whom the writer has given a pure heart. Such a conception may find its due place in *Resurrection* but not in *Crime and Punishment.* It is well to know if, by a refinement of corruption, Dostoïevski has not given to some pure hearts the bodies of prostitutes. This may seem a play upon words, but really the art of Dostoïevski is too troubled and troubling to be received with benevolence. An odour of death and of corruption that would be vain to sprinkle with perfumes exudes from every work of the writer.

Moreover, we Russians are in a better position to judge of the corrosive virtue of his books. We recognise the influence they have exercised upon Russia in reading the works of the Dostoïevskian school, of Rozanov and Sologoob, of Remizov and Andreï Bely, and we cannot forget how much of corruption is enclosed in all these metaphysics of death and of sex. But is that not the reason of Dostoïevski's success in Europe?

THE MUSIC MAKERS

We are the music makers,
And we are the dreamers of dreams,
Wandering by lone sea-breakers,
And sitting by desolate streams;
World-losers and world-forsakers,
On whom the pale moon gleams;
Yet we are the movers and shakers
Of the world forever, it seems.

With wonderful deathless ditties
We build up the world's great cities.
And out of a fabulous story
We fashion an empire's glory.
One man with a dream, at pleasure,
Shall go forth and conquer a crown;
And three with a new song's measure
Can trample an empire down.

—ARTHUR O'SHAUGHNESSY.

I know not where His islands lift
Their fronded palms in air—
I only know I cannot drift
Beyond His love and care.

—WHITTIER

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EDITORIAL

ON another page in this issue of the WOMEN'S CITY CLUB MAGAZINE is an announcement of a poetry competition, the launching of which has been contemplated by the Magazine Committee for several months.

That there is a wealth of creative literary instinct in the West has been patent to the committee since the publication of the early numbers of the magazine, and it has appeared that a contest is the best means of tapping the reservoir. Never a month has passed without one or two creditable poems and several ordinary poems being sent to the editor.

The urge to poesy would seem to be indigenous to California.

Heretofore Western writers have ridden Pegasus to New York in the knowledge that there was the most profitable market for their output, and they will probably continue to do so until the Pacific Coast has established its own literary tribunals and proven sufficient unto itself in its artistic judgments.

Almost imperceptibly the literary center is shifting. Chicago has laid claim to being the hub, and her contentions are not without merit.

Greece was the seat of the Muses for a lengthy era, and Greece, geographically, was insignificant as compared to the Pacific Slope of the American continent. "The mountains look on Marathon and Marathon looks on the sea" is not truer of Hellenic locale than of American. That a splendid American culture will be reared on the western edge of this continent is the prophecy of students who have observed the star of empire and its ways. There is a tradition in New York that to be from California is half of the struggle for recognition.

The poet acknowledged as the greatest since Whitman and Swinburne lives at Carmel. He is Robinson Jeffers, said to have caught the Greek spirit more definitely than any since Anacreon. It may be that he is but the forerunner of others of a Western constellation, for the history of literature discloses a tendency of great poets to cluster in eras or localities, as in the instance of Longfellow, Holmes, Whittier, Irving and Emerson.

If, in the development of a Pacific literature, this or any other publication plays a part, infinitesimal though it may seem, the Golden Age is hastened just that much. For it is certain to be, and the West is destined to be the new Greece.

The WOMEN'S CITY CLUB MAGAZINE hopes, later in the year, to sponsor a short story competition.

The Poetry Contest is now on!

THE THEATER AS IT IS CONCEIVED AND PRESENTED BY GREAT ARTISTS OF THE ORIENT

By MRS. ISABEL STINE LEIS

IF I should say to you, "Picture to yourself a high type of drama, add something of grand opera, something of the Russian ballet, most rhythmic dancing, stunning plastic poses, and one lovely stage picture after another," you would say, "What *can* that be?"

I would answer, "Kabuki, the Japanese popular drama."

Were you to see such a performance, you would say: "The costumes were the most beautiful I have ever seen, the make-ups were fascinating, the pantomime was very fine, but—what awful and absurd noises; and why did a man in the wings talk and sing at different intervals, making such peculiar sounds?"

I would then answer, "They are not awful and absurd noises, they may seem very strange at the first hearing, but they are so much a part of the performance that one learns to love the Jorori—name given to this form of music from early minstrelsy, because of the tales of love and adventure of Lady Jorori—and a performance without this music seems flat and pale. The men who sing are as famous as the actors and have as much attention given them on the programmes and theater banners. Their part is an art that has grown with the growth of the drama."

The Jorori, or chorus, opens the play of Chushingura with these words: "Though there be delicate food, we can not relish it unless we taste it, and so, when peace has been restored, the loyalty and valor of gallant warriors remain unrevealed, like the stars which are hidden from view by day, but appear at night scattered through the heavens. And here is an instance in point. Now peace reigns over the land. It is the latter part of the second month of the first year of the Era of Ryaku-á. The Lord Ashikaga Takuaji has overthrown Nitta Yoshisada, and has built a palace in Kyoto. His virtuous rule has spread in all directions and the whole nation bows before his might as the grass before the wind."

Besides the chorus, which sings intermittently, there is a soft running accompaniment of the samisen—somewhat larger than the ones seen in the tea houses in Japan—played in perfect rhythm with the dialogue. In the dramatic moments the drum is used in just the right, charming, reserved manner; then the flute in the sadder moments, all making a delightful balance for sight, sound and thought.

In watching a performance of Kabuki for the first time where maybe much seems foreign to our ideas of dramatic treatment, what must one think who is not versed in our traditions of stage craft, when hearing the delivery of a Shakespearean actor, of the stilted dialogue of the Greek drama, the artificiality, not only of voice, but of acting and gesture of our own coloraturas, our tenors, with their throaty nuances denoting great grief and passion, the rolling of the R's by the whole cast, or those able to do this trick. How do *these* sound to the uninitiated?

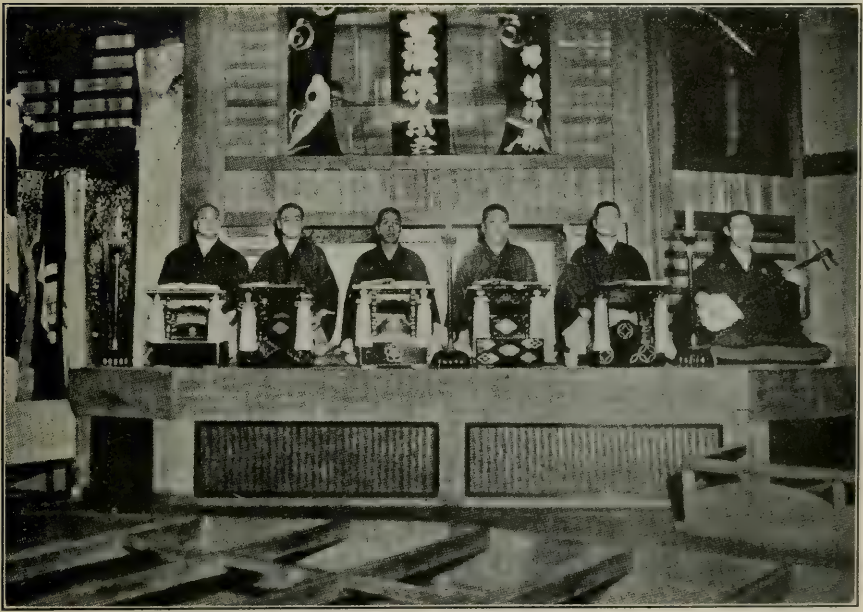
I wish every one visiting the Kabuki theater might be familiar with the text, but as far as I know only two Japanese plays have been translated into English: Chushingura, for one—first as a novel done by Frederick Victor Dickens, and the last as a play by Count Jukichi Inouye, who was at one time ambassador to England—and "Lady Komachi," translated by the head interpreter of the British Embassy in Tokyo, but not yet published.

It is a great pity for the world not to know more of the beautiful literature of Japan.

Every one who has made translations says the same thing—that it is most difficult. The play upon words, or "pivot" words, the "pillow" words and the involved meanings that are understood by only those familiar with the Chinese classics, making it a monstrous task.

Of course the plays of the "Noh" drama are much more difficult than those of the doll theater or Kabuki to translate. But there are a number published. As they are short, occupying for performance but an hour, that may be the reason.

The Japanese stage is a very great *art,* and almost wholly undiscovered. Max Reinhardt has taken the revolving stage and the Hanamichi—flowery way, or run-way through the audience—and made it his own, and a few authors, poets and producers have gained their inspiration from the same source—such as Butler Yeats from the "Noh" drama, and John Masefield for his play called "The Faithful." This is the same story as Chushingura though with much of the beauty left



Joruri Chanters Ready to Sing

out as given to the play by the Japanese dramatist, Takeda Izumo, a great author and one who had collaborated with Chikamatsu Monzaemon — 1652-1734 — the Shakespeare of Japan, many times.

Chushingura is one of the plays of the story of the Forty-seven Ronin—Ronin means outlaw Samurai, those who either by their fault or the fault of their master have forfeited their allegiance to their lord. This play is perhaps best known to the Western world through the many prints made of it by Hokusai, Hiroshige, and others.

Kabuki seems to be the last art in Japan to be accepted by the Western world. Many love it, many write about it, but the world at large has this treasure yet to see.

Onoe Baiko as "The Wistaria Maiden," in a descriptive dance

Ichimura Uzaemon XIII had a contract to go to Germany to play, but the war prevented. Thus was delayed the debut to the world of the Kabuki drama, though America and Europe still remember the great impression created by Sadiako and her husband, Kawakami, when they toured in 1900. Yet they had no standing as actors in Japan. Sadiako was a Geisha and Kawakami was never a great actor at home.

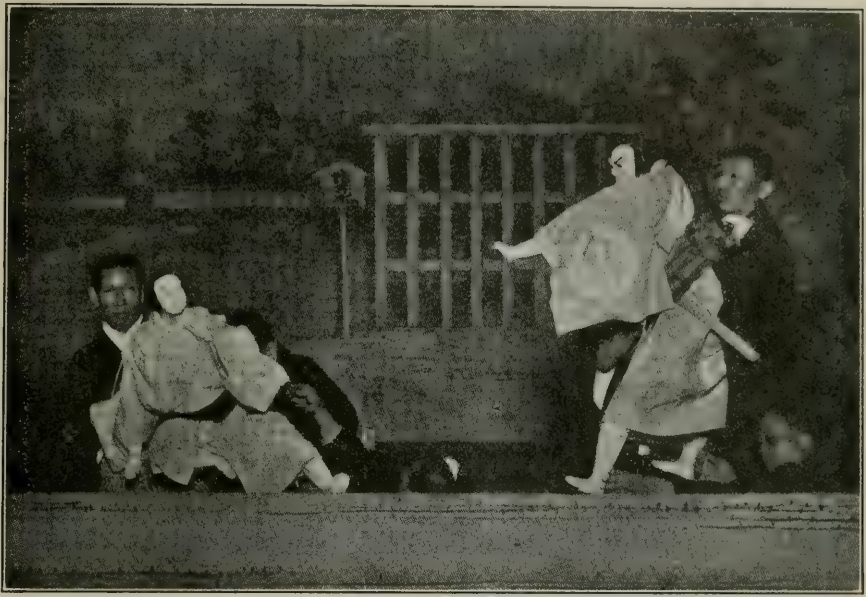
There are four different types of plays in Kabuki (I do not refer to the "Noh" drama at all, nor to the long posture dances):

1. The clan plays—fascinating historical dramas;
2. The plays dealing with court and official life;
3. The romances of plain people, and
4. Last, but not least, the plays that the Japanese people seem to adore, dealing with supernatural beings, as spiders, foxes, ghosts, and so forth, which come back to real life, bent on mischief and revenge.

There are many actors that specialize in these parts, and one family, the Kikugore family, has done this for generations. Kikugore VI is now a young man and the best dancer on the stage in Japan. He is of course a great actor too, and many of his most popular roles do not require dancing at all.

Onoe Baiko, the leading onnogata—man playing women's roles—at the Imperial Theatre in Tokyo, is famous also in this type of acting. One can imagine that these spectre roles give the actors great opportunities for acting and costuming.

It is interesting how families



Scene from the gorgeously colored "Fan of the Girl," a Puppet Play by Chikamatsu Hanji

specialize in different types of plays, which of course bring out different types of acting. Nakamura Ganjiro, now Japan's most famous actor, prefers the romantic roles; the nine Danjures—father to son or master to pupil—preferred what they called the "rough roles," those calling for exaggerated acting and make-ups for warrior or robber roles, though not all warrior roles are "rough acting" roles. Seventy per cent of the romantic roles have their settings in the gay quarter because at the time that they were written Confucianism was so prevalent, and life among the upper classes so puritanical that the authors had to go to the "gay quarter" for their stories.

When one learns that a large percentage of the plays by the various playwrights, and all of those written by Chikamatsu, the Shakespeare of Japan, were written for the Doll Theatre, much more will be understood about the acting in Kabuki-za. The actors have gone to the dolls to a certain extent for their inspiration, and beautiful are the results.

One could write pages about the Doll Theatre. The dolls are manipulated by men standing back of them, not one, but many to a doll. So real seem the dolls that very soon after entering the theater you have forgotten that these are only marionettes. I can tell many stories of plays that I have seen on the Japanese stage, and can not remember whether I saw the dolls or the real actors do them, so real seemed the acting of the marionettes.

In one of my first experiences at a Kabuki Theatre in Japan, a young girl, the daughter of a fisherman, wanted to save a young prince who

Nakamura Ganjiro
Nestor of the Japanese Stage

was in hiding, and for whom a great reward had been offered. She knew her father intended to kill him, and she wanted to save his life. Instead of her acquainting the audience through word of mouth of her plans, two Korumbo—property men dressed all in black, with black masks—came from the wings, placed two swords, one on each side, under her arms, a third Korumbo stood at the side of the stage patting the floor to imitate her steps, and there she did a most lovely dance. I said to my companion, the only newspaper woman in Japan, "It is perfect, but what is it?" She said, "That is a doll dance." When the actress, or I should say "Onnogato" — man playing woman's part—finished, she toppled over on her side and was carried out just as if she were a doll.

The doll gestures are not trivial or stiff, as one would think, but a charming mode of expression.

Of course all plays do not express the doll acting, but often a response to a question would bring out the answer, "Why, that is the way the dolls would do it."

Many people know that suggestion plays a large part in the Japanese drama. A stage fight is a charming piece of stage movement. Things are not acted out to the bitter end, and the audience plays a large part in the performance of Kabuki.

The prejudice against the stage by the upper class Japanese is fast breaking down, as it has done with the prints, which were originally made to advertise the stage and the "Gay Quarter," which, of course, accounts largely for the prejudice.

After one is familiar with the stories of the stage, the present day actors and the actors of long ago, one often is able to recognize faces and the names of the characters. And how exciting to see on the stage one's favorite prints! Realizing the motive of the play, the portrayal of filial piety, loyalty to overlord, and so forth, one cannot criticize the great tragedies one sees on the stage in Japan. Western audiences can understand a sense of honor so great that to live on after dishonoring one's lord, either knowingly or unknowingly, cannot be thought of, but to sell a wife into slavery to raise money to help one's lord, or to kill one's own beloved child in order that some heir apparent can be passed off as one's own, and thus mislead the enemy who thinks that he has extinguished the line forever, is difficult for the Occidental mind to digest all at once. But we do not know the stringency of those feudal days which are so rich in stories and song—nor how much was demanded of the loyal followers of the Daimios.

Any belief that the Japanese are cruel is very unjust. The tiniest bit of tragedy brings out a delicate little rustle that is all too fascinating to hear, and often when the paper handkerchiefs were needed I have cried too — though not on paper handkerchiefs! The Japanese tragedies are far more appealing than the Shakespearean, and I can imagine the horror of the Japanese at such plays as King Lear, Hamlet and Othello. A person made crazy through love and grief is honored, and lovingly tended, and a wife who is untrue is sent home to her father, and not choked.

Because of its isolation Japan has had great freedom in developing its own drama far apart from Western influence, as has been the case with its painting, gardening and sister arts, but one feels sad when wondering if these too will go with its architecture, its music and its chirography.

The one great consolation is in thinking of those wonderful men who many years ago went to Japan and have given us such rich inheritances in either their works of translation or their commentaries and critical essays, Basil Hall Chamberlin, W. E. Aston, Fenolossa, Josiah Conder, Lord Redsdale, Sir Ernest Satow and many others, to say nothing of the younger writers, Zoe Kinkaed, Katherine Ball and many Japanese themselves who are awakening to their own more and more.

ANNUAL ELECTION

The Annual Election of members of the Board of Directors for the term 1928-1931 will be held on Monday, January 9, between the hours of 9 A. M. and 6 P. M. in the clubhouse. Ballots may be secured in advance at the information desk on the fourth floor and may be mailed, but must bear a postmark not later than January 9, 1928. The By-Laws provide that there shall be a fine of twenty-five cents imposed on each member who fails to vote.

There are ten vacancies to be filled on the Board of Directors and in order that the spirit of democracy may be fostered in all the activities of the League, the Nominating Committee are presenting the names of fourteen members who have consented to serve as directors.

The names of the candidates are posted on the bulletin board on the fourth floor of the club. Each member of the club is urged to vote.

* * *

Lehman Lectures

So successful was the course of lectures upon "Literature, Old and New," given by Professor Benjamin Lehman of the University of California, that the committee in charge has been importuned to arrange a course for the opening weeks of the New Year.

Mrs. Edward Rainey, chairman of the committee, announces a course of eight lectures for Tuesday mornings at 11 o'clock, beginning January 24 and concluding March 13. The lectures will be given in the Auditorium of the Women's City Club, 465 Post street, and will be open to the public. That is, other than club members may purchase tickets. The course is four dollars. Single admission will be seventy-five cents.

BOOKS OF THE MONTH

Reviewed by INGLIS FLETCHER

STUDIES IN COMPARISON

If an author believed what reviewers said about his work he would spend his time between the Seventh Heaven and the lowest depths. In order to live normally he must cultivate the middle course of Kipling's Thomlinson, "not good enough for Heaven or bad enough for Hell."

We have persuaded Charles Caldwell Dobie to give us a few cuttings from the opinions of some book reviewers on his late volume of short stories "The Arrested Moment" and his novel "Less Than Kin."

Mr. Dobie is considered by the greatest authorities on literature in this country to be one of the most distinguished writers of short stories in America. He writes of San Francisco and California in a style that is as interesting as it is original. The following criticisms show a wide difference of opinion:

"THE ARRESTED MOMENT"

It is not for the reviewer to parade his preferences, but he does like "Laughter," and the better after a second reading. — *George Douglas, "The Bulletin."*

Following so fast upon the heels of Ernest Hemingway's new volume of short stories, "The Arrested Moment" of Charles Caldwell Dobie's furnishes an interesting contrast. There is nothing of Hemingway's taut prose and pervasive dialogue of these short stories of Mr. Dobie's. The twelve short stories in this volume are written in the old tradition. They are leisurely and rich in explanatory passages of psychology. — *"Public Ledger" (Philadelphia).*

His characters are important and are capable of further rounding in the reader's mind. — *"Public Ledger" (Philadelphia).*

Mr. Dobie is a subtle artist with a careful feeling for words and an ironic vision of life which makes his stories

Where "Laughter" is traditional in its method of telling, it is also melodramatic, and the horror of death fails to move the reader to any depths. . . . Mr. Dobie should concentrate on stories like "The Cracked Teapot" and let the murder-mongers perform in their lesser spheres. — *New York "Times."*

A comparison of "Laughter," the last story in the collection, with Hemingway's "The Killers" is both interesting and informative. . . . Stack it up aside of "The Killers" and it at once becomes evident that an ounce of suggestion is worth a pound of statement in fiction. — *New York "Times."*

(Note: As an excerpt this might be misleading. The reviewer means to award the palm to Hemingway.)

These stories are precisely what might be expected from such a source —effective *but not particularly distinguished tales* with a popular appeal. —*"Saturday Review of Literature."*

things of workmanlike excellence.—*"Public Ledger" (Philadelphia.)*

"Laughter" is the best story in the book.—*Fletcher.*

That it is hard for a man to beat his own fundamental urge seems to be one of Mr. Dobie's surest convictions, and this thesis is evident in many of the stories.—*Donald White ("Evanston News").*

The expectancy of each tale is held high and the denouement strictly inevitable. A keen, psychologist, Mr. Dobie keeps his characters, true to form.—*Boston "Transcript."*

They are certainly among the finest short stories ever written in this country and give Mr. Dobie indisputable rank among the masters of a difficult art.—*Gertrude Atherton.*

Every one of Dobie's dozen tales is a jewel. *He runs the gamut of human motives* and emotions, suspense, terror, courage, charity, conscience, romance, sham and the thrill of escape and the chase.—*Oliver Sayler.*

Among the stories included none is better than "The Cracked Teapot." —*Boston "Transcript."*

Mr. Dobie's favorite theme is sacrifice.—*"Saturday Review of Literature."*

Conscience seems to interest Mr. Dobie most.—*Oliver Sayler.*

What happens in these stories is possible but scarcely plausible and *not in the least convincing. — New Orleans "Picayune."*

They are typical magazine fiction, *elaborately artificial in plot. — New Orleans "Picayune."*

Within a limited field Mr. Dobie makes his points surely and unerringly. —*"Saturday Review of Literature."*

Mr. Dobie busies himself less with what his personages spiritually spell; he sees them rather in external attributes of drama — *Uffington Valentine, in San Francisco "Argonaut."*

"LESS THAN KIN"

The style is smooth, pleasing, personal and finished. — *San Francisco "Bulletin."*

. . . Adrienne's acceptance of love without marriage is developed with understanding in its earlier episodes and vividness in its closing ones.—*Amy Loveman ("Saturday Review of Literature").*

The most striking and memorable figure in the book is the repellant Selina Parsons. — *C. E. Beckwith (Philadelphia "Public Ledger").*

The ending is satisfactory and modern.—*Gertrude Atherton.*

Mr. Dobie writes better than the magazine average, *but not too well.— New Orleans "Times-Picayune."*

Just why a girl of seventeen should refuse to marry the man she loves is not made clear. — *Lorine Pruette (New York "Herald-Tribune").*

There is not sufficient foundation for the girl's decision to accept protection without marriage. — *Oakland "Tribune."*

Selina is a fascinating old witch *but does not carry her part adequately throughout.—Los Angeles "Times."*

Courtesy of Camera Cr

"A million beacons beckon"

WINGED TRAILS

By Louis DeJean
California Press—$1.50

An interpreter of the thoughts of the aviator through the medium of verse is a new and interesting idea. The aviator by reason of his calling is a man of deeds and thoughts rather than of words, but Louis DeJean, called the Poet Laureate of Aviation, has entered into this new field with enthusiasm. In these days when flying is engaging the attention of the world, a book of verse on aviation is particularly timely. "Winged Trails" is a collection of thirty-eight poems, of which "Conquest" and "The Ballad of Dead Fliers" are the most ambitious. The latter has the tang of Kipling about it, perhaps suggested by the verse form Mr. DeJean uses. "Winging Westward" is a tribute to San Francisco. We have many poems written about the approach from the sea and from the land, but this is an approach from the air. The verses have a joyous lilt and swing and in them is expressed a deep love for the city "by the Golden Gate."

"Now I wing above the desert; now I cross Sierra's snow;

Now I see the bay a-gleaming; Golden Gate is all aglow.

Sun is sinking in the ocean; fog is rising to the west;

But I'll rend the gauzy garment that would veil my city's breast.

Velvet dusk is gently falling as I glide across the bay,

But a million beacons beckon, pointing out to me the way.

Open wide your arms, my city; upward turn your misty eyes;

For a faithful lover's coming, winging back from foreign skies."

Louis DeJean is a Californian.

THE HAPPY HOUR BOOKS

Macmillan Company—50c.

The Macmillan Company has published a most attractive set of books for the "littlest readers," called "The Happy Hour Books." The titles are: "Wee Willie Winkie," "Three Little Pigs," "The Three Billy Goats," "Little Black Sambo," "Chicken Little," "Hansel and Gretel," "The Ugly Duckling," "Jack and the Beanstalk," "The Bremen Band," "The Steadfast Band," "The Steadfast Tin Soldier" and "The Pied Piper." A number of the books are joyously illustrated by Frank Dobias and others by Berta and Elmer Hader. They are printed in a size suitable for handling by the small child and the color illustrations are extremely beautiful. Macmillan Company has a very fine department given over to children's books and they make a deep study of the needs of children. This ability to cultivate the mind and delight the eye at one and the same time is very rare and only a few publishers have reached the standard set by the Macmillan Company in their children's books.

AUTHORS' LECTURES

THE season of events in the Paul Elder Gallery opens Saturday afternoon, January 7th, at 2:30 o'clock, with a review of the new Paris plays by Mme. Marie de Mare Stein, who is just returning from a visit to France. This will be followed with lectures by Dr. Aurelia Henry Reinhardt in review of Grazia Deledda, Nobel Prize Winner, Saturday afternoon, January 21, and by Ali-Kuli Khan, N. D., on "Persia's Contribution to the World's Culture," Saturday afternoon, February 4.

A series of readings of the leading recent plays will be given in the Paul Elder Gallery on Tuesday afternoons, at 2:30 o'clock. Two brilliant interpreters of the modern drama, Mrs. Hugh Brown and Mrs. Eda Bruna Fallows, will read on alternate weeks. The series will be opened on January 17 with "Out of the Sea," by Don Marquis, and will include "Escape," by John Galsworthy; "The Letter," by Somerset Maugham; "Lazarus Laughed," by Eugene O'Neill; and "Porgy," by Dorothy and DuBose Heyward.

Exhibitions in the Paul Elder Gallery will open on January 9th with a display of fine prints, comprising etchings, aquatints, lithographs, wood cuts and Japanese prints by American, French and English artists of reputation. This will be followed with an exhibition of landscapes and portraits by the well known artist, Trevor Haddon, R. B. A. The collection will include many of Mr. Haddon's colorful interpretations of European and Moorish scenes and several portraits.

A number of Authors' Afternoons, for which the Paul Elder Gallery is notable, have been arranged. Charles Caldwell Dobie will speak on "What is a Happy Ending," Saturday afternoon, January 14, at 2:30 o'clock. And Mrs. Sara Bard Field will speak on "The Nature of Poetry," and read a selection of her poems from "The Pale Woman," Saturday afternoon, January 28. Will Durant, author of the marvelously successful "Story of Philosophy," will appear and talk on his experiences Monday evening, January 16.

POETRY CONTEST

Believing that there is on the Pacific Coast much undiscovered talent and possibly a genius in the field of poesy, the WOMEN'S CITY CLUB MAGAZINE announces a Poetry Contest, open to the public from this date until March 15, 1928.

Shorter poems are preferred, but longer ones, if meritorious, will not be excluded from the contest. Paucity of space in the WOMEN'S CITY CLUB MAGAZINE would, however, preclude the possibility of publishing an opus of sustained length.

Odes, sonnets, vers libre, ballads, the villanelle and other forms will be considered, and the subject matter is not restricted.

Original poetry on any subject and in any form is the field in which contestants may range.

The judges will be three persons of acknowledged academic qualification and literary taste.

Manuscripts must be written on one side of paper, preferably by typewriter, with only the title of the poem on the face of the submitted verse. In an accompanying sealed envelope the name of the writer and title of the poem will appear on the same sheet of paper.

A prize will be awarded for the best poem, the amount of the award to be announced in next month's issue of the WOMEN'S CITY CLUB MAGAZINE.

PACIFIC HEIGHTS NURSERY SCHOOL

By EDYTHE KATTEN

AN ideal environment for children between the ages of two and five has been created in San Francisco after models set by similar nursery schools throughout the country. It is the Pacific Heights Nursery school which opened recently in one of the San Francisco beautiful old homes at the corner of Jackson and Gough streets, surrounded by a large and beautiful sunny garden.

Here is a whole world suited to the child's needs and desires. Two large sunny playrooms are made attractive by colorful pictures, tables and little chairs, shelves with blocks, toys, musical instruments for the young orchestra, a doll corner, piano, victrola, ferns and flowers, and Montessori material. Here is provided the means for purposeful, suitable activity of the child in place of the hit and miss experience which he receives in the average home. A large old-fashioned dining-room with a long table surrounded by fourteen tiny chairs provides a setting for one of the most important events in the day, luncheon. After a morning of play out of doors the children come in to wash for luncheon. Each one has his hook for towel, wash rag, nail brush, comb, and individual mirror. With this group procedure even the two-year-olds begin to learn valuable habits of personal hygiene, orderliness, and self-sufficiency. At luncheon come new experiences and valuable lessons from group association. Little hands learn to hold themselves in the lap until all are served. Jerrie carries the plates to each child as teacher serves the food (a properly balanced menu approved by the pediatrician on the staff), Jackie removes each plate to the kitchen as dessert is ready to be served, and the tiniest tot, only nineteen months, passes the spoons. If someone spills his milk, he gets a rag from the shelf and wipes it up.

After luncheon everyone goes upstairs to take a nap. All the clothes come off and here comes much-needed experience in order to learn how to master buttons, shoe laces, sweater sleeves and other complications. Also the hands and faces are to be washed again, towels and wash rags to be hung on the right hook. Then comes a two-hour nap on little beds between sheets and under a soft blanket and gaily-colored bedspreads.

After the nap, everyone goes down to the dining-room for a drink of milk and a cracker and then all go outdoors again to play until they are taken home. Thus each day goes—a happy, wholesome one, filled with new sensations and experiences and making life full of eager meaning to each tiny tot.

Outdoor life is much stressed. Each day after the children have arrived and the doctor has examined every one to protect the group as fully as possible from colds and other infections, all go out to spend the morning in the sunshine, for the yard is so situated as to get sun all day. If the grass is wet or the weather foggy, rubbers constitute adequate protection. If it should be raining, there is a big barn with open windows and all the equipment of the yard duplicated.

Margaret McMillan, in her book, "The Nursery School," says, "The nursery school is the private nursery enlarged and adapted to the average family's needs, and there is no reason why it should not rival any private nursery in its homelikeness and efficiency."

There are some thirty-odd nursery schools now operating in the United States, of which Mrs. Rhoda Rypins, director of the Pacific Heights Nursery School, visited twenty-three this past spring and summer. Practically all of these schools are conducted for experimental purposes or for laboratories for teacher training purposes. In a few instances, cooperative groups of mothers have started schools entirely for the purpose of giving the advantages of such organization and equipment to their children.

Contrary to the opinion of some, the nursery school is not sought by mothers who wish to be relieved of caring for their children, but rather is thought by the conscientious parent to be the ideal means of solving two problems in the program of a young child's life, first, the providing of the proper person to be with the child for a time in order to break the mother's continuous service in care of the child, and second, the providing of suitable companionship of the child's age. For the single child this is urgent. To provide regular daily companionship of a group of young equals is impossible outside an organization. The lack of medical supervision makes public parks a serious liability to the young child as a playground.

The nursery school differs from the kindergarten as the kindergarten differs from the grades. The nursery school age is a pre-kindergarten age, and the regime for each group is very different. The physical health of the child is the primary consideration of the nursery school. The establishment of certain habits is fixed at this period. The importance of the daily routine of children from two to four, from the point of view of mental health and social adjustment, is as vital as the early life of the infant. Arnold Gesell says: "The pre-school period is biologically the most important in the development of an individual for the simple but sufficient reason that it comes first. Coming first in a dynamic sequence, it inevitably influences all subsequent development. These years determine character much as the foundation and frame determine a structure."

Habits of personal cleanliness, order, neatness, proper food and eating habits, right habits of sleep, regularity in normal processes, ability to enjoy play in a group, self-direction of activities, and self-control through learning to obey others are developed.

Much cooperation in the joint responsibility for the child's care is given to the parents of the children who attend the Pacific Heights Nursery School. Not only does a physician examine each child each morning, but he can be reached at any time during the day for consultation by members of the staff. Monthly reports to the parents on weight and height summarize the daily written reports which go home to show exactly what food was eaten and in what amounts, and how long the duration of the nap. For every eight children there is a teacher; so that each individual receives the attention necessary for careful direction and understanding. Visitors to the school are welcome.

THE EGYPTIAN WOMAN BEHIND HER VEIL

By NINA ARKINA

SHE is wrapped in her *abra,* a scarf which covers her head and the shoulders of her Parisian dress, and, with her white veil a-flutter over her skillfully made-up face, she steps from her automobile and goes into the bookstore. With her gleaming dark eyes, behind her thick narrowed eyebrows, she stares curiously and inquisitively about.

Yet she is in bondage, first under her father, then under her husband-elect, whom she is going to marry without having seen him.

I was a guest last fall at a young pascha-daughter's wedding. I saw the young bride—she was hardly seventeen—tremble, not knowing what her future husband would look like. She expressed her curiosity and fright to her friends, when her mother and mother-in-law left her for a moment alone.

She spoke French to her friends. In the aristocratic Egyptian homes, one does not talk Arabic—it is too common! No, one speaks French, preferably with a real Parisian accent. One watches closely the latest Paris fashions, and orders one's dresses direct from the Rue de la Paix. One devours stories by Pierre Louys, Pierre Loti and Pierre Benoit. These three Pierres' literature is as if written for the veiled Egyptian woman. Under her veil she is concealing her craving for adventure and sensation, which her life cannot satisfy.

The bride, the little Tauida, speaks also French:

"Mon Dieu, comme j'ai peur!"

And so with impatience:

"Isn't he going to come?"

The wedding ceremony is already performed, and little Tauida is now the legal wife of a man she not yet has seen. The ceremony was very simple. A little before twelve o'clock the women, who up to this time had busied themselves admiring the costly wedding gifts, became excited. Everything, from the smallest little handkerchief to the crepe-de-Chine trimmed lingerie, from slippers to fur coats, was exhibited for the gaze and envy of the women guests.

But now the guests streamed towards the bride, whose painted face became truly pale. Her mother and mother-in-law were growing serious; now the time had come.

Two tall candles were placed at the threshold. Between the candles little Tauida knelt, her mother and mother-in-law behind her. The black servants with the plates of cakes became stiffened. It was an agonizing silence.

The stillness was broken by a solemn voice, in Arabic. The voice came from the men's section, where stood the bridegroom, together with his father and father-in-law and the male guests. It was Kady who asked if the bride would take the bridegroom. The question was repeated by the bride's mother, whereupon the bride answered "ajua" (yes).

Then Kady, the faithful, was silent, and little Tauida was now married. From within, whence the voice had spoken, the father of Tauida, the great wise pascha, came to sign the marriage contract. It was whispered among the women guests that happy

Tauida's father had made the stipulation in the marriage contract that his daughter might seek divorce. If that stipulation is not made in the contract it is only the husband who can ask for separation. Whenever he feels like it he can, in the presence of two witnesses, say thrice to his wife: "You are divorced"—and she is divorced. That's all it needs to be separated in the land of the Pharaohs. If there are any children, the religious court will decide their lot.

But the great wise pascha was this time careful when he signed the marriage contract. Tauida's older sister had been married to a man with whom she could not live and had grieved so hard that she contracted consumption, and her romance ended in a sanatory in Davos (in Switzerland), in which she was now singing her death song.

It was after the marriage that Tauida started her "Mon Dieu, comme j'ai peur." Her friends comforted her as much as they could. It would not be so hard for Tauida because as a child she had known her future husband. They had played together, and he was also her third cousin. Until she was twelve, she had seen him, since children of both sexes mingle to that age. So fortunate were not all of Tauida's friends. Five of them were engaged to men they never had even seen. And they related this, not without a certain pride.

After an hour had passed a message arrived that the bridegroom would come forward. The excitement reached its climax. Tauida was placed on a throne-like arm-chair which stood on a platform. A thick, white veil was thrown over her, wholly covering her face and head, and a rich bridegown of pearls draped about her. After that her mother and mother-in-law took a seat at each side of the throne. The guests hastened to fasten their veils across their noses, and Tauida's friends placed themselves in two lines at her feet.

At last appeared the long-awaited bridegroom. He walked between the two lines of eager women, up the seven small steps to the platform, bowed, and slowly, as the custom bids, lifted the veil which covered the face of his wife.

It was a significant moment. The eyes of the guests rested on the bridal couple. I noticed with delight that the faces of the bride and groom expressed happy surprise. The bridegroom was a handsome young man, his tuxedo matching his dark-red tarbush.

Ceremoniously he kissed her on the mouth, and giving her his arm, led her out of the room to their new home. Fresh rose-leaves and roses with their stalks cut off were thrown after the young couple.

"But who knows if little Tauida will walk on roses through her life," I thought to myself, as I mingled with the wedding guests. Now that the two had left, the harem ladies became lively, and soon a festival waged boisterously about me.

Yes, little Tauida's married life had started very happily. They went on their wedding trip to Venice. It was her first European trip, and she had a thousand things to relate and show when she returned, beaming with joy. In Europe they had dressed like the Westerners. He had taken off his tarbush, and she her veil. Oh, how delightful it had been!

Two weeks after I met her in her beautiful harem, bathed in tears, and surrounded by her comforting friends. She was miserably unhappy.

Her husband was never at home. He seldom came to her in the harem.

She forgot soon what he looked like, and Allah knows what he did! She did not dare to ask, but suppose he was not true to her!

Tauida clinched her hands, and her jet-black eyes gleamed.

Everyone agreed that it was the fault of the veil. The young husband had confidence in his wife, living behind the harem bars, in the black and white veil, and he could have a free life.

"In Venice, when I went without the veil, and when all the men looked at me, he never moved for one second from my side," lamented the little wife. "If I only knew what he is doing now!"

The girls were eating sweets, and shaking their heads with pity: "Alas, alas, nobody knows how her husband spends his time."

I, only, knew. I had three times after each other seen him at the horse races at Heliopolis, where he gambled wildly. But I kept quiet.

The first time I met him there I was tactless enough to inquire how his wife was. He at once became reserved. In Egypt one should never ask a man about his wife.

It is not done!

* * *

THE LONE CORNER OF YESTERDAY

Remember me who overlooked the world
To reach the meadow of enchanted clovers,
Fourleafed, lucky clovers of idleness
Whose roots are heavy with unfertile hours.

Remember me who looked on loneliness,—
A train of freight cars pulling out at night—
And all the pretty symbols of distress
That poets write about and you have read.

But do not fail to learn that I still stand
By the lone corner of yesterday
Thinking, I will arrive in that Perhaps-land
Tomorrow, whose gates far down the street are glittering;

And standing there, my thoughts like moving pictures flash
Upon the frantic screen within my brain,
While my eyes stare at the high
Windowless houses of forgetfulness.

CHARLES NORMAN (in Bookman)

TRAVEL ABATES NOT FOR WINTER

MID-WINTER discloses but little diminution of travel, for winter in California means but another kind of enjoyment, with scenery changed but not made unattractive by the shifting solstice.

The winter sports at Truckee are attracting many to the summit of the Sierras this month, and the opening of the sumptuous new hotel at Palm Springs drew others to the more clement domain in the southern part of the state.

Santa Barbara a fortnight ago proudly opened another hotel of the highest type, the last word in beauty, comfort and luxury. Almost at once there was an influx of tourists from the East and other parts of California.

The Canal trip is popular this winter, with stopover privileges at Havana, Key West, Miami and Palm Beach.

This tour, naturally, should be of several months' duration to be thoroughly enjoyed. Lindbergh's flight to Mexico has aroused an augmented interest in things Mexican, and winter is the time to make that expedition, for the summers are a bit too intense for the ordinary tourist. One must be fired with a zeal for archeology or a search for art treasures to be unaware of sun and drouth.

The redwood highways to the north are still open and excursions are at intervals arranged by the railroads into the region of the Ben Bow hotel.

Polo at Del Monte and golf tournaments at Pasadena, Santa Barbara and Coronado provide incentive for impromptu excursions by train or automobile. The Lake Huntington region has the same attraction as the Tahoe locale, winter sports. The Yosemite, with its handsome new Ahwahnee hotel, is the mecca for a constant stream of tourists. The beauty of the Valley under its mantle of snow and ice is superlative, many preferring its silence and majesty to the murmuring waters of the spring "break-up." Certainly it is awesomely beautiful

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$13.25 roundtrip if you go on Friday or Saturday. Limit 16 days. Other trains leave Monday and Wednesday. $15.75 roundtrip. Limit 3 months.

Leave San Francisco (Ferry) 7:00 p.m. and arrive Tahoe in time for breakfast. Return service leaves Tahoe 9 p.m. every Tuesday, Thursday, Saturday and Sunday, arriving San Francisco 7:50 a.m.

To Yosemite

$17 roundtrip if you go Friday, Saturday or Sunday; limit 16 days. Through Pullman service direct to the valley leaving San Francisco (Ferry) at 11:40 p.m. arriving El Portal at 9:55 a.m. Breakfast on the diner. Returning leaves El Portal 1:45 p.m. arriving San Francisco 10:05 p.m. Dining service.

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and well worth the day's travel from either San Francisco or Los Angeles. In a few short weeks the uncultivated acres along the roadsides will be bursting into the first faint color of poppy and lupin, but at present there is but the red of holly and toyon berry and the green of cedar and spruce, redwood and pine, with a smoky haze on the horizons that lures the motorist like a mirage.

The hedges along the well-groomed roads are bright with poinsettia and chrysanthemum and soon the acacia will put forth its tender yellow buds. The silver leaves of the eucalyptus turn and tremble in the winter breezes of California while the stripped trees of the East bend under their weight of snow and ice, but who is to say which is the more attractive to the sense of sight? There are many who want the concomitants of the seasons as they roll around. For these there are always the far reaches of the Sierra summits if they are homesick for the white pall of winter. But the majority of winter travelers are content with the mild sunshine of the shore level, with the surf beating as blue and white as in July. A thousand miles of ocean shore, with a splendid automobile road winding along the whole distance, offering a motor trip that may not be equaled in all the world, not even along the Riviera, is California's most luring magnet at this time.

The launching of the new super-steamship "Malolo" has created an augmented fascination in the public mind for the Hawaiian Islands and all that they suggest of beauty and of romance. The Southern Cross is bright in the heavens now and the mist is on the rice-fields. Honolulu is a name to conjure with when one looks at folders and tourist guides. The novel "Hula," now picturized, also has played a part in making Hawaii a travelers' paradise. The season is at its height and the climatic conditions at their best. Bookings for sailings are made through both San Francisco and Los Angeles steamship companies.

Cactus Bloom

Members who have been abroad, or who are just returning, are requested to send in the names of *pensions* and hotels which they found particularly comfortable—also any bits of travel information that will prove helpful to others. Address the

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ART AND THE MAN

By BEATRICE JUDD RYAN

WE had said goodbye to our host and the doors of Montalvo had swung closed, wooden doors mellowed with age richly carved, that had dignified the palace of a Prince in the time of Ferdinand and Isabella—and as we drove down through the garden past the marble group, "Ante peccatum," "Before the Fall," by Favi-Altini, recently brought from Rome, the pungent smell after rain of the earth and growing things and the new glory of the evening sky set one musing:

Surely it is the art of living to seek out such a setting for one's home. Surely it is good to find, in the good oldfashioned way, art part of the home. One feels that each picture is there not only because of art value but also because of its personal significance. That was painted as our host sat watching,—this at a picnic on the coast.

The history of art in San Francisco could easily be traced from the walls of Montalvo. Pink peonies in the dining room from the brush of Carl Neilson, painted when he was director of the Hopkins Art School, and our host was one of the board. In the drawing room two Frank O'Briens, in the living room a Keith, in the library a Jules Pages, and a scene from a Grove Play painted at night by Tavenier. Here a Robinson and Latimer, there a Wores. Indeed it is good to find a home where pictures are part of the owner's experience, so much more personal than cold canvas walls that tell us nothing.

Of the later California artists we found an early one of Arthur Mathews, "Reflections," a young girl in Dutch costume, beautifully executed; a lovely tempera by Frank Van Sloun; a Monterey Coast by Percy Grey, and vivid desert scenes by Francis McComas and Maynard Dixon.

Among the foreign collections those that interested us most were the group of etchings by Zorn, a delicate charcoal drawing by Sargent, "Portrait of Mrs. Montague," and on nearby tables three bronzes by Putnam, two by Troubetzkoy and one by Rodin. Curiously enough in his "Satyr and Nymph" Rodin has given the Satyr his own face.

A man's home is his castle and reveals what manner of man he be. Wide experience, travel, art interest, human interest, interest in California, this is the story told us by the art collection at Montalvo.

* * *

"Behold, we know not anything;
I can but trust that good shall fall
At last—far off at last, to all,
And every winter change to spring.

"So runs my dream; but what am I?
An infant crying in the night;
An infant crying for the light;
And with no language but a cry.

"The wish, that of the living whole
No life may fail beyond the grave,
Derives it not from what we have
The likest God within the soul."
—*Tennyson.*

Play Reading Group

The play reading group of members of the Women's City Club is preparing for another semester of interesting reading. Mrs. Claire Ready has been directing the reading in the absence of the chairman, Mrs. Thomas A. Stoddard.

Those desiring to join an evening group, which is, of course, free of charge, may enroll by telephoning Franklin 3363. Visitors are welcomed.

One of the interesting plays recently considered was Edna St. Vincent Millay's "The Lamp and the Bell," built upon the theme of friendship between women. The next readings will consider Eugene O'Neill's "Lazarus Laughed" and "The Cradle Song" by Gregorio and Maria Martinez Sierra, translated by John Garrett Underhill.

* * *

Braille Transcription

The Volunteer Service Committee is desirous of having a group of workers take instruction in Braille reading so that they may teach this system of "touch" reading to the blind, whose only means of reading is with their fingers. If sufficient interest is shown or the number of students large enough to warrant the formation of such a class the instruction will be begun early in the year.

* * *

French Classes

New courses in French will begin Monday, January 16. Madame Olivier, instructor, will institute beginners', intermediate and advanced classes. Also, if there is sufficient interest, there will be a conversational class. This latter group will be organized January 11. Registrations may be made at the information desk on the fourth floor.

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Mr. A. E. Anderson of the University Extension, University of Californi, and the Oakland Tribune, will be the speaker at the next meeting, to be held Wednesday evening, January 11, when "Journalism as a Profession" will be discussed. The meeting will be held in the Assembly Room at 7:45 o'clock. Mrs. Charles Miner Cooper, chairman of the committee, will preside. Following our usual policy, there will be open discussion at the close of the talk. These meetings are open to the public.

* * *

Social Service Courses

The second part of the course for volunteers in Social Service will start Tuesday, January 10 at 2 o'clock. Meetings will be held Tuesdays at 2 p. m. and Fridays at 11 a. m. between the dates of January 10 and February 10, inclusive.

This series of talks will feature the work of individual agencies, and will show how the first part of this course was a background for the practical working out of the "art of helping." We hope that as many as possible of the volunteers of the National League for Woman's Service will attend these meetings. This course will teach us, through intelligent service, how to relieve the overburdened professional worker.

* * *

Coat Hangers Wanted

There is a dearth of coat hangers in the check room. Members who have a superfluity of these useful trinkets will find a ready appreciation of donations to the check room.

Mrs. Koshland to Talk

Mrs. Marcus S. Koshland, who has just returned to her home at 3800 Washington street, San Francisco, after a fourteen months' period of foreign travel, will speak at the regular Thursday Evening Program of February 2 at the Women's City Club.

Mrs. Koshland visited all the principal cities of Europe and toured Egypt and the Holy Land. While in Paris and London she was a guest at the American Women's Clubs in those places, institutions which have reciprocal relations with the Women's City Club of San Francisco. Mrs. Koshland will tell of her experiences as a guest in these clubs and of the pleasant things which came to her as a direct result of her membership in the Women's City Club, which gave her a guest card to each.

* * *

Members who use the club stationery are requested to put their names over the return address in the upper left-hand corner of the envelope. Unless this is done, mail returned to the Club unclaimed cannot be forwarded to the sender.

* * *

Concert Dates Changed

Mrs. Leonard Woolams, chairman of the Music Committee of the Women's City Club, announced at the concert on December 18 that the next concert would be given the evening of Sunday, January 8 and that thereafter the concerts would be given but twice each month, the second and fourth Sundays unless otherwise specified. The artists giving the program of December 18 were Mrs. George T. Brady, contralto, Mrs. Katherine McGurrin and Miss Mary Katherine McGurrin, harpists, and Eugene Fulton, baritone.

International Lectures

Under the auspices of the International House of San Francisco, Mr. George Creel, President, Mrs. Parker Maddux, and Mrs. Clarence Smith, vice-presidents, a course of talks will be given every Friday night beginning January 6, 1928, in the Auditorium of the Women's City Club, 465 Post Street. The lectures will be given by the best authorities on the most critical international questions and each will be followed by a Forum discussion.

At the first meeting, Friday, January 6th, Mr. George Creel will talk on Mexico. Those who have read with pleasure Mr. Creel's recent book on Mexico will greet with acclamation this opportunity to hear the author. A small admission fee of 50 cents will be charged at the door and all persons who are interested in world affairs are invited to come.

Some of the speakers who have promised to talk at later meetings are Mr. John D. Barry and President Ray Lyman Wilbur.

This Club, with a membership of both men and women, has been sponsored by international scholars in the Bay District representing many nations. Its hope is that these meetings will bring together such a cosmopolitan group that the stimulation of the gatherings will make the Friday night discussions a permanent fixture in San Francisco's calendar.

* * *

Theater Arts Club

The Theater Arts Club, which gives a performance of current plays the fourth Tuesday of each month in the Auditorium of the Women's City Club, announces that members of the Women's City Club will be admitted to its plays for fifty cents upon presentation at the box office of membership cards.

SOCIAL ACTIVITIES OF THE CLUB

Mrs. William Palmer Lucas, assisted by Mrs. Clain F. Gelston, entertained at a beautifully appointed luncheon December 9 at the Women's City Club in honor of Mrs. Langley Porter, who returned a few weeks ago from Europe where she and Dr. Porter and their daughter, Miss Ann Porter, have spent the last three years.

Dr. Porter recently was appointed dean of the medical faculty of the University of California.

Guests of Mrs. Lucas were: Mesdames Wallace W. Campbell, Louis F. Monteagle, Warren Gregory, Alfred McLaughlin, Gaillard Stoney, Howard Naffziger, William Kerr, Howard Morrow, Harold Brunn, Lovell Langstroth, Francis Scott Smythe, Frank Hinman, William Ophuls, Alfred Esberg, Hans Lisser, James L. Whitney, Chester Moore, Wallace Terry, Karl F. Meyer; Miss Elizabeth Ashe.

* * *

Miss Harriet Dumolo and Miss Dorothy Roesner, San Francisco visitors from New South Wales and Melbourne, were tendered a tea December 20 in the lounge of the Women's City Club.

Miss Dumolo is principal of the Kindergarten Training School, Sydney, New South Wales, the only institution of its kind in New South Wales. She has been in Europe for a year observing kindergarten and child welfare methods. Returning via America she is visiting schools and universities in principal cities in the United States. She is especially impressed with playground work here and the interest that is being taken in the education of the pre-school child.

Miss Roesner, who was a delegate from Queensland to the International Council of Women at Geneva, has also been abroad for the past year. She was principal of the Kindergarten Training College in Melbourne, Victoria. She visited in Italy, Switzerland and England and Montreal, studying welfare work.

* * *

For Consul's Wife

Mrs. Charles Furst Smith, wife of the recently arrived Norwegian consul to San Francisco, was the guest of honor at a luncheon in the mural room of the Women's City Club by Mrs. G. E. Ahl and Miss N. Hoe. There were twenty-six guests, among whom were Mrs. C. E. Wallerstedt, wife of the Swedish consul at San Francisco, and Mrs. Fin Lund, wife of the Danish consul.

Mr. and Mrs. Smith have come to San Francisco from London, their last diplomatic station.

* * *

To the Members of
The Women's City Club:

The employes of the Club, individually and collectively, desire to express to the members their deep appreciation of the generous Christmas bonus they received.

* * *

Some of the hostesses entertaining at the Women's City Club in December were Miss E. J. Barber, who had a pretty bridge tea; Mrs. Alfred McLaughlin, who gave a luncheon in the Mural Room December 20; Miss Mary Isabel Wocker, who gave a luncheon in the board room December 17; Mrs. W. G. Moore, a bridge dinner; Mrs. H. A. Stephenson, a luncheon December 15; Miss Hazel Borden, a supper December 9, and Mrs. George H. Keyston, a luncheon in the National Defenders' Room December 10.

MUSIC IN THE CITY CLUB

By ANNA CORA WINCHELL

THE closing weeks of 1927, from October 20 to December 11, have provided the Sunday Evening Concerts of the Women's City Club with excellent material. It is a matter of continued comment from the outside music world—that extraneous to our Club life—that keen interest prevails among artists, hostesses, members and guests concerning weekly music programs. Briefly explained: there is a committee of earnest women earnestly devoted to music.

With the exception of personal homes, few other rooms in the city engender so complete an atmosphere of the home spirit. Those who sing and play feel at ease and sense an informality that brings forth their best to the audiences, which are cordially responsive.

The October 13 concert was arranged by Mrs. John McGaw, pianist, and Miss Gladys Geary, soprano, with Margo Hughes accompanying. Mrs. McGaw, a musician of note, gave an exacting list demanding dexterity and interpretative experience. Miss Geary sang with freshness of quality and Mrs. Hughes is always dependable in her piano support.

On October 20 marked variety was arranged by Mrs. Carlo Morbio, *diseuse,* with Mrs. Cecil Hollis Stone and Mary Noonan Macrea seasoned accompanists, and Doris Osborne, pianist. Mrs. Morbio has an art which she carried into the post-war fields of Europe and continued to delight, her *chansons* having piquancy and dainty suggestion. Miss Vance was among the novelties of the season, and here it may be said that the Club has provided field for those less well known and hopes to aid in widening scopes whenever possible. Doris Osborne's piano work drew close attention; she is a young player fast coming into notice for surety linked with temperamental gifts.

One of the variations occurred December 4 when the program consisted of the compositions of Francesca Vallejo given in the Auditorium. She was assisted by Virginia Tallerday at the second piano; Charles Hanlon, basso; Eric Gerson, tenor, and Grace Hedge.

The evening of December 11 was made doubly enjoyable through the welcome to Mrs. Leonard Woolams, Chairman of the Music Committee, after an absence abroad. The program on this date presented Lillian Craig, soprano, and Alice Berning-Roe, contralto. Mrs. Craig, opposite in type, exhibited her clear voice with flexibility and good range, accompanied by Rachel Ward.

Harriet French, played with warm tonal quality and expressiveness, with Beatrice Clifford at the piano. The latter, a composer as well, was heard through Nancy Buckley's readings of original poems, Miss Clifford having set three lyrics to music. Another novelty was Chief Oosh-lailee, American Indian, who sang a tenor group effectively and with the unselfconsciousness of his race. Miss Clifford was his accompanist.

Calling attention to the continued success of the Symphonylogues, given on alternate Friday mornings by Victor Lichtenstein, much credit for the attention of the public is due Mrs. John McGaw.

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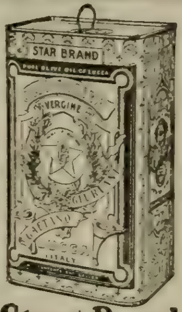

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Martha Jane's Rhymed Recipes

MRS. C. M. REYNOLDS

POILU'S DELIGHT

Homesick, hungry, cross and blue,
But all forgotten quite,
When Alphonse set this chafing-dish
Before my weary sight.

CONTENTS

Potatoes, butter, grated cheese, white sauce, as many eggs as potatoes.

Scrub potatoes till they shine,
Potatoes long and fat.
Then bake them in an oven hot,
And you are through with that.

Potatoes should in oven go
When both are cold, perhaps, you
know.
You see no matter what the weather,
Hot, they both grow, then, together.

Next, scoop a hole in one fat side
And put some butter there,
Then drop an egg, and over all
Pour white sauce everywhere.

Next sprinkle grated cheese on top
And in the oven whisk it,
When served with hot tomato sauce,
An epicure would risk it.

* * *

MEXICAN SALAD

Mexico's hot, so they say,
But when I was there one day,
With a hot Spanish ballad
They served this cool salad,
And so I decided to stay.

CONTENTS

2½ tablespoonfuls powdered gelatine, 1 cup cold water, 2 cups boiling water, 1-3 cup vinegar, juice one lemon, 1-3 cup sugar, ½ teaspoon salt, 1 cup golden wax beans, 1 pimiento cut in strips, lettuce and mayonnaise.

For twenty minutes you must soak
In water cold as ice,

The powdered gelatine if you
Would have this salad nice.

Add boiling water, vinegar,
Lemon, sugar, salt,
Stir until it's well dissolved
Before you dare to halt.

When this is cool and symptoms show
It is beginning to "jell,"
Tuck in pimientos and the beans
Tuck carefully and well.

Put in a mould and serve, when chilled
With lettuce and mayonnaise
When once this salad you have tried
The Mexican flag you'll raise.

* * *

GOLDEN MARMALADE

In an old Italian garden
In it's peacefulness and shade,
I found and begged the "know how"
Of this golden marmalade.

CONTENTS

1 grapefruit, 1 orange, 1 lemon, sugar and water.

Shred grapefruit, orange, lemon,
Very fine and have a care,
Lest in the luscious golden fruit
A seed be lurking there.

With thrice the amount of water
Must all of this be covered,
When four and twenty hours it's stood
The first step is discovered.

Then add the sugar pint for pint,
Each one be sure to measure.
When cooked until it jells you have
Twelve glasses of this treasure.

* * *

Beginning with the February issue of the WOMEN'S CITY CLUB MAGAZINE, favorite recipes of members will be published as submitted. There must be many famous recipes in the archives of hostesses who belong to the City Club.

TREE TEA
ORANGE PEKOE
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finest mountain
growths of
INDIA TEA

PHYSICAL FITNESS FOR WOMEN

By HENRY NIER

OBESITY

OBESITY has many causes—and many of the irregularities which result in obesity will also serve to create disease and organic disturbances. Each of the following or all of them may create obesity as well as other illnesses:

1. Prolapsus of the stomach, small intestine and large colon.
2. Improper functioning of the liver and its great laboratory.
3. Tightening of the spinal nerves or vertebral rigidity.
4. Inactive or dormant metabolic system.
5. Irregularities of the glandular system.
6. Malnutrition of the blood cells.
7. Faulty oxidation of the blood cells.
8. Debility of the solar plexus.
9. Pancreatic inactivity which will also cause diabetes.
10. Failure to properly eliminate salt matter.
11. Improper filtration of albumen by the kidneys.

The prolapsus of the stomach, which often paralyzes the processes of digestion, is the result of inactivity, which in itself is due to improper care. The sagging of the second stomach, the duodenum, almost invariably follows, which in turn will cause disturbances along the small intestine and gravely affect the functions of the large intestine, or colon, and the appendix. The prolapsus of a single digestive organ is sufficient to impair digestion and therefore the entire organic system. Ill health and obesity may be the result.

With the "falling" of these organs there is a lack of activity that causes a decreased absorption of nutriment by the blood cells. At the same time there is improper elimination of waste matter, which permits the poisonous substances to be too long retained. These decayed substances poison the blood cells, but they nourish the fat cells. Deposits of fat formed in the abdominal regions will be the first signs of approaching obesity. From the poisoned blood cells we get varicose veins and kindred diseases, which

THE QUALITY
OF VIRDEN'S CAMP
FIRE BACON MAKES
IT A PLEASANT AND
NOURISHING FOOD
FOR ALL AGES.

VIRDEN PACKING
COMPANY

are alarmingly prevalent in this age of obesity.

There are two kinds of exercise—passive and active. We find active exercise in golf, tennis, football, horseback riding, swimming, rowing, bicycling and skating. In active exercise caution must be observed that the muscles are not excessively fatigued, however, or much harm will be done and a general breakdown may result.

On the other hand, passive exercise—or manipulation—should be given to readjust the prolapsus of the stomach or any of the abdominal organs. In addition to general passive exercises for the entire body, local exercise must be applied to the point of prolapsus and obesity.

Starvation diets and violent exercises have injured countless persons seeking to cure obesity by amateurish methods. The best course to follow in cases of chronic or hereditary obesity is to consult your physician and coordinate with his advice the passive exercises given by a reputable physical culturist.

* * *

Swimming Events

A members' night will be held in the Club Pool on Friday, January 27, at 8 P. M.

Novelty events will feature the evening.

Members' guests are invited to take part.

Miss Evelyn Mefford, Junior National Champion, will give an exhibition.

A swimming meet for members' children and their guests will be held early in February.

Practice days, Mondays and Thursdays at 4 P. M.

A Happy New Year

depends largely upon your health

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WOMEN'S CITY CLUB CALENDAR
JANUARY 1-31, 1928

CURRENT EVENTS

First and Third Monday evenings, 7:30 o'clock. Every Wednesday morning, 11 o'clock. Assembly Room. Mrs. Parker Maddux, Leader.

LEAGUE BRIDGE

Tuesdays, 2 and 7:30 P. M. Assembly Room.

DRAMA READING

Wednesdays, 3 P. M. Mrs. Thomas A. Stoddard, Leader.

THURSDAY EVENING PROGRAMS

Thursdays, 8 P. M. Auditorium. Mrs. A. P. Black, Chairman.

Jan. 4	Symphonylogue by Victor Lichtenstein	*Board Room*	8:00 P. M.
5	Monthly Bridge Party of Members of Club in Medical Profession	*Auditorium*	11:00 A. M.
8	Sunday Evening Concert	*Lounge*	8:15 P. M.
11	Business and Professional Women's Institute		7:45 P. M.
20	Symphonylogue by Victor Lichtenstein	*Auditorium*	11:00 A. M.
24	Lecture by Professor Benjamin H. Lehman	*Auditorium*	11:00 A. M.

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CURRENT REVIEWS
Covering World Events, Books, Music, Art Plays

Friday, January 6, 11 a. m.
Fairmont Hotel

Thursday, January 12, 11 a. m.
St. Francis Hotel

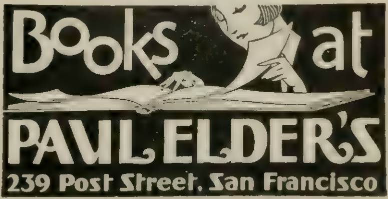
One Evening Talk in Bay Region Monthly

Thursday, January 12, 8 p. m.
Women's Building

Friday, January 13
10:45 a. m.—Ebell Clubhouse, Oakland
2:30 p. m.—20th Century Clubhouse, Berkeley

Eight Tickets, $6.00, interchangeable between cities; Single Tickets, $1.00 (plus tax) on Sale, Sherman Clay & Co. or Door of Halls

Management ALICE SECKELS



Books at
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Business and Professional Directory *of* Club Members

Here, for your convenience, is printed a classified directory of members who are prepared to serve you, either in a business or professional capacity.

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Attorneys and Counselors-at-Law
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of SAN FRANCISCO

[A DEPARTMENT OF THE WOMEN'S CITY CLUB]

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The Swimming Pool

During the winter months, members can obtain guest cards for a fee of *twenty-five cents* each, entitling their guests to admission to the pool for *ten swims.* Fee per swim for guests is, as always, *fifty cents;* for members, *thirty-five cents.*

The pool is open every day in the week during the following hours:

Monday, Tuesday, Thursday and Friday	9:00 a. m. to 9:30 p. m.
Wednesday	9:00 a. m. to 7:00 p. m.
Saturday	9:00 a. m. to 6:00 p. m.
Sunday	10:00 a. m. to 12:00 m.

January 27 ✓ MEMBERS' NIGHT ✓ 8 o'clock

Exhibition Swimming